00046644

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 001.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 25 June, 2016

891.622
Far/wor
46644

LL-i-7
46644.

00046644

SOME MEMOIRS OF Mr. *George Farquhar*.

'TIS observ'd that the World is naturally apt to enquire into the Life and Character of those Men who have made themselves Famous for any particular Art or Science: The Satisfaction we receive in the Perusal of an Ingenious Author excites in us this Curiosity, and is imperfect till we are satisfy'd therein. On this Consideration, since few Comic Writers have met with a more favourable Reception among People of the most Polite Taste, than the Author of the following Works, I thought it necessary to prefix these few Memoirs of his Life.

Mr. *George Farquhar* was born in the North of *Ireland*, of Parents that held no mean Rank in the Country, who, having a numerous Issue, cou'd bestow on him no Fortune, farther than a Genteel Education. As they who are bless'd with a Poetical Genius always shew some Glimmerings of their Fancy in their Youth, so he, e'er he arriv'd at his Tenth Year, gave several Specimens of a peculiar Turn that Way. One of his juvenile Productions I shall here mention, in which he discover'd a Way of Thinking, as well as an Elegancy of Expression, far beyond his Years.

1.

The pliant Soul of erring Youth,
Is like soft Wax, or moiſten'd Clay,
Apt to receive all Heavenly Truth;
Or yield to Tyrant Ill *the Sway.*

2.

Slight Folly in your [illegible] *Years,*
At Manhood may to Virtue riſe;
But he, who in his Youth appears
A Fool, in Age will ne'er be wiſe.

He was Educated in the Univerſity of *Dublin*, where, by the Progreſs he made in his Studies, he acquir'd a conſiderable Reputation. He began very early to apply himſelf to the Stage, as an Actor, following the Examples of *Lee* and *Otway*, and with the like Succeſs; who, tho' excellent Dramatick Poets, made but an indifferent Appearance as Actors: However, Mr. *Farquhar* having the Advantage of a very good Perſon, tho' with a weak Voice, was never repuls'd by the Audience in his Performances; ſo reſolv'd to continue on the Stage till ſomething better ſhou'd offer; which Reſolution was ſoon thrown aſide by the following Accident. Performing the Part of *Guyomar* in the *Indian Emperor*, who is ſuppos'd to kill *Vaſquez* one of the *Spaniſh* Generals, and forgetting to exchange his Sword for a Foil, in the Engagement he wounded the Perſon who repreſented *Vaſquez*, tho' (as it happen'd) not dangerouſly, nevertheleſs it put an End to his appearing on the Stage as an Actor. Some Time after this, the Earl of *Orrery*, in regard to his particular Merit, gave him a Lieutenancy in his Regiment then in *Ireland*. As a Soldier he behav'd very well, and gave ſeveral Proofs of his Courage and Conduct.

He

He was very young when he wrote his first Comedy, the Success of which far exceeded his Expectation, as indeed did most of his other Pieces. 'Tis remark'd of him, That he was peculiarly happy in the Choice of his Subjects, which he took Care to adorn with Variety of Characters and Incidents; his Style is pure and unaffected; his Wit natural, and flowing, and his Plots generally well contriv'd. He lash'd the Vices of the Age, tho' with a merciful Hand; for his Muse was good-natur'd, not abounding over-much with Gall, tho' he has been blam'd for it by the Criticks. It has been objected to him, that he was too hasty in his Productions, but I believe by such only who are chiefly Admirers of stiff and elaborate Performances, since with a Person of a sprightly Fancy those Things are often best, which are struck off in a Heat.

His last Comedy, the *Stratagem*, he began and ended in six Weeks, with a settled Sickness upon him all the Time; nay, he even perceiv'd the Approaches of Death, e'er he had finish'd the second Act, and (as he had often foretold) dy'd before the Run of his Play was over. His other Plays were dedicated to Persons of Distinction, and he design'd a Dedication of this last to my Lord *Cadogan*; but his Lordship, for Reasons unknown, evaded it, tho' he made him an handsome Present, with Promises of his future Favour; which, probably, wou'd have been fulfill'd if our Author had surviv'd: Tho' he had but little Reason to rely on the Promises of Great Men; a certain Great Courtier having prevail'd on him to sell his Commission, with solemn Assurances of providing for him better, which he forgot to keep. *Farquhar* in his Song of a Trifle, seems to paint the Person in this Stanza.

But if you will go to the Place
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will show you his Grace
Makes Promises Trifles indeed.

'Tis suppos'd, that his ill Success in his Expectations, together with an unfortunate Marriage, shorten'd his Days. For his Wife (by whom he had two Daughters only) through the Reputation of a great Fortune, trick'd him into Matrimony. This was chiefly the Fault of her Love, which was so violent for him, that she resolv'd to leave nothing untry'd to gain him. Tho' some Husbands would have disprov'd meer Husbands in such a Case, Mr. *Farquhar* was so much charm'd with her Love and Understanding, that he entirely forgave her, and liv'd very happily with her; therefore, when I say an unfortunate Marriage conduc'd, with other Circumstances, to the shortening his Days, I only mean, that his Fortune being too slender to support a Family, led him into a great many Cares and Inconveniencies; for I have often heard him say, *That it was more Pain to him in imagining what his Family might want a needful Support, than the most violent Death that can be inflicted on him.* But his Wife being long since dead, his good Friend Mr. *Wills* has been highly instrumental in setting his Children above Want.

Mr. *Farquhar*, besides these seven Comedies, assisted Mr. *Motteux* in a *Farce* call'd, *The Stage Coach*. He left no other Papers behind him; for, three Hours before his Death, he flung several Fragments into the Fire, declaring at the same Time, that he had no Remains worth saving.

TO

TO

Edmund Chaloner, Esq;

SIR,

AS it the Business of Writing to transmit Virtue to Posterity; so 'tis the Policy of the Press to make it Party for its Productions, by engaging in their Cause some worthy Person universally honour'd and belov'd, whose admir'd and establish'd Character may add a Value to the Work, and take off all Imputation of Flattery from the Author.

These Advantages I had design'd my self before in a Piece of another Nature, but not Your Modesty caution'd me the contrary; but I think it Injustice that one Part of your Character should obscure the rest, and tho' I must despair of Your Consent for what they call a Dedication, yet I must beg Your Excuse, if at present I consult what shall turn most to my own Honour, and the Interest of my Book, before Your Approbation and Allowance. But I hope you will come to pardon the Presumption, when I assure You, that my Intention is not so much a *Panegyrick* upon You, as to complement my self; and my own Modesty, not Yours, shou'd take the Offence.

The great and virtuous Actions of Progenitors look with a twofold Aspect upon their Posterity; for when the Vices of the latter appear in the same Degree of Opposition to the Merits of the first, the Fame of the Father becomes a Satyr upon the Son; and that *Coat of Arms* which was the Glory of one

turns to a severe Libel upon t'other. But when the Blood runs in the same Chanel of Virtue, as of Consanguinity; when the Course of the Stream is as pure and lucid as the Fountain-head; then may the Memory of the past, and the Practice of the present Age come boldly Face to Face, where, by a just Resemblance of Features, the Fore-father may joyfully own his legitimate Posterity.

This Advantage, Sir, is Yours in Perfection, being sprung from an Ancient and Honourable Family, on which, Merit laid the Foundation, and Virtue has cemented the Structure.

The known Bravery of your famous Ancestor Sir *Thomas Chaloner* added more Value to the *Order*, than he received by the *Knighthood*, not meanly dubbed by a Court-favourite, but on the Field of Battle, where the Voice of War declar'd him Noble before the General made him a *Banneret*. Add to this, the Politick and Prudent Discharge of his Honourable Embassy from Queen *Elizabeth* to the King of *Spain*, and it will evidently appear how *Minerva* had an equal Share with *Mars* in his Education; and that his Character left us by a wise Statesman, and his intimate Friend the Illustrious *Cecil*, was just to his Merit.

——— *Pietas, Prudentia, Virtus,*
Quæ divisa aliis, Chalonero juncta fuere.

This Encomium, Sir, is lineally descended to his Posterity, but with all its Circumstances appears most visibly intail'd upon you. In Vindication of which I shall only appeal to the Judgment of Mankind, and the Actions of Your Life; and tho' Your Modesty may quarrel with the World for doing You Justice, yet You cannot give Your own Behaviour the Lye. ——— Sir, there is not a Day of Your Life but will rise up against You, and produce in legible Characters the constant Actions of Your Piety, Your Generosity, Your Loyalty, Honour and Integrity,

grity, to convince You of your Merit whether You will or not.

So that You must give me Leave to apply the Great *Raleigh's* Versification to the present Opportunity, with the Alteration only of a Word.

——— *Pietas, Prudentia, Virtus,*
Quæ divisa aliis, Chalonere *juncta* supersunt.

Another Part of Your great Ancestor's Character I remember is thus describ'd by Mr. *Malin* ——— *Nam quamvis* ὁ νίστωρ *ac variæ Lectionis fuerat* Chalonerus, *utilitatem tamen potiùs veræ, quàm ostentationem variæ Eruditionis mihi quæsi visse videtur.* These Colours, Sir, present You with Your own Picture drawn to the Life; Your Application to Books is qualify'd by an universal Knowledge in Mankind; and Your Acquisitions by Study are as far removed from Pedantry, as Your Experience in the World from the Foppery of a Traveller. The Qualifications of Foreign Countries are so naturaliz'd in You, that they seem rather a genuine Transmigration from Your Ancestors, than the Effects of Your own Industry; and the Temperance of Your Life, with the Modesty of your Conversation, serves not to inform us that You have seen so much, but may convince the World that You have chosen the best.

But we need not have Recourse to *France* or *Italy* for Your Improvements: Your Alliance and daily Conversation with so many of the most noble Families in *England* is sufficient to authorize Your Merit, and finish Your Character, being equally related to their Blood, and their Virtues.

And now, Sir, I come about to my first Position, inferring from this, a Complement upon my self; I have the Honour sometimes of sharing some few Hours of that Conversation, which is so much courted by my Superiors, and consequentially to plume my Vanity in this Occasion of acquainting the World with my Happiness.

From

From the mentioning of the Honourable Sir *Thomas Chaloner*, I deduce this Advantage, That I make the moſt courtly Addreſs imaginable to Poetry, by informing the World, in Defence of that Art ſo much vilify'd by ſome, that this great Statesman and Soldier, the truſtieſt Miniſter to the greateſt of Queens, and the intimate Friend to the wiſeſt of Politicians, was at the ſame Time one of the greateſt Poets that ever *England* produc'd. His ten Books *de Republicâ Anglorum inſtauranda*, are ſufficient Proofs that the Qualification of a Statesman are conſiſtent with thoſe of *Cato*, and that a Poetical Genius has accompany'd the greateſt Abilities both in Court and Camp.

Thus, Sir, You ſee that I have avoided the current Form in Pieces of this Nature; not loading the Modeſty of my Patron, but heightening the Vanity of the Author; and by commending you, I have flatter'd myſelf.

As the Form is new, pray Sir, let me intreat You to believe the Deſign of it Novel, it being only ſent in the Capacity and Character of a familiar Letter, and therefore refuſes to be receiv'd with the uſual Formalities of a Mercenary Dedication. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Faithful, and

moſt Humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

TO THE READER.

IN this Collection of Letters, 'tis but reasonable that you should have one among the rest; and tho' I may want the Honour of your Acquaintance, yet be assured, there is no Person in the World more willing to oblige you than your Humble Servant. I have heard such a Character of your Honour, your Wit, your Judgment, your Learning, and your Candour, that I am in a perfect Rapture to think how happy I shall be in your Hands.

'Twas a good ancient Custom with our Forefathers, to begin their Prefaces with Kind Reader. I would have revived that Fashion with all my Heart, and call'd you Gentle Reader, as you very well deserve; but the Stile a little too obsolete for a Book that would be a Beau. For you must understand, this Gentleman is Span new from Top to Toe, talks of every Thing but Religion, admires himself very much, and his greatest Ambition is to please the Ladies. But to finish his Character, he's perfectly civil to every Body he meets, and with a more particular and profound Respect does he run to kiss your Hands.

He's none of those Bully-books that come bluff into the World, with Damme, Reader, you're a Blockhead if you don't commend me. *No, no, Sir* ——— *If you like him, why you have the Sense that he thought you had* ——— *If you dislike him, you have more Sense than he was aware of, that's all.*

Besides all this, he has more Manners than to come among Gentlemen with his Taylor's Bill in his Hand, and to entertain the Company with a long Preface or Inventory to his Equipments; as such a Thing cost so much, and such a Thing is worth so much, the Work of such a Taylor is excellent, the Fashion from Paris, *and the Taylor a* Frenchman; *you must pardon him for that, Sir: if you like the Suit, taking it all together, approve his Fancy, and allow it becomes him, he's your very humble Servant.*

Moreover, Sir, I wou'd have you to know, that this Gentleman is of some Circumstance and Condition, and has not been engag'd in the Shifts that some late Sparks are put to for their Habiliments, who ferret all the Wit-brokers in Town, taking up from several Places, and strut in a Suit of [illegible] Finery, patch'd up of the Scraps and Remnants of the eminent Men of the Age. *For I must tell you, Sir, tho' his Cloaths be but plain, yet they [illegible] up handsomely at one Place, where [illegible] for as much [illegible] en [illegible] are [illegible]*

And now, [illegible] Sir, let me intreat you to receive him with the [illegible] of Civility: [illegible] a Courtier, you will show [illegible] Breeding; receive him with a sincere Smile, swear to do him all the Service you can, and you will certainly keep your Word ——— *as you us'd to do. From the City he expects more than an ordinary Reception, because he is become one of their H[illegible] bound [illegible]* Lintot, *and ten to [illegible] Years [illegible] if the Town don't [illegible] Freedom [illegible] good Quarter from the Wits and Criticks, because he sets up for neither; besides, he has scatter'd some little Nonsense here and there, that they might not be disappointed of their Prey. But his greatest Concern*

is for his Entertainment with the Ladies, resolv'd however not to complain, thinking it a greater Honour to fall a Sacrifice to the Resentments of the Fair, than to live by the Approbation of Men. Tho' he has some Grounds for a more moderate Fate at their Hands, because a great Part of the Work was first design'd for one of that Sex, without any farther Consideration of pleasing the World; and the Beauties of the Book, if there be any, were brought from a Lady's Cabinet to the Press; and if it can but from the Press get back again into the Ladies Closets, there may it rest, and Peace be with it.

Now, Sir, as we met good Friends, pray let us part so; I hate quarrelling mortally, and especially with a Person of your present Character and Condition; and as you like my Epistolary Style, we shall settle a farther Correspondence.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** In the Discourse upon Comedy I must beg the Reader's Excuse for omitting to mention a certain Fragment of Poetry written by *Aristotle*. I thank *Scaliger* for his timely Discovery, but shou'd be much more obliged to any Body that could shew me the Piece.

Or

On the Death of General Schomberg, *kill'd at the* Boyn.

A PINDARICK.

I.

WHAT Dismal Damp has over-spread the War?
The Victor gives more than the Conquer'd fears:
The Streams of Blood are lost in Floods of Tears,
A Victory with drooping Wings comes flagging from afar.

II.

The *British* [illegible] roars
Along the [illegible] Shores;
[illegible] Harp in mournful Strains,
[illegible] the Flood complains:
Round whose [illegible] Banks th[illegible]
Shakes with [illegible]bling N[illegible],
As if [illegible]
How the [illegible], Godlike *Schomberg* fell.

III.

Gods! How he stood,
All te[illegible] in Blood,

Stopping

Stopping the Torrent of his Foes, and Current of the
Tide, *Moſes* like, with Sword inſtead of Wand, (Flood.
This redder Sea of Gore cou'd not it command;
But not, like *Moſes*, to ſecure his Flight,
But Spight of Waves and Tides, to meet and fight.

IV.

The labouring Guns oppos'd his Paſſage o'er
With Throws tormented on the Shore,
Of which delivered, they ſtart back and roar,
As frighted as the Monſter which they bore.
The furious Offspring ſwath'd in curling Smoak,
And wrapt in Bands of Fire,
Hot with its Parent's ſulphrous Ire,
And wing'd with Death, flies hiſſing to the Stroke.

V.

Like ſome great rugged *Tow'r*,
The ancient Seat of Pow'r,
Bending with Age its venerable Halls,
With old and craggy Wrinkles on its Walls;
The Neighbour's Terror whilſt it ſtands, and Ruin when
Thus mighty *Schomberg* fell — it falls.
Spreading wide Ruins o'er the Ground,
With Deſolation all around,
Cruſhing with deſtructive Weight
The Foes that undermine his Seat;
Whilſt *Victory*, that always ſpread,
Her tow'ring Pinions o'er his Army's Head,
Making his Banner ſtill her Lure,
Like *Marius*'s Vultures, to make Conqueſt ſure;
Seeing the ſpacious Downfal ſo bemoan'd,
Perch'd on the Ruins; clapt her Wings, and groan'd.

VI.

Thus * *Iſrael*'s Hero 'twixt the Pillars ſat,
The *Ne plus ultra* of his Fate;

* *Sampſon.*

Theſe

These *Columns* which upheld his Name,
Much longer by their Fall,
Than those erected strong and tall,
The standing Limits of *Moses*'s Fame.
He sat depriv'd of Sight,
Like a black rowling Cloud involv'd in Night,
Conceiving *Thunder* in its swelling Womb,
Big with surprizing Fate, and ruining Doom:
No Flash the sudden Bolt must here disclose:
The Lightning of his Eyes extinguish'd by his Foes.
His Foes industrious in their juggling Fate,
[illegible] slavishly enchain'd we see,
To [illegible] must set him free,
And them his cheated Keepers captivate.
He shook his Chains with such a Noise,
[illegible]
Amidst their Joys,
Gaz'd all about,
And heard the real *Sampson* in the Voice:
They saw him too, 'twas *Sampson* all,
Who by his thundring Fall
Gave the [illegible] Alarm,
Dragg'd a Train of Vengeance by each *Giant* Arm,
[illegible] Fears did such Amazement frame,
[illegible] seem'd all stiff and dead before the Ruin came:
The Ruin! only such unto his Foes;
From thence his glorious Monument arose;
But *Time*'s corroding Teeth in Spight of Stone
Has eat thro' all, and even the very Ruin's gone:
But *Schambergh*'s Monument shall never decay,
[illegible]
Time never can disjoin,
Nor on its Floods impose his Laws;
They slide, untouch't, from his devouring Jaws,
And always running, yet must ever stay.

VII.

Hark! how the *Trumpets* hollow Clangors sound!
The Army has receiv'd an universal Wound:
The Death of *Schomberg* flies

On every fault'ring Tongue,
Whilſt pallid Grief did place
A ſympathizing Death in every Soldier's Face:
But hold, ye mighty Chiefs,
Suſpend your needleſs Griefs,
And let victorious Joy your Arms adorn;
The mighty Warrior's *Ghoſt*
Upon the *Stygian* Coaſt,
Your Sorrows, more than his own Fate, do's mourn.
He ſcorns to be lamented ſo,
Moving in ſtately *Triumph* to the Shades below.
Behold the Sprites that lately felt the Blow
Of his commanding warlike Arm,
They ſhivering all ſtart wide, and even more fleeting
As if that powerful Hand, (grow,
That cou'd their groſſer Shapes alive command,
Had Power to diſſolve their airy Form.

VIII.

Then let not funeral Plaints his Trophies wrong,
Let Spoils and Pageants march his Hearſe along,
And ſhout his *Conclamatum* in Triumphal Song.
All baleful *Cypreſs* muſt be here deny'd,
But Laurel Wreaths fix in their blooming Pride.
For as he conquer'd living, ſo he conqu'ring dy'd.

Written on Orinda's *Poems lent to a* Lady, *in Imitation of* Ovid.

ME *Damon* ſends his amorous Cauſe to plead,
Orinda muſt for *Damon intercede:*
Me has he choſe to move your angry Mind,
Me the ſoft Fav'rite of the ſofter Kind.
Me has he choſe your rigorous Breaſt to move,
He knows my Force in Poetry and Love.
Me has he choſe to tell his anxious Pain;
Read me, and read the Paſſion of the Swain.

Whatever Power of Love my Lines can ſhow,
It falls far ſhort of what he feels for you:
Where'er *Orinda* melt in moving Strains,
Think, *Cœlia* think, that *Damon* thus complains:
Whene'er I grieve, think *Damon* grieves for you,
Pity the Swain that does ſo humbly ſue:
This *Damon* begs, *Orinda* begs it too.

To the ingenious Lady, Author of the Fatal Friendſhip, *deſign'd for a Recommendatory Copy to her Play.*

LET others call the ſacred Nine to aid (laid;
Their moving Thoughts, in moving Numbers
Invoke the fiery *God*, with all the Throng,
That ancient Bards implor'd to guide their Song;
Whilſt I for nobler Inſpiration ſue,
Scorning their weaker Helps; invoking you.
You, who alone have Power our Thoughts to raiſe,
And wing our Fancy to attempt your Praiſe,
Nought but your charming Beauty can diſpenſe
A Flame ſufficient to deſcribe your Senſe.
Whilſt ſo much Beauty in your Form is ſhown,
No Pen on Earth can reach it but your own.
Go on then, *Daphne*, *Phœbus* will purſue,
His chaſter Fires are all enjoy'd by you;
You are his fairer Nymph, you bear his Laurel too.
Go on, thou Champion for thy Sex deſign'd,
And prove the Muſes are of Female Kind;
Let diſtant Nations *Engliſh* Beauties prize,
As much for Charms of Wit, as Pow'r of Eyes:
Your moving Scenes the raviſh'd Audience drew,
Raptures we felt, as when your Eyes we view;
Such Arts were used to mix our Hopes and Fears,
You made Grief pleaſing, and we ſmil'd in Tears.
Thus Lovers view a Miſtreſs's Diſdain,
And love to [illegible], the ſure to loſe in Pain.

Th'

'h' Effects of labour'd Art your Work reveals,
Yet a ſuperior Art that Art conceals.
Here Nature gains, the' naked, thus diſplay'd;
Like Beauty, moſt adorn'd, when leaſt array'd.
Go on then, doubly arm'd, to conquer Men;
Phœbus his Harp and Bow, you boaſt your Eyes and Pen.
ll to the firſt without Reluctance yield,
t your victorious Pen has forc'd the Field.

An Epigram on the Riding-Houſe in Dublin, made into a Chapel.

A *Chapel* of the Riding-Houſe is made
We thus once more ſee *Chriſt* in [illegible]
Where ſtill we find the Jockey Trade ſupply'd,
The *Layman* bridled, and the *Clergy* ride.

To a Lady, being detain'd from viſiting [illegible] by Storm.

SO poor *Leander* view'd the *Seſtian* Shore,
Whilſt Winds and Waves oppos'd his Paſſage o'er;
More moiſt with Tears, becauſe by Floods reſtrain'd,
Than in theſe Floods had he his Wiſh obtain'd;
So drown'd, yet burnt within, upon the Banks he lean'd;
[illegible] Begging Calms; and as he begging lay,
Implor'd with [illegible] the Winds, with [illegible]
One wou'd have thought he by all theſe Means ſought
To raiſe a ſecond greater Storm he meant.
Juſt ſo whilſt I repreſent you by Storms I weep;
The Winds my Sighs, my Tears augment the Deep;
With flowing [illegible] view the diſtant Side,
The Space that [illegible] doth my ſelf divide.

Here's

Here's only left the poor external Part,
Whilſt you, where'er you move, poſſeſs my Heart.
Depriv'd of Love, and your bleſt Sight, I die,
Whilſt you the firſt, and Storms the laſt deny.

The Lover's Night.

THE Night's black Curtain o'er the World was ſpread,
And all Mankind lay Emblems of the Dead;
A deep and awful Silence void of Light,
With duſky Wings ſat brooding o'er the Night:
The rowling Orbs mov'd ſlow from Eaſt to Weſt,
With Harmony that lull'd the World to Reſt;
The Moon withdrawn, the oozy Floods lay dead,
The very Influence of the Moon was fled;
Some twinkling Stars, that thro' the Clouds did peep
Seeming to wink as if they wanted Sleep;
All Nature huſh'd, as when diſſolv'd and laid
In ſilent *Chaos* ere the World was made;
Only the beating of the Lover's Breaſt,
Made Noiſe enough to keep his Eyes from Reſt;
His little World, not like the greater, lay,
In loudeſt Tumults of diſorder'd Day;
His Sun of Beauty ſhone to light his Breaſt,
With all its various Toils and Labours preſt;
The Sea of Paſſions in his working Soul,
Rais'd by the Tempeſts of his Sighs, did roul
In tow'ring Floods, to overwhelm the whole;
Thoſe Tyrants of the Mind, vain Hope and Fear,
That ſtill by Turns uſurp an Empire there,
Now raiſing Man on high, then plunging in Deſpair.
Thus *Damon* lies, his Grief no Reſt affords,
'Till ſwelling full, it thus burſt out in Words.
Oh! I could curſe all Womankind but one,
And yet my Griefs proceed from her alone;
Was not our Paradiſe by Woman loſt?
But in this Woman ſtill we find it moſt.

Hell's

Hell's greatest Curse a Woman if unkind,
Yet Heav'ns great Blessing, if she loves, we find.
Oh! if she lov'd, no God the Bliss cou'd tell,
She wou'd be Heav'n it self, were she not so much Hell.
Thus our chief Joys with most Allays are curst,
And our best Things, when once corrupted, worst.
But Heav'n is just; our selves the Idols fram'd,
And are for such vain Worship justly damn'd.
Thus the poor Lover argu'd with his Fate;
Æmylia's Charms now did his Love create,
That Love repuls'd, now prompted him to ha[illegible]
Sometimes his Arms wou'd cross his Bosom re[illegible],
Hugging her lovely Image printed o[illegible] Breast;
Where flattering Painter Fancy shew'd his [illegible].
In charming Draughts, his Pencil *Cupid*'s Da[illegible];
The Shadow drawn so lively did appear,
As made him think the real Substance there;
Then was he blest, all Rapture stun[illegible]
Excess of Pleasure did his Bliss dest[illegible]
He thought her naked, soft, and yi[illegible]
Within his pressing Arms lay folded [illegible]
Nay, by the Gods, she really there [illegible]
Else how cou'd Pleasure to such Rap[illegible] flow?
Th' Effect was real —— Then the Cause was so.
What more can most substantial Pleasure boast,
Than Joy when present, Memory when past?
Then Bliss is real which the Fancy frames,
Or these call'd real Joys, are only Dreams.

The Brill, August the 10*th*, 1700, *New Style.*

Dear SAM,

To give you a [illegible] Journal of my [illegible] on *W[illegible]* got to *Har[illegible]* [illegible] the Afternoon, [illegible]ghted at [illegible] best furnish'd *I[illegible]* the Kingdom; my Warrant for the Packet bo[illegible] *Half a Piece*, and to the Officers for not [illegible] their Duty, *Half a Crown*. This Place, li[illegible] Sea-Ports, we found extravagantly

gantly dear; but to eaſe that Inconvenience, we were adviſ'd to get aboard by Eleven at Night. Here I met a Gentleman, whoſe Company I was very happy in, tho' extremely concern'd for the Occaſion of his Voyage, which was an Expreſs to the King of the Duke of *Glouceſter's* Death. This was the firſt News I had of this publick Loſs, which I had no much Time to reflect upon, being ſo nearly touch on the Score of my private Concern by a violent Storm that immediately came upon us: You may gueſs at our Circumſtances, when I aſſure you, that our greateſt Comfort was the Lightning, that ſhew'd the Seamen their Buſineſs, which otherwiſe they muſt have grop'd for; all Intercourſe of Speech being broken off by the Loudneſs of the Thunder. We had ſuch warm Work, that I ſometimes allow'd it a juſt Thought, that Satan ſhou'd be entitled *Prince of the Air*; and again, why the Devil ſhou'd command the Artillery of Heaven, I cou'd not ſo well comprehend. I ſupported my ſelf with the Thought, that Providence had no Deſign upon me; but that this Tumult of the Elements was their Manner of expreſſing their Grief for the Loſs of his *Highneſs*; or that they were angry at Mr. *L——r* for bringing ſuch unwelcome News into their Dominions, and for making a Property of them to ſpread it abroad. By this Kind of Poetical Philoſophy I bore up pretty well under my Apprehenſions, tho' never worſe prepar'd for Death, I muſt confeſs; for I think I had never ſo much Money about me at a Time. We had ſome Ladies aboard that were ſo extremely ſick, that they often wiſh'd for Death, but were damnably afraid of being drown'd. But as the Scripture ſays, *Sorrow may laſt for a Night, but Joy cometh in the Morni*

Weather clear'd up with the Day, the Wind Weſterly, and in a few Hours, I was going t ſaw *England* out of Sight. All *Thurſday* we had freſh Gale and cold Chickens; our Wine went bout at a ſtrange Rate; for our Stomachs ebb'd flow'd like the Element. On *Friday* Morning

B

made the Coaſt of *Holland*, a ſtiff Gale, and the Sea ran high. I was mightily pleaſed to view the Continent, you may be ſure; but as I ſtood upon the *Poop* peruſing its firſt Appearance with my *Perſpective*, I had ſuch a Rebuke for my Curioſity by a great Sea, that took us *Fore* and *Aft*, that I was ſeaſon'd for a *Dutchman* immediately. Whether this be a Compliment of Salutation uſually paid to Strangers, or that the *Batavian* Out-Guards took me for a Spy upon their Frontiers, I ſhall leave the Skipper to determine. In ſhort, by working of a ſtaunch Ship, and the Influence of a ſtaunch *Proverb* in Favour of the *Old Baily Bar*, we got over the *Dutch*, the *Maze*; and the *Dutch* Wave has clear'd my Eye-ſight of an Error that we *Britains* are very fond of, that the *Thames* is the fineſt River in the Univerſe; for I can aſſure you, *Sam*, that the *Rhine* is as much beyond it, as a *Pair of Oars* before a *Sculler*, let all the *Tritons* between *Chelſea* and *Richmond* argue never ſo loud to the contrary; tho' in one Sort of *Traffick* upon that Part of the *Thames* we exceed the whole World, both for the Quantity and Cheapneſs of the Commodity; and I believe the Store-houſe for this Kind of *Stuff*, including the *Play-houſe* and the *Roſe*, may contend with moſt *Marts* in *Europe*.

This Day at Eleven we landed at the *Brill*, and here I have a ſmall Taſte of this *Republick*, that makes ſuch a Noiſe in the World —— My Fancy, in reſpect of Expectation, has generally been ſo fruitful, that the deareſt Part of my Hopes has frequently ended in Diſappointments; and I have ſeldom found Things come up to anſwer the *Idea* that I have uſually fram'd of their Excellence; but here I muſt confeſs the Reality is the Shadow, and I am pleaſed once in my Life to find a Thing that can afford me ſubſtantial Pleaſure in the Enjoyment. I have read much of *Holland*, fancy'd more, yet all falls ſhort of what I

At my firſt Entrance into this Town, I made one Diſcovery, which I believe has hitherto 'ſcap'd moſt Travellers, *viz.* That the *Dutch* are the greateſt *Beaux* in the World, only with this Difference from the Gentlemen at *White*'s, that their Finery is much more noble and ſubſtantial; I never knew the faireſt, fineſt, full-bottom Wig, moſt nicely fixt on the moſt beautiful Block in the Side Box, look half ſo genteel as a *Dutch* Canal with a ſtately Row of flouriſhing Trees on each Side, and ſome twenty beautiful Bridges laid a-croſs it, within ſixty or ſeventy Paces one of another. I never knew a Valet, and a Barber with Razors, Tweezers, Perfumes, and Waſhes, work half ſo hard upon a Gentleman's Face, that deſign'd a Conqueſt on a Birth-Night, as I have ſeen a luſty *Dutch* Woman with a Mop and warm Water ſcrub the Marbles and Tiles before the Door, till ſhe has ſcour'd them brighter than any Fop's Complexion in the Univerſe. No firſt Rate Beau with us, drawn by ſix before and ſix behind, lolling luxuriouſly in his Coach, appears half ſo gallant, as a jolly *Skipper* at the Stern of his Barge, with a fur'd Cap like Rays about his Head, the Helm in his Hand, and his Pipe in his Mouth, with Liberty ſeated in one *Whisker*, and Property in t'other; and in this Splendor making the *Tour* of half a Dozen fine Cities in a Day, without either Qualm of the Spleen, or Twinge of the Goue. Such a Perſon I take for a Beau of the firſt Magnitude, who ſcorning to be lugg'd by Beaſts as Fellows are to *Tyburn*, can harneſs the Winds and Waves for his Equipage; and improving on the Works of Providence, make the univerſal Elements (Air and Water) ſubmit to his private Compoſition of Advantage and Diverſion. To ſee the Wind work in his Sails, and play with his Pendants, muſt certainly afford more ſubſtantial and pure Satisfaction, than the Whinee of a Horſe or the Crack of a Coach-whip.

In ſhort, dear *Sam*, I am not ſo bigotted to Domeſtick Cuſtoms, as not to approve what is admirable here; and you muſt pardon me, that I have

thrown

thrown up the Prejudices of Nativity with my Beef and Pudding as I came over; and 'tis no ſmall Part of my preſent Wonder, why we ſhould call the *Dutch* a ſlovenly Sort of People, ſince to the Eye, which muſt determine that Circumſtance, they are much more gaudy than that Nation we ſo mimick and admire, and with this Advantage, that they are gay without Levity, and fine beyond Foppery. Why we ſhould mention the *Dutch* with Contempt, and the *French* with Admiration, is a ſevere Satyr upon the *Engliſh* Judgment, when the Bravery of the former attract the Admiration of Men, and the Pageantry of the latter draw only the Eyes of Women: But our *Engliſh* Ladies are ſo very fine, that we are very willing to pleaſe them, and thus are drawn into this unreaſonable Prejudice; but we ought to take Care, that by being thus particular Slaves to our reſpective *Miſtreſſes*, we ben't drawn at laſt into univerſal Bondage to a *Maſter*. The *French* have taken no ſmall Pains of late Years to render themſelves agreeable; they treat us like a Miſtreſs, do every Thing that they fancy will pleaſe us, till they bring us at laſt to act whatſoever ſhall pleaſe them. But this is no News; and I think it a little improper to tell you an *Engliſh* Story from a Place where you may expect ſome foreign Entertainment. I have no more to ſay at preſent, but that I am juſt going for *Rotterdam*, and departing from a *Scotch* Houſe here, where nothing of that Country is to be found but the Landlord; for the Rooms are a Paradiſe for Cleanlineſs, but the Hoſt is a Rogue for his Reckoning. I have got ſuch a Heap of Silver out of a Piſtole, as upon a handſome Counter might give Credit to a Banker; and I can aſſure you, that while I have a Brother to that Piſtole left, you ſhall not ſee

Your Friend and Servant.

Leyden, October 15. 1700.

Dear SAM,

THE uſual Excuſe of Gentlemen abroad for neglecting their Friends at home is, that new Sets of different Objects continually entertaining us with Changes of Admiration, the Ideas of our old Acquaintance are by Degrees worn out by the Acceſſion of the new: But this Kind of Forgetfulneſs were too ſevere a Charge upon the Merit of my Friends and my own Gratitude, both which I will chooſe to maintain; and I leave it to your Charity to make me an Excuſe for my Silence. The Truth is, I have had a very tedious Fit of Sickneſs, which had almoſt ſent your Friend a longer Journey than he was willing to undertake at preſent; but now being pretty well recover'd, I can only inform you in general, that every Day ſurprizes me with ſome agreeable Object or other; and I find, very much to my Wonder, that the Accounts I have had of this Country are very different from the Obſervations that may be made upon the Place. Some general Remarks there are undiſputably certain, as that nothing can parallel the *Dutch* Induſtry, but the Luxury of *England*; and that the Money laid out in the Taverns in *London*, in purchaſing Diſeaſes, would victual the whole *United Provinces* very plentifully at their wholſome Courſe of Diet; that the Standing-Army maintained by the *Dutch* for their Security againſt a Foreign Force, are not half ſo expenſive, as the fifty thouſand Lawyers kept up by our Civil Factions in *England*, for no other Uſe, but to ſet us continually by the Ears; People, like the *Jews*, that are tolerated in all Governments for the Intereſt of the Publick, while their main Drift is to enrich themſelves, and who by their Gettings and Cunning have brought their Riches and Practice into a Proverb. The Lawyers here put the Queſtion only, Whether the Thing be lawful? And

upon

upon Application to the Statutes, the Controverſy is immediately determin'd. Bet our Caſuiſts at *Weſtminſter* diſpute not ſo much upon the Legality of the Cauſe, as upon the Letter of the Law, and make more Cavils on the Meaning of the Words that ſhou'd determine Juſtice, than upon the Equity of the Allegations contended for by the Parties; and the Bulk of our Laws have loaded Juſtice ſo heavily, that 'tis become a Burden to the People, who in Regard of their Sufferings in this Kind ſhou'd borrow an Appellation from Phyſick, and be call'd *Patients* rather than *Clients*.

Another Thing worth Conſideration in Reſpect of the Laws in *Holland*, is this: None but honeſt Men make Eſtates by their Practice; for the ſiding with the wrong Party brings the Lawyer into Contempt, and lays him under a ſevere Reprehenſion, either of Ignorance in his Buſineſs, or Knavery to the People: Hence it comes to paſs, that Injuſtice, not finding a Patron to ſupport its Cauſe, is forc'd to remove to a neighbouring Country, where the wrong Side was never known to make its Aſſertor bluſh; where the Eloquence of *S——re*, and the Impudence of *S——n* are plauſible Pretences for patronizing Injuſtice, and abuſing the Client: But there are Bravos in all Parts of the World, that will take Money for cutting of Throats, whether there be Grounds or not for the Reſentment.

So much for the Law, now for the Goſpel, *Sam.* I think *Holland* may contend for the Catholick Church with any Part in *Europe*, becauſe it is more univerſal in its Religion, than any Country in the Univerſe. 'Tis a pleaſant Thing to ſee *Chriſtians*, *Mahometans*, *Jews*, *Proteſtants*, *Papiſts*, *Armenians* and *Greeks*, ſwarming together like a Hive of Bees, without one Sting of Devotion to hurt one another; they all agree about the Buſineſs of this Life, becauſe a Community in Trade is the Intereſt they drive at; and they never joſtle in the Way to the Life to come, becauſe every one takes a different Road. One great

Cauſe of this ſo amicable a Correſpondence and Agreement, is, that only the Laity of theſe Profeſſions compoſe the Mixture; here are no Ingredients of Prieſtcraft to ſow'r the Compoſition; Pulpits indeed they have, but not like *Hudibraſs*'s Eccleſiaſtick Drums that are continually beating up for Volunteers to the alarming the whole Nation. Here is no Intereſt of Sects to be manag'd under the Cloak of gaining Proſelytes to the Truth; nor ſtrengthning of Parties by Pretence of reclaiming of Souls; every Shepherd is content with his own Flock, and *Mufti*, *Levite*, *Pope* and *Presbyter*, are all Chriſtians in this, that they live in Unity and Concord.

'Tis a ſtrange Thing, that among us People can't agree the whole Week they go different Ways upon *Sundays*: This is to make the Lord's Day a Tower of Diſſenſion, and Religion, (which is call'd the Bond of Peace) to be the Brand of Diſcord and Combuſtion: But we have ſome Preachers that think themſelves inſpir'd with the Spirit, when they are really poſſeſs'd by the Devil; the Fervency of whoſe Zeal diſmiſſes Congregations with Heats and Heart-burnings of Spirit, and blows up the Coals on the Altar to ſet their Neighbours Houſes on Fire; the Efficacy to the Pulpit is ſufficiently ſhewn in the Practice of the Congrega[illegible] No People in the World are ſo full of Notional Principles of Faith; and to what Purpoſe the following I[illegible]e ſhall ſhew you. Two Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, one a Devout Hearer at *Covent-Garden Church*, and the other a violent Zealot for Doctor *Burgeſs*'s Meeting, met one Evening at *Tom's Coffee-Houſe*, and wou'd adjourn to the *Fleece Tavern*, to diſcourſe upon ſome Point of Doctrine manag'd that *Sunday* by their reſpective Miniſters. The Drawer brought in a Bottle of new French, and the Diſſenter introduced Predeſtination: After two or three hearty Glaſſes, the Diſpute grew pretty warm, and the Quotations of the Fathers and the Texts of Scripture made ſuch a Noiſe, that two Wenches that uſually ply upon thoſe Stairs, over-hearing

ing the Buſtle, took them for a couple of *Levites*, and ſo made account to bolt in upon 'em, and ſell their Mackarel; the Fervency of the Argument was preſently abated upon the Appearance of the Ladies, and a Topick of a more familiar Nature aſſum'd; till both being pretty well convinc'd of their Opponent's Fire and Fancy, the Whores were diſmiſs'd, and Predeſtination re-aſſum'd; the Argument grew warmer, as the Diſputants grew fuddled: In ſhort, they diſputed themſelves ſtark drunk, drew their Swords to decide the Controverſy; and had not one Mr. *Fern* come in, 'twas great odds that Predeſtination had not ſent one to the Devil, and t'other to the Gallows. But they parted Friends at laſt, and ſaid one to t'other, *I cry at my Heart, dear Friend, that you won't go to Heaven my Way.* And ſo away he reel'd to a Bawdy-houſe. Now the Moral of the Fable is this: If the Divines, inſtead of their Speculative Theology, had preach'd that Day a thundering Sermon againſt Drunkenneſs and Fornication, 'tis probable that the *Faith* of theſe Gentlemen had been ne'er the leſs fortify'd, and their *good Works* much more improv'd.

But I beg your Pardon for this Digreſſion; I was going to ſay that, excepting a few general Remarks, ſome of which I have mention'd, the Accounts we have of this People are very lame, and ſometimes exactly oppoſite to the Truth. I ſhall mention one or two Particulars that I found very obvious.

We have a Notion in *England* that the *Dutch* are very great Drunkards; whether this Aſperſion ariſes from ſome People's confounding the *High-Dutch* with the *Low*, or that there is a Sottiſhneſs in their Miens and Complexions, I can't determine; but this I can aſſure you, that the Report is as falſe, as ſhou'd I aver, that the People in *London* are the moſt chaſte and ſober Gentlemen in the World. 'Tis true indeed they will take off a toping Glaſs of Brandy, but that is only what is abſolutely neceſſary to moderate the Moiſture and Coldneſs of their Conſtitution,

and us'd in ſuch Quantity by the meaner ſort only, who living continually in the Water, muſt require an Allowance to fortify themſelves againſt the Chilneſs of their Habitations; for you muſt know that whole Families, Men, Women and Children, live continually in Boats, and have no more Tenement on Dry-land than a *Thames* Salmon; but notwithſtanding this incumbent Neceſſity of their taking a Cup of the Creature, I never have ſeen ſince I came into this Country but one *Dutch-man* drunk; and altho' his Impertinence was no more than is naturally incident to any Body in his Condition, yet the whole Boat-ful of People, to the Number of ſixty Perſons, ſhew'd the greateſt Averſion imaginable to his Circumſtances, except two or three jolly *Engliſh* Men, that made very good Sport with his Humour; and had not we, with ſome *French* Gentlemen, protected his Carcaſs, his Countrymen wou'd have ſous'd him in the Canal very heartily for his Debauch.

As the laborious Life of the inferior Sort requires an exhilarating Glaſs, ſo the ſame Neceſſity both as to Time and Charge ſecures them from Exceſs: And for their Gentry they are indeed ſociable in their own Houſes; but were it not for Strangers, all Places of Publick Entertainment muſt conſequently fall; which is the greateſt Argument imaginable for the Sobriety and Temperance of a People; whereas 'tis very well known, that if the very Taverns in *London*, with ſeven or eight handſome Churches, and one or two of our Inns of Court, (all which we could well enough ſpare) were but handſomely ſeated on the Banks of a River, they would make a Figure with ſome of the moſt remarkable Cities in *Europe*. This indeed is a noble Argument of the Riches of *England*; but whether our Luxury ſprang from Plenty, or the Temperance of *Holland*, the Effect of Neceſſity, be the happier State, is a Queſtion that I want leiſure now to determine.

Another Account we have current among us, that there are no Beggars in *Holland*; that they are very careful

careful in employing the Poor. That their Manufactures require a great many Hands is moſt certain, but ocular Demonſtration is too ſtrong a Proof againſt all their Induſtry; and I'm apt to believe, that the Order of Mendicants is of a very late Inſtitution, elſe ſo viſible a Falſity cou'd never have put this Trick upon Travellers. Whether their late expenſive Wars have ruin'd more People than their Manufactures can employ, or that the Poverty of the *Spaniards* in the Neighbour *Netherlands*, have by degrees infected the meaner ſort, I ſhan't be poſitive; but nothing is more certain, than that a well-diſpos'd Chriſtian may find as many Objects of Charity here as in any part of *England*, if we may judge of their Wants by the Fervency of their Cries.

I do believe that the Charity of the *Dutch* is no great Incouragement to Beggars; which is the Reaſon (I conceive) why the Poor flock all to the High-ways and *Track-skouts*, where the Opportunity is good for Application to Strangers.

From theſe, and ſome other ſuch like Particulars, I found it a Matter of Speculation, how the Generality of the *Engliſh* Nation being ſo near Neighbours to this State, ſhou'd be ſo very ſhort in their Knowledge of the Manners and Conſtitution of this People; but this I may preſume to proceed upon the following Accounts.

Moſt of our *Engliſh* that viſit this Place, are either young Gentlemen that come abroad to travel, or Merchants that make a ſhort Trip upon their own private Concerns.

'Tis the uſual Way with the firſt of theſe to take *Holland en paſſant*, either going or coming; and being youthful Sparks, are ſo fond of the Finery at *Paris*, and Delicacy of *Rome*, that they han't Leiſure, forſooth, to dwell upon the Solidity of this Place. *France* and *Italy* are their Provinces, and *Holland* their Inn upon the Road; they lie for a Night, and away the next Morning.

They can tell you, perhaps, that the *Dutch* manner of Travelling is very commodious; that the *Hague* is a pritty Village, *Amſterdam* a fine City, and that the People are a Parcel of heavy, dull, inconverſable Creatures, and ſo they leave them. Nothing can reliſh more of old *England* than this peremptory Declaration. I wou'd willingly underſtand how Gentlemen can make a true Eſtimate of the Wit and Ingenuity of a People, when they don't ſtay to make one Acquaintance in the Country, nor can ſpeak one Syllable of their Language.

Moſt of our young Nobility and Gentry travel under the Tuition of *French* Governours, who however honeſt in their Intentions of ſerving their Pupils, are nevertheleſs full of their *Moy Meme*; and from the Prejudice of Birth and Education, like all other People, are moſt inclinable to the Manners, Language, Dreſs and Behaviour of their own Nation; and though perfectly skill'd, perhaps, in the Accompliſhments that compoſe what we call a fine Gentleman, yet 'tis probable they may fall ſhort in thoſe Qualifications that are abſolutely neceſſary to an *Engliſhman*, in reſpect of the Intereſt of his Country, and of theſe I take the *Dutch* Language to be none of the moſt trivial. For at the preſent Juncture, which renders it not only ours, but the Intereſt of *Europe*, that we ſhould be well with theſe People, it were not unneceſſary that our Amity ſhould be linkt with private Friendſhips and Correſpondence, as by publick Leagues and Alliances. An Inſtance of which is very viſible to our Prejudice in the Habitudes and Familiarity contracted by our young Gentlemen at *Paris*, which, without all Diſpute, is one great Reaſon for the Influence retain'd by that Court, not only over our Faſhions and Behaviour, but which is extenſive alſo to Matters of more weighty Conſequence, including even our Councils, Laws and Government.

The ſecond ſort of People that make a turn into this Country, are our Merchants, whoſe Speculations are limited by a few Particulars; their Affairs not extending

tending to the Policies of State, not the Humours of the People, they are satisfied to mind their Business only, and to understand the Encouragement of Trade, the Prizes and Customs upon Goods, the Value of Stock, and the Rates of Exchange: Their Conversation lies chiefly between the Store-house and the Broad-side, and that in one or two Cities at most, where their Correspondents are resident. So that all the Account we must expect from these Persons, must only relate to their Trade in general, or to some particular Branch of it, which is universally understood already through the Intercourse of our Dealing, and neither so improving to our Polity, nor satisfactory to the Curious. But even among their Encouragements of Trade so universally known and admir'd, as the advantageous Situation of their Country, their natural Propensity to Navigation, the Lowness of their Imposts, &c. yet by an odd Accident I came to understand one Policy in their Trading Constitution, which I have never hitherto met with in any verbal or written Account whatsoever. The Matter was thus in all its Circumstances.

One Day upon the *Exchange* at *Rotterdam*, I casually met a Gentleman, who some time ago lived one of the most considerable Merchants in *Ireland*, and about some four Years since, by great Losses at Sea, was forc'd to fly his Country in a very mean Condition. I put him in mind of his Misfortunes by a Favour he once conferr'd upon me of a Bottle of Claret and a Neat's Tongue, at launching of a new Ship that he had built in *Dublin*; which Vessel (Bottom and Goods all his own) was unfortunately lost the very first Voyage. The Gentleman seem'd very sensible of his Misfortunes, but withal told me, That he still had a Glass of Wine and a Tongue at my Service, if I would come and see him at his House that Evening. I made him a Visit, and found, to my no small Surprize, an handsome House, neatly furnish'd, excellent Meat, and as good *Burgundy* as ever joy'd the Heart of Man. I took the Freedom to ask my

Merchant how a Bankrupt ſhou'd come by all this? in anſwer to which he gave me the following Account of his Affairs.

The *Dutch*, Sir, (ſaid he) have a Law, that whatever Merchant in any Part of *Europe*, who has had any conſiderable Traffick with this Country, whoſe honeſty is apparent by his former Accounts, and can prove by ſufficient Teſtimony, that his Loſſes and Misfortunes, are not chargeable upon his Ignorance nor Extravagance, but purely thoſe of unfortunate Chance, above the reach of humane Prevention; that then ſuch a Merchant may repair to them, have the Freedom of any Sea-port in the State, have a Supply of whatever Money he's willing to take up out of the Publick Revenue, upon the bare Security of his Induſtry and Integrity; and all this upon the Current Intereſt, which is ſeldom above Four *per Cent.*

Purſuant to this (continu'd the Gentleman) my Qualifications for the Credit being ſufficiently teſtify'd, I took up here two thouſand Pounds Sterling, and in two Years have gain'd fifty *per Cent.* So that by God's Aſſiſtance, and my own diligent Endeavours, I queſtion not but in a few Years I ſhall be able to ſhew my Face to my Creditors, return to my Country, and there live *in Statu quo.*

Here are two Points remarkable enough: A charitable Action to relieve diſtreſs'd Strangers, and a Policy of State for the Intereſt of the Republick, which you may ſoon diſcover by repeating the Conditions. His Honeſty muſt be manifeſt from his former Accounts, his Sufficiency in Buſineſs apparent from his precedent manner of Dealing, his Misfortunes ſuch as were above human Prevention, as by Storms, Pyrates, or the like; but above all, he muſt have ſome conſiderable Traffick with this Country, there's the Clincher, the *Utile*, the greateſt Encouragement imaginable for all Foreigners to traffick with this Nation, and for the moſt ingenious Traders, who are not always the moſt fortunate, to ſeek a

Reſidence among them: And what a Life and Vigour theſe two Circumſtances may add to the Trade of a Nation, the flouriſhing Condition of this People is the moſt ſufficient Witneſs.

Now, *Sam*, I have tir'd you moſt certainly, for I am weary my ſelf, and we are ſeldom the ſooneſt tir'd with our own: The Gravity of my Style you muſt impute to the Air of the Country, and the Length of my Letter to a very rainy Day that has kept me within; and to excuſe the Matter, it ſhall coſt you nothing, for I ſent it by a Gentleman, who can aſſure you that what I have ſaid is true. I ſhall at leaſt conclude with a Truth, that I am,

Dear SIR, Yours, &c.

An Epilogue *ſpoken by Mr.* Wilks, *at his firſt Appearance upon the* Engliſh *Stage.*

AS a poor Stranger wreck'd upon the Coaſt,
With Fear and Wonder views the Dangers paſt;
So I with dreadful Apprehenſions ſtand,
And thank thoſe Pow'rs that brought me ſafe to Land.
With Joy I view the ſmiling Country o'er,
And find, kind Heav'ns! an hoſpitable Shore.
'Tis *England* ——— This your Charities declare,
But more the Charms of *Britiſh* Beauties there;
Beauties that celebrate this Iſle afar,
They by their Smiles, as much as you by War,
True Love, true Honour, here I can't fail to play,
Such lively Patterns you before me lay.
Void of Offence, tho' not from Cenſure free,
I left a diſtant Iſle too kind to me;
Loaded with Favours I was forc'd away,
'Cauſe I wou'd not accept what I cou'd never pay.

There

There I cou'd pleaſe; but there my Fame muſt end,
For hither none muſt come to boaſt, but mend.
Improvement muſt be great, ſince here I find
Precepts, Examples, and my Maſters kind.

A Prologue *on the propos'd Union of the two Houſes.*

NOW all the World's ta'en up with State Affairs,
Some wiſhing Peace, ſome calling out for Wars.
'Tis likewiſe fit we ſhou'd inform the Age,
What are the preſent Politicks o'th' Stage:
Two different States, ambitious both, and bold,
All Free-born Souls; the New Houſe and the Old.
Have long contended, and made ſtout Eſſays,
Which ſhou'd be Monarch, abſolute in Plays,
Long has the Battle held with bloody Strife,
Where many ranting Heroes loſt their Life;
Yet ſuch their Enmity, that e'en the Slain
Do conquer Death, riſe up, and fight again.
Whilſt from the Gallery, Box, the Pit and all,
The Audience look'd, and ſhook its awful Head,
Wond'ring to ſee ſo many Thouſands fall,
And then look'd pale to ſee us look ſo red.
For force of Numbers, and Poetick Spell,
We've rais'd the ancient Heroes too from Hell,
To lead our Troops; and on this bloody Field,
You've ſeen great *Cæſar* fight, great *Pompey* yield.
Vaſt Sums of Treaſure too we did advance,
To draw ſome mercenary Troops from *France*;
Light-footed Rogues, who when they got their Pay,
Took to their Heels—— *Alons* —— and run away.
Here you have ſeen great *Philip*'s Conqu'ring Son,
Who in twelve Years did the whole World o'er-run;
Here has he fought, and found a harder Job
To beat one Play-houſe, than ſubdue the Globe:

All

All this from Emulation for the Bays,
You lik'd the Conteſt, and beſtow'd your Praiſe:
But now (as buſy Heads love ſomething new)
They would propoſe an *Union* — Oh, *Mort dieu*.
If it be ſo, let *Cæſar* hide his Head,
And fight no more for Glory, but for Bread.
Let *Alexander* mourn, as once before,
Becauſe no Worlds are left to conquer more.
But if we may judge ſmall from greater things,
The preſent Times may ſhew what *Union* brings,
You feel the Danger of *United Kings*.
If we grow one, then Slav'ry muſt enſue
To Poets, Players, and my Friends to you.
For to one Houſe confin'd, you then muſt praiſe
Both curſed Actors and confounded Plays.
Then leave us as we are, and next advance
Bravely to break the Tye 'twixt *Spain* and *France*.

On the Death of a Lady's Sparrow, in Imitation of Catullus *for his* Lesbia's.

MOurn all ye Muſes, mourn ye Nymphs and Loves,
Mourn all ye Woods, mourn all ye Trees and Groves,
Weep all ye Streams, ye Foreſts fade and mourn,
Your well-lov'd Bird muſt never again return.
Let the dull Air ne'er be ſerene again,
Let all the Winds with loudeſt Sighs complain.
The once bleſt Winds, whilſt they cou'd bear away
His charming Notes, and with his Feathers play.
How ſhall I grieve, or how bewail his Death?
None fit to ſing, that wants his tuneful Breath:
Like the melodious Swan prepar'd to die,
He ſhou'd himſelf have ſung his Elegy.
Ye winged Choriſters, come here and ſing,
Lament his Death; ſweet Flow'rs and Bloſſoms bring,
To ſtrew his Grave with Beauties of the Spring.

Sweet

Sweet was his Voice, well were his Notes belov'd,
His careful Miſtreſs with his Tunes he mov'd;
Oft has he ſung upon the Flow'ry Plain,
But ne'er, alas! like wretched me in vain.
Round her alone the pretty Bird wou'd fly,
Chirp to the Fair, and in her Boſom lie;
Her Boſom, fairer than the Silver Sky.
There did the Wanton Play, and there was bleſt,
And there alone he made his downy Neſt;
All her Diſcourſe to him he underſtood,
And kindly anſwer'd with what Voice he cou'd.
Upon her Head oft wou'd he flutt'ring move,
And ſpread a living Canopy above;
Ten thouſand pretty things ſhew'd his officious Love.
Oft as ſhe walk'd, when ſhe began to ſing,
With her own Breath he fann'd her from his Wing;
Then would he pluck the Daiſies here and there,
And to her Hands the bluſhing Preſents bear.
The Woods he ſcorn'd, and choſe with her to dwell,
Her Fingers did all Boughs by far excel.
Ye winged Choriſters, come here and ſing,
Lament his Death; ſweet Flow'rs and Bloſſoms bring,
To ſtrew his Grave with Beauties of the Spring.
For ah! he's gone, his pleaſing Sports muſt ceaſe;
He's gone, alas! and now no more can pleaſe;
Still is his Voice, and ſtill his ſtiff'ning Wing,
He ne'er again muſt to his Miſtreſs ſing.
See his deep Grave by mournful *Cupid* made,
Himſelf cloſe by in a ſad Poſture laid,
Breaking his Golden Arrow, late his Spade.
Around his Grave let circling *Fairies* play,
Dance the whole Night, and ſcarce depart by Day.
Let all things grieve, *Selinda*'s Sparrow's gone;
Selinda's Sparrow, ſo belov'd alone.
For him the tender Virgin mourns and cries,
For her dear Sparrow ſhe laments and ſighs,
Sworn to be bury'd there, whene'er ſhe dies.
Then ſhall the winged Choir flock here and ſing,
Lament her Death, ſweet Flow'rs and Bloſſoms bring,
To ſtrew her Grave with Beauties of the Spring.

On

On the Death of the late Queen.

WHilſt Heav'n with Envy on the Earth look'd down
Saw us unworthy of the Royal Pair,
And juſtly claim'd *Maria* as its own,
Yet kindly left the Glorious *William* here:
The Heav'n and Earth, alike do in the Bleſſing ſhare;
He makes the Earth, She Heav'n our great Allies:
And tho' we mourn, ſhe for our Comfort dies;
Nor need we fear the raſh preſumptuous Foe,
While She's our Saint above, and he our King below.

A SONG.

I.

TELL me, *Aurelia*, tell me pray,
How long muſt *Damon* ſue;
Prefix the Time, and I'll obey,
With Patience wait the happy Day
That makes me ſure of you.

II.

The Sails of Time my Sighs ſhall blow,
And make the Minutes glide;
My Tears ſhall make the Current flow,
And ſwell the haſting Tide.

III.

The Wings of Love ſhall fly ſo faſt,
My Hopes mount ſo ſublime,
The Wings of Love ſhall make more haſte
Than the ſwift Wings of time.

The

The Aſſignation. A SONG.

I.

THE Minute's paſt appointed by my Fair,
The Minute's fled
And leaves me dead
With Anguiſh and Deſpair.

II.

My flatter'd Hopes their Flight did make
With the appointed Hour;
None can the Minutes paſt o'ertake,
And nought my Hopes reſtore.

III.

Ceaſe your Plaints, and make no moan,
Thou ſad repining Swain;
Although the fleeting Hour be gone,
The Place does ſtill remain.

IV.

The Place remains, and ſhe may make
Amends for all your Pain;
Her preſence can paſt Time o'ertake,
Her Love your Hopes regain.

An Epigram.

DANS vitam panis, nobis dans gaudia vinum,
Omnia dans aurum, ſunt pretioſa nimis:
Nil commune bonum eſt, at res eſt flebilis altra
Dans, eſt communis fœmina ubique, nihil.

In

In Engliſh *thus,*

NAture's chief Gifts unequally are carv'd;
It ſurfeits ſome, while many more are ſtarv'd.
Her Bread, her Wine, her Gold, and what before
Was Common Good, is now made Private Store,
Nothing that's Good we have among us Common,
But all enjoy the Common Ill——A Woman.

To a Gentleman that had his Pocket pick'd of a Watch and ſome Gold by a Miſtreſs.

A Burleſque Letter.

I'M ſorry, *Sam*, thou'rt ſuch a Ninny
To let a Wench rob thee of Guinea.
And thus to ſpend and loſe your Cobbs,
By laviſh op'ning both your Fobbs.
You're fairly ſobb'd to let her get all,
Both one and alſo t'other Metal.
Your Work was on a pretty Score,
You dug the Mine, ſhe found the Ore.
The Devil take the cunning Whore
You ſilly laid her down to reſt her,
And on the Bed ſhe found a Teſter.
Your Watch too, *Sam*, (Theſe Men of Power
Muſt lye with Doxies by the Hour)
A Minute's Time did that command;
Then hers, it ſeems was Minute Hand.
She wound you up to her own Liking,
Then ſtole the Watch while you were ſtriking:
Then think not, Sir, that you're undone;
What's wound ſo high, muſt next run down:
In revelling Time, you thought no Sin
To play a Game at *In and In.*

I wonder

I wonder tho' you did not win for't,
Since that you were ſo fairly in for't:
But what deſtroy'd you in a Trice,
She held the *Box*, you ſhook the Dice:
The Devil was in the Dice then ſurely,
To loſe when you plaid ſo ſecurely,
And *Three* to *One* was lay'd ſo purely.
But what's the worſt of all Miſhaps,
You dread, they ſay, ſome After-claps:
If that be ſo, my deareſt *Sammy*,
You'll curſe, and bid the Devil damn ye:
The Fruits of *Wild Oats* which you ſcatter,
Is nothing elſe but *Barley Water*.
The Seed-time's good, you know my Meaning,
But, Faith, the Harveſt's only gleaning.
Take Heart howe'er, 'tis my Deſire,
You will revive, the P——x expire;
Then riſe like *Phœnix* from the Fire.
The Metal's ſtronger that's well ſouder'd,
And Beef keeps ſweeter once 'tis powder'd:
So farewell, *Sam*, and may you ne'er want
Such a true faithful humble Servant.

May *the Fourth*, *from* Temple Inner,
The Poſt's going out, *I in to Dinner*.

Gray's Inn, Wednesday.

'TIS a Preſumption to imagine, that you have thought my Letters worth the keeping, and yet a greater Preſumption to expect, you ſhou'd now return them if you have kept them ſo long; but I hope the Deſign will partly excuſe my Requeſt: I have promis'd to equip a Friend with a few Letters to help out a Collection for the Preſs, and there are none I dare ſooner expoſe to the World than thoſe to you, becauſe your Merit may warrant their Sincerity, and becauſe your Ladyſhip was pleas'd to commend

mend them: This makes me imagine, Madam, that they have ſtill ſecur'd a Place in your Cabinet, tho' the unworthy Author cou'd merit no Room in your Heart; whence I may infer, that they may be as acceptable to you in Print as in my Manuſcript; but if you have a Mind to ſecure Trophies of ſo poor a Conqueſt, I ſhall be proud to return them as ſoon as ever they are tranſcrib'd; for which I now pawn my Word and Honour, as ſincerely as I once did the Heart of,

MADAM,

Your moſt humble Servant.

Tueſday Morning, one Stocking on, and t'other off.

I Have had your Letter, Madam, and all that I underſtand by it, is that your Hand is as great a Riddle as your Face; and 'tis as difficult to find out your Senſe in your Characters, as to know your Beauty in your Mask: but I have at laſt conquer'd the Maidenhead of your Writing, as I hope one Day I ſhall that of your Perſon; and I am ſure you han't loſt your Virginity, if the Lines in your Complexion be half ſo crooked as thoſe in your Letters. I return your Complement of Advice in the ſame Number of Particulars that you were pleas'd to ſend me. Firſt, If you are not handſome, never ſhew a Face that may frighten away that Admirer which your Wit has engaged. Secondly, Never believe what a Gentleman ſpeaks to you in a Mask: for while the Ladies wear double Faces, 'tis but Juſtice that our Words ſhould bear a double Meaning.——Laſtly, You muſt never adviſe a Man againſt wandring, if you deſign to be his Guide. You tell me of ſwearing to a known Lye: I don't remember, Madam, that I ever ſwore I lov'd you; tho' I muſt confeſs that a little Lady in a half Mourning

Mantua

Mantua and a deep Mourning Complexion, has run in my Head ſo much ſince *Monday* Night, that I'm afraid, ſhe will ſoon get in my Heart: But now, Madam, hear my Misfortune.

The angry Fates and dire Stage-Coach,
Upon my Liberty incroach,
To bear me hence with many a Jog,
From thee my charming dear Incog.
Unhappy Wretch! at once who feels
O'erturns of Hack and Fortune's Wheel's.

This is my Epitaph, Madam, for now I'm a dead Man; and the Stage-Coach may moſt properly be call'd my Hearſe, bearing the Corps only of deceas'd *F——r*; for his Soul is left with you, whom he loves above all Womankind; by whom you may judge of the Height of his Paſſion; for he cares not one Farthing for your whole Sex, as I hope to be ſaved.

Thurſday 11 *a-Clock.*

Bopeep is Child's Play, and 'tis Time for a Man to be tir'd of it. I went Yeſterday to *Bedlam* upon your mad Aſſignation, ſtay'd till Seven like a Fool, to expect one, who, unleſs ſhe were mad, wou'd never come. I begin to believe that they are only Wiſe that are there, and we Poſſeſs'd that put them in; they at leaſt have this Advantage over us Lunaticks at Liberty, that they find Pleaſure in their Frenzy, and we a Torment in our Reaſon. I was ſo tir'd with walking there ſo long, that I could not bear the Fatigue of putting off my Cloaths, but ſat up all Night at the Tavern; ſo that your Letter is but juſt come to my Hand, when, like *Prettyman*, I have one Boot on, and t'other off. Love and Honour have a ſtrong Battle, but here comes my

my Friend to claim my Engagement, ſo Love is put to the Rout, and away for *Eſſex* immediately; but a Word of Advice before we part. Pray conſider, Madam, whether your good or ill Stars have uſually the moſt Aſcendant over your Inclinations, and accordingly proſecute your Intentions of correſponding with me or not; wou'd you be advis'd by me, you wou'd let it alone; for by the Uneaſineſs that my ſmall Converſe has already rais'd in me, I gueſs at the greater Diſturbance of being farther expos'd to your Charms, unleſs I may hope for ſomething which my Vanity is too weak to enſure. Fortune has always been my Adverſary; and I may conclude that Woman, who is much of her Nature, may uſe me the ſame Way; but if you prove as blind as ſhe, you may, perhaps, love me as much as ſhe hates me. My humble Service to your two Siſter Fairies, and ſo the Devil take you all.

If you will anſwer this——you may.

Eſſex, Friday Morning.

I Have been a Horſeback, Madam, all this Morning, which has ſo diſcompos'd my Hand and Head, that I can hardly think or write Senſe; the Poſture of my Affairs is a little extraordinary in ſome other Parts about me; for my Saddle was very uneaſy. The Hare we hunted put me in Mind of a Miſtreſs, which we muſt gallop after with Hazard of breaking our Necks, and after all our Pains the Puſs may prove a Witch at the Long-run. I have had no Female in my Company ſince I left the Town, or any Thing of your Sex to entertain me: For your *Eſſex* Women, like your *Eſſex* Calves, are only Butchers Meat; and if I muſt cater for my ſelf, commend me to a Pit Partridge, which comes pretty cheap, and where I have my Choice of a whole

Covy: How well I love this Kind of Meat you may gueſs, when I aſſure you, that I have purely fed upon your Idea ever ſince, which has ſtuck as cloſe to me as my Shirt; which by the Way I have ſhifted ſince I came into the Country; for clean Linen is not ſo modiſh here as a Lover might require. I receiv'd juſt now an impertinent Piece of Banter from an angry Fair; ſhe ſays, I pawn'd my Soul to the Devil for the great Succeſs of my Play. But her Ladyſhip is thus angry becauſe I would not pawn my Body to the Devil for another Sort of Play, of which I preſume the Lady to be a very competent Judge; I ſhall diſappoint her now, as formerly; for I will ſet her raging mad with the Calmneſs of my Anſwer: Beſides, Madam, there is nothing can put me out of Humour, that comes by that Poſt which brings me a Line from you; tho' I muſt tell you in plain Terms, that I begin to have but a mean Opinion of your Beauty; for were it in the leaſt parallel to your Wit, the Number of your other Conqueſts wou'd raiſe your Vanity above any Correſpondence with a Perſon whoſe chief Merit is his Indifference.

Grays Inn, Wedneſday Morning.

THE Arguments you made Uſe of laſt Night for ſtill keeping on your Mask, I endeavour'd to refute with Reaſon; but that proving ineffectual, I'll try the Force of Rhime, and ſend you the Heads of our Chat in a Poetical Dialogue between You and I.

You,

You.

Thus, Im[illegible] are veil'd which you adore:
Your Ignorance does raiſe your Zeal the more.

I.

All Image-Worſhip for falſe Zeal is held;
Falſe Idols ought indeed to be conceal'd.

You.

Thus Oracles of old were ſtill receiv'd,
The more ambiguous, ſtill the more believ'd.

I.

But Oracles of old were ſeldom true;
The Devil was in 'em —— ſure he's not in you.

You.

Thus maſqu'd in Myſteries does the Godhead ſtand,
The more obſcure, the greater his Command.

I.

The Godhead's hidden Power wou'd ſoon be paſt,
Did we not hope to ſee his Face at laſt.

You.

You are my Slave already, Sir, you know,
To ſhew more Charms wou'd but increaſe your Woe;
I ſcorn an Inſult to a conquer'd Foe.

I.

I am your Slave, 'tis true; but ſtill you ſee
All Slaves by Nature ſtruggle to be free.
But if you wou'd ſecure the ſtubborn Prize,
Add to your Wit the Fetters of your Eyes;
Then pleas'd with Thraldom would I kiſs my Chain,
And ne'er think more of Liberty again.

Sunday, after Sermon.

I Came, I ſaw, and was conquer'd; never had Man more to ſay, yet can I ſay nothing; where others go to ſave their Souls, there have I loſt mine; but I hope that Divinity which has the juſteſt Title to its Service has receiv'd it; but I will endeavour to ſuſpend theſe Raptures for a Moment, and talk calmly.

Nothing upon Earth, Madam, can charm beyond your Wit, but your Beauty; after this not to love you, would proclaim me a Fool; and to ſay I did when I thought otherwiſe, would pronounce me a Knave: If any Body call'd me either, I ſhould reſent it; and if you but think me either, I ſhall break my Heart. You have already, Madam, ſeen enough of me to create a Liking or an Averſion; your Senſe is above your Sex, then let your Proceeding be ſo likewiſe, and tell me plainly what I have to hope for. Were I to conſult my Merit, my Humility would chide any Shadow of Hope; but after a Sight of ſuch a Face, whoſe whole Compoſition is a Smile of good Nature, why ſhould I be ſo unjuſt as to ſuſpect you of Cruelty: Let me either live in *London* and be happy, or retire again to my Deſart to check my Vanity that drew me thence; but let me beg to receive my Sentence from your own Mouth, that I may hear you ſpeak, and ſee you look at the ſame Time; then let me be unfortunate if I can.

If you are not the Lady in Mourning that ſat upon my Right Hand at Church, you may go to the Devil, for I'm ſure you're a Witch.

Madam,

Madam,

IF I han't begun thrice to write, and as often thrown away my Pen, may I never take it up again; my Head and my Heart have been at Cuffs about you theſe two long Hours——Says my Head, You're a Coxcomb for troubling your Noddle with a Lady whoſe Beauty is as much above your Pretenſions, as your Merit is below her Love. Then anſwers my Heart, good Mr. Head, you're a Blockhead; I know Mr. *F*——*r*'s Merit better than you; as for your Part, I know you to be as whimſical as the Devil, and changing with every new Notion that offers: but for my Share, I am fixt, and can ſtick to my Opinion of a Lady's Merit for ever; and if the Fair She can ſecure an Intereſt in me, Monſieur Head you may go whiſtle. Come, come, (anſwer'd my Head) you Mr. Heart, are always leading this Gentleman into ſome Inconvenience or other; was it not you that firſt entic'd him to talk to this Lady? Your damn'd confounded Warmth made him like this Lady, and your buſy Impertinence has made him write to her, your leaping and skipping diſturbs his Sleep by Night, and his good Humour by Day: In ſhort, Sir, I will hear no more on't: I am Head, and I will be obey'd——You lie, Sir, reply'd my Heart, (being very angry) I am Head in Matters of Love, and if you don't give your Conſent, you ſhall be forc'd; for I am ſure that in this Caſe all the Members will be on my Side. What ſay you, Gentlemen Hands? Oh (ſay the Hands) we would not forego the tickling Pleaſure of touching a delicious white ſoft Skin for the World.——Well, what ſay you, Mr. Tongue? Zounds, ſays the Linguiſt, there is more Extaſy in ſpeaking three ſoft Words of Mr. Heart's ſuggeſting than whole Orations of Segnior Head's; ſo I am for the Lady, and here's my honeſt Neighbour Lips will ſtick to't. By the ſweet Power of Kiſſes that we will, (reply'd the Lips,) and preſently ſome other worthy Members ſtanding up for

the Heart, they laid violent Hands (*nemine contradicente*) upon poor Head, and knock'd out his Brains. So now, Madam, behold me as perfect a Lover as any in *Chriſtendom*, my Heart purely dictating every Word I ſay; the little Rebel throws it ſelf into your Power, and if you don't ſupport it in the Cauſe it has taken up for your Sake, think what will be the Condition of the Headleſs and Heartleſs

Farquhar.

Monday, Twelve a Clock at Night.

GIVE me Leave to call you, dear Madam, and tell you that I am now ſtepping into Bed, and that I ſpeak with as much Sincerity as if I were ſtepping into my Grave: Sleep is ſo great an Emblem of Death, that my Words ought to be as real, as if I were ſure never to awaken; then may I never again be bleſt with the Light of the Sun, and the Joys of *Wedneſday*, if you are not as dear to me as my Hopes of waking in Health To-morrow Morning; your Charms lead me, my Inclinations prompt me, and my Reaſon confirms me,

MADAM,

Your Faithful, and

Humble Servant.

My humble Service to the Lady, who muſt be chief Mediator for my Happineſs.

Madam,

Madam,

IN order to your Ladyſhip's Command, I have ſent you my Thoughts upon your two weighty Maxims of Amorous Policy —— *If we fly, they purſue,* and *Enjoyment quenches Love:* But I ſhall run a greater Hazard of your Diſpleaſure by my Obedience than I ſhould by the Neglect of your Commands, theſe Subjects leading me into more Gravity than is well conſiſtent with my own Inclinations, or the Peruſal of a fair Lady. But to the Buſineſs.

To examine rightly how far theſe Female Maxims are in Force, we muſt diſpoſe Mankind into a Diviſion, which I think hitherto has eſcap'd the *Logicians*; to wit, the Men of Idleneſs, and Men of Buſineſs. Under the firſt Branch of which Diſtinction is reducible a great Share of the World, and eſpecially that which compoſes the Character of what we call the *Beau Monde*; for to make them all of a Piece, we muſt give them a *French* Name too.

The Practiſe of theſe Gentlemen, I muſt confeſs, has gone a great Way to paſs theſe Maxims for authentick, and have ſufficiently authoriz'd the Ladies to ſtick ſo firmly to their Principles; but wou'd they conſider a little upon what a ſcurvy Foundation theſe Topicks are grounded, they would damn the Doctrine for the Sake of the Adorers.

Theſe idle Gentlemen (begging their Pardon for ſo familiar an Epithet) ſhou'd ſhew the Ladies what a Difference there is between modiſh Intriguing and true Love; for theſe Sparks make Intriguing their Buſineſs, and Love only their Diverſion. They viſit their Miſtreſs as they go to the Park, becauſe it is the Mode; and continue to ſollicit her Favour, not thro' the Impulſe of Paſſion, but becauſe they have nothing elſe to do. Some other Motives there are to engage theſe Sparks in the Purſuit of a fair Lady; as for Inſtance; upon the Survey of his Rent-Roll the Lover finds two or three Thouſand a

Year still unmortgag'd, sends down immediately to his Steward to screw up his Tenants to due Payments, and concludes with *Money conquers all Things*: A Potent Proverb, I must confess, to back his Resolution. But here consider, Madam, what it is that pursues you; not the Gentleman, but Fidlers, Masquerades, Jewellers, Glovers, Milleners, hir'd Poets, with the confus'd Equipage of all their respective Trades; the Devil a Dart of Love is in the whole Bundle, no more than there is in the Straw and Oats that keeps a Horse for *New-Market*; here are only two Bonts to be back'd, one for Pleasure, and t'other for Profit; I will feed one for the Plate, and pamper the other for my own Riding.

A second Life to his Pursuit is his Vanity; the Beau having receiv'd a Repulse over Night, steps to his Glass in the Morning, and surveying his charming Shape, *'Sdeath* (says he) *why should I despair of Success? Blood, I'm as pretty a Fellow as another, but I think my Calves are a little of the largest. Ah, that's it, she did not like my Dress Yesterday——— Here, Boy, reach my [illegible] Coat, I'll tye my Cravat with a double Knot To-day, and wear the Buckles of my Garters behind.* Thus while his foppish Fancy can invent any particular Change or Whimsey in his Dress, his Hopes are nourish'd by an abusive Presumption, that the Ladies are smitten by such *Bagatel* Impertinence. Here indeed, Madam, the first Maxim, *If we fly, they pursue*, is in Force, but upon scurvy Terms; for the Continuation of such a Coxcomb's Address is the greatest Satyr upon the Sex; and a Woman of true Sense, rather than be plagu'd with such a Follower, if there were no other Way, should give him her Person to be quit of his Company; for here I dare be sworn your second Maxim will hold, that *Enjoyment quenches Love:* For these Gentlemen love as they hunt, for Diversion, as I said before; and no sooner is one Hare snapt up, but they beat about for another. Besides, Madam, 'tis but a modest Presumption, that these Men of Pleasure and Idleness must

muſt have an Ingredient of the Fool in their Compoſition, which cannot reliſh the true and laſting Beauties of a fine Woman; they cannot make a true Eſtimate of her Senſe, her Conſtancy, her ſeveral little kind and endearing Offices, which can only engage the Affections of a Man that truly underſtands their Value.

This brings into my Conſideration how far theſe Maxims may be applicable to your correſponding with the latter Part of the Diſtinction, which I call'd the Men of Buſineſs; by which I underſtand Men of Senſe, Learning and Experience, and call them Men of Buſineſs, becauſe I wou'd exclude a Parcel of flaſhy, noiſy, rhiming, atheiſtical Gentlemen, who arrogate to themſelves the Title of Wit and Senſe, for no other Cauſe but the Abuſe of it: Such muſt be rank'd with the firſt Sort of Lovers, for they are the idleſt of Mankind; neither do I confine the Character of a Man of Buſineſs to the Law, the Church, the Court, Trade, or any particular Employment: I intend it a farther Latitude, and inclufive of all thoſe who deriding the Fop, and deteſting the Debauchee, have laid down to themſelves ſome certain Scheme of Study, in any lawful Art of Science, for the Benefit of the Publick, or their own private Improvement.

Upon this Foundation we may rationally conclude the Actions of ſuch Men to flow directly from the Operations of their Reaſon. But here, Madam, without Doubt the Ladies will interrupt me — *Hold, Sir,* (ſay they) *we abſolutely deny that Love and Reaſon are conſiſtent;* from which it follows, that your Men of Buſineſs have no Buſineſs here.

I am very ſorry, Madam, in the firſt Place, that the Qualification which muſt recommend a Man to a fair Lady, muſt debaſe him ſo near the Level of a Brute, and deprive him of that divine Stamp by which he is diſtinguiſh'd from the Beaſts of the Field. What an Affront is this to your Sex, that one muſt no ſooner begin to admire a Woman, but he muſt ceaſe

to be a Man; and that the Glory which a Lady receives by the Plurality of her Adorers, ſhould depend only upon the Eſteem of ſo many irrational Creatures! No, no, Madam, I am too much a Courtier to let this vulgar Calumny and ſevere Reflection upon your Sex paſs unexamined.

I ſhall therefore make bold to ſay, that this very Opinion touching the Inconſiſtency of Love with Reaſon, has coſt the fair Sex more Tears, and have ſubjected Men to more Curſes, than the worſt Circumſtances of Falſhood and Perjury; for depending upon this Principle of the Ladies, the greateſt Raſcals have appear'd the moſt paſſionate Lovers, becauſe the greateſt Knaves make the beſt Fools, and the moſt uſual Cloak for natural Villany is an artificial Simplicity.

But granting ſuch Follies and Abſurdities to be the Reſults of a real Paſſion, ſuch Love ought not to gain one Grain the more Weight in the Balance of true Senſe; for if the Lover be a Fool, this Extravagance is but what is natural to his Temper, and expoſes it ſelf as wildly in the Effects of his other ordinary Paſſions, as in Anger, Fear, Joy, Grief, and the like, and muſt not properly be call'd the Strength of his Love, but the Weakneſs of his Reaſon; and the ſame Pitch of Paſſion that may make a *Witall* appear Lunatick, wou'd ſcarcely be diſcernible in a *Dominant*. But if the Force of Love raiſe a Man of true Senſe to the Pitch of playing the Fool, 'tis then, if not more ridiculous, at leaſt much more dangerous in the Conſequence; for be aſſur'd Madam, that the Bent of his Deſire muſt be too violent to laſt long, and when once it begins to decline, 'twill move as violent in the Fall as in the Riſe; and the conſtant Reſult of a ſober Reflection, is the Hatred and Deteſtation of any Thing that had made him guilty of Extravagance, and debas'd him below the *Dignity of his Reaſon*; and there is no Medium in this Caſe between the extravagant Lover and the inveterate Enemy.

But

But begging your Ladyſhip's Pardon for this Digreſſion, I ſhall return to my Man of Buſineſs, and ſee how far your Principle, *If we fly, they purſue*, is applicable to a Perſon of this Character.

To the Examination of this Point, 'twill not be amiſs to conſider the ſeveral Paces and Proceedings of ſuch a Lover in his Amour. A Man of Buſineſs and Study has his Thoughts too round and compact within himſelf, to have his Fancy ſallying out upon the Appearance of every Beauty that his daily Converſation may throw in his Way; but if once it lights upon that Fair, which can rouſe him from his Indifference, raiſing a Pleaſure in his Eyes when ſhe's preſent, and an Uneaſineſs in his Heart in her Abſence, 'tis no Imprudence to indulge the Thought. Love (he conſiders) is a Bleſſing; and ſince it depends ſo much upon a Sympathy of Natures, why mayn't I expect that the fair Creature, who has rais'd ſuch Emotions in me, may in Time, perhaps, be brought to have a mutual Concern upon her? The Happineſs that I may expect from her Love if her other Qualities be proportionable to her Beauty, will infinitely reward the Pains of my enquiring into her Life and Converſation. Here is the Foundation of Love fairly laid; and now my Gentleman goes to work upon the Structure: He firſt enquires into the Lady's Character, but that as a Man of Senſe ought to do, without truſting the Malice of ſome that may be her Enemies, nor yet conſulting the Partiality of her Friends. His Reaſon may make a tolerable good Balance between both; and if perhaps ſome Slip in her Conduct has made the Scale of her Accuſation the heavieſt, he has ſome Grains of Love to throw into the other to counterpoiſe it. His next Buſineſs is to gain Admittance to her Company; here he may find a thouſand Beauties to augment, or as many Failings perhaps to deſtroy his Paſſion; and to his Examination he muſt refer his Judgment upon the different Characters he might have heard of her before; for no reaſonable Man will peremptorily conclude from

the Mouth of Common Fame; 'tis a notorious Liar, and generally in Extremes. If he believes it to the Lady's Prejudice, he may wrong her Innocence paſt Redreſs; and if he truſts flying Report in her Favour, he may be impos'd upon himſelf: For the Vulgar (by which I mean the Lac'd Coat as well as the Hob-nail) cannot enter into the nice Secrets of Female Behaviour; they ſometimes miſtake Levity for Freedom, ill Humour for Gravity, Noiſe and Tattle for Wit and Senſe: Sometimes they change Hands, and call an Air of good Breeding Coquetry; they brand Affability and good Nature with the Name of Looſeneſs; and, in ſhort, there can be no ſuch Thing as a Woman in their Eſtimate, all muſt be Angels, or all Devils. Now my Lover ſhall find out all theſe Diſtinctions; he ſhall, in Spight of Female Diſſimulation, ſearch to the very Bottom, and diſcover the leaſt Paint upon the Mind, as he does that upon the Face. Having found the Lady's Temper conformable to his own, or being at leaſt aſſur'd, that he can frame his own Humour to ſquare with hers; having known her Senſe and Underſtanding ſufficient for a prudent Conduct, at leaſt pliable to good Advice, he ſtands fix'd in his Reſolution, and reſolv'd upon his Affection.

Thus the beautiful Edifice of Love is gradually and firmly rais'd, whereof Reaſon is ſtill the Corner-ſtone; not like the trifling Pomp of a Fop's Preparation, which, like a Lord Mayor's Pageant is built in a Night, glitters, and is gaz'd at for a Day, and the next dwindles into nothing. The Building thus finiſh'd, the next Buſineſs is to invite the fair Gueſt; 'tis impoſſible to confine the Rules of his Addreſs to any particular Obſervation, becauſe they may be ſo diverſify'd by the Circumſtances of the Lover, the Accidents of Time, Place, or according to ſome Humours and Inclinations in the Lady's Temper, which laſt have always prov'd the moſt effectual Means of gaining a Heart. If the Lady's Diſpoſition be inclinable to Gaiety, he makes the Muſes

ſpeak

ſpeak a good Word for him; he can diſpenſe in an Evening with a very dull Play, to have the Pleaſure of acting the Lover himſelf; nay, he can comply ſo far, as to commend a very dull thing, if his Miſtreſs is pleas'd to approve it; he can take a Turn in the *Mall* with his Hat off, tho' the Weather be very cold, and join with her in railing at my Lord Such-a-one, or Miſtreſs Such-a one, tho' perhaps he underſtands the Quarrel to be no more than a Pique, or a piece of Malice. If the Lady's Temper be more grave and ſedate, he can ſit an Hour or two condemning the Vices of the Town, and extolling the Pleaſures of a Country Life; nay, ſometimes perhaps he may have a Fling at the Government, and be a little Jacobitiſh to pleaſe her; he can wait on her to Church, and hear a Levite thump Duſt and Nonſenſe out of a Pulpit Cuſhion for an Hour, and call it an excellent Sermon, to humour her Approbation. With a thouſand other little fooliſh Fancies, which becauſe they are not very hurtful in themſelves, and that Cuſtom has brought them into Play, muſt be born with upon this Occaſion; and when all is done, Ceremony looks as decently in Love, as in Religion; and a Clown in an Intrigue makes as aukward a Figure as a Quaker in Church. Our Lover therefore writes, viſits, ſighs, declares his Paſſion with all Demonſtrations of Submiſſion and Sincerity; all which is often repeated to ſave the Lady's Modeſty, and to ſooth a little pleaſing Vanity incident to the Female Sex of ſeeing themſelves admir'd. He is ſatisfy'd alſo that the World muſt know it, and ſubmits to the Cenſure of a whining Coxcomb, to favour the Lady's yielding by the plauſible Excuſe of a hard Siege; but if after all this he finds his Pretenſions to no purpoſe, your Maxim, Madam, *If we fly*, &c. will not be of Force to detain him longer; he has the ſame Thread of Reaſon to guide him out of the Labyrinth that led him in; he has not perhaps the ſame Supports to his Hope, that every gluttery Spark with a Coach and Six can pretend; but were his Fortune ever ſo con-

ſiderable, he wou'd not affront the Lady's Honour, nor his own Judgment ſo far, as to ſuppoſe her of a mercenary Temper; neither can he imagine that the Charming Fair, whoſe Senſe he has ſo much admir'd, ſhou'd be captivated with the tying of his Cravat, or the Fancy of his Snuff-Box. No, no, he is rather convinc'd, that there is ſomething diſagreeable to the Lady in his Perſon, Behaviour, or Converſation, which being a Defect of Nature, or Education, he muſt patiently ſubmit to, without cutting his Throat; and he's the more willing to take up with his Failings, becauſe Time may perhaps produce ſome other Lady that may value him upon theſe very Circumſtances that made the firſt diſdain him; ſo that in ſpight of your celebrated Maxim, he betakes himſelf to his Buſineſs, has the good Manners to free the Lady from his Impertinence, and the Prudence to diſingage himſelf of the Trouble. Neither is he much diſtreſs'd to withdraw his Affections; for as the Proſpect of Happineſs was the firſt Foundation of his Love, ſo the Progreſs of his Paſſion muſt have been nouriſh'd with Favours to keep it alive, and as naturally without this Food will the Fire go out of it ſelf.

I have already, Madam, ſo far tranſgreſſed the Bounds of a *Billet-doux*, that I'm afraid to meddle with your ſecond Maxim: But give me a Moment's Patience, Madam, and I'll make quick Work with—*Enjoyment quenches Love:* One Simile, Madam, and I take my Leave. What a ſtrange and unaccountable Madneſs wou'd it appear in a Subject of *England*, a Gentleman that enjoys Peace and Plenty, Eaſe and Luxury, if he, diſcontented with his happy State, ſhou'd raiſe a Combuſtion in his Country, turn ambitious Rebel, make a Party againſt his Prince, and by Force and Treachery lay hold upon the Government, and all this for the bare Pleaſure of being called King. I aſſure you, Madam, did the Pleaſures of a Monarch conſiſt in nothing more than being plac'd in a Throne, with a Crown upon his Head,

and

and the Scepter in his Hands, we ſhould have the upſtart Prince uſe his Government as a Fool does a fair Lady after Enjoyment; he wou'd ſoon be cloy'd with his Deſire, and uneaſy till he got quit of it. But if our *Noll* underſtood the Policy of Government, the many Glories that attend a Crown, the Pomp of Dependencies, the Sweets of abſolute Power, with the many Delights and Joys that attend his Royalty, he would maintain his Station to the laſt Drop of Blood. This is eaſily applicable to a Man of Senſe gaining the Crown of Beauty; he can judge the Charms of his Poſſeſſion, and values Enjoyment only as the Title to his greater Pleaſures: There are a thouſand Cupids attending the Throne of Love, all which have their ſeveral pretty Offices and ſerviceable Duties to exhilerate their Maſter's Joy, and contribute to his conſtant Diverſion, if he but underſtands how to employ them.

How far, Madam, I have recommended to you the Addreſſes of an ingenious Man I dare not determine; but I'm afraid I have ſaid ſo much againſt the Paſſion of Fools, that I have ruin'd my own Intereſt; tho' you can't reckon me among the idle Part of Men, being ſo happily employed this Morning by the Commands of ſo fair a Lady.

Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant.

Friday Night, 11 a Clock.

IF you find no more Reſt from your Thoughts in Bed than I do, I cou'd wiſh you, Madam, to be always there, for there I am moſt in Love. I went to the Play this Evening, and the Muſick rais'd my Soul to ſuch a Pitch of Paſſion that I was almoſt mad with Melancholy. I flew thence to *Spring-Garden*, where with envious Eyes I ſaw every Man pick up

up his Mate, whilſt I alone walked like ſolitary *Adam* before the Creation of his *Eve*; but the Place was no Paradiſe to me; nothing I found entertaining but the Nightingale, which methought in ſweet Notes, like your own, pronounc'd the Name of my Dear *Penelope* —— *As the Fool thinketh, the Bell clinketh.* From hence I retir'd to the Tavern, where methought the ſhining Glaſs repreſented your fair Perſon, and the ſparkling Wine within it, look'd like your lively Wit and Spirit: I met my dear Miſtreſs in every thing, and I propoſe preſently to ſee her in a lively Dream, ſince the laſt thing I do, is to kiſs her dear Letter claſp her charming Idea in my Arms, and ſo fall faſt aſleep.

My Morning Song, my Ev'ning Pray'rs,
My Daily Muſings, Nightly Cares.

Adieu.

HEre am I drinking, Madam, at the Sign of the Globe; and it ſhall go hard but I make the Voyage of old Sir *Drake* by to morrow Morning: We have a freſh Gale and a round Sea; for here is very good Company and excellent Wine: From the Orb in the Sign, I will ſtep to the Globe of the Moon, thence make the Tour of all the Planets, and fix in the Conſtellation of *Venus*. You ſee, Madam, I am elevated already. Here's a Gentleman tho', who ſwears he loves his Miſtreſs better than I do mine, but if I don't make him ſo drunk that he ſhall diſgorge his Opinion, may I never drink your Health again; the generous Wine ſcorns to lye upon a Traytor's Stomach, 'tis Poyſon to him that profanes Society by being a Rogue in his Cups. I wiſh, dear Madam, with all my Heart that you ſaw me in my preſent

preſent Circumſtances, you wou'd certainly fall in Love with me, for I am not my ſelf; I am now the pleaſanteſt fooliſh Fellow that ever gain'd a Lady's Heart; and a Glaſs or two more will fill me with ſuch Variety of Impertinence, that I cannot fail to paſs for agreeable. You, Drawer, bring me a Plate of Ice —— Ha! How the Wine whizzes upon my Heart; *Cupid* is forging his Love-Darts in my Belly ——— Ice, you Dog, Ice —— The Son of a Whore has brought me Anchovies. Well! This is a vexatious World. I wiſh I were fairly out of it, and happy in Heaven, I mean in your dear Arms; which is the conſtant Prayer of your Humble Servant, Drunk or Sober.

I deſign to Morrow in the Afternoon to beg your Pardon for all the ill Manners of my Debauch; and make my ſelf as great as an Emperor, by inviting your Ladyſhip to the Entertainment of Dioclesian.

IN purſuance to your Order, Madam, I have ſent you here inclos'd my Picture; and I challenge *Vandike* or *Kneller* to draw more to the Life. You are the firſt Perſon that ever had it, and if I had not ſome Thoughts that the Subſtance would fall to your ſhare, I wou'd not part with my Likeneſs. I hope the Colours will never fade, tho' you may give me ſome Hints where to mend the Features, having ſo much Power to correct the Life.

The

The Picture.

MY Outſide is neither better nor worſe than my Creator made it, and the Piece being drawn by ſo great an Artiſt, 'twere Preſumption to ſay there were many Stroaks amiſs. I have a Body qualify'd to anſwer all the Ends of its Creation, and that's ſufficient.

As to the Mind, which in moſt Men wears as many Changes as their Body, ſo in me 'tis generally dreſt like my Perſon, in Black. Melancholy is its every Day Apparel; and it has hitherto found few Holidays to make it change its Clothes. In ſhort, my Conſtitution is very Splenetick, and yet very amorous; both which I endeavour to hide, leſt the former ſhou'd offend others, and that the latter might incommode my ſelf. And my Reaſon is ſo vigilant in reſtraining theſe two Failings, that I am taken for an eaſy-natur'd Man with my own Sex, and an ill-natur'd Clown by yours.

'Tis true, I am very ſparing in my Praiſes and Complements to a Lady, out of a Fear that they may affect my ſelf more than her. For the Idols that we worſhip are generally of our own making: And though at firſt Men may not ſpeak what they think, yet Truth may catch them on t'other Hand, and make them think what they ſpeak. But moſt of all am I cautious of promiſing, eſpecially upon that weighty Article of Conſtancy, becauſe in the firſt Place, I have never try'd the Strength of it in my own Experience; and, ſecondly, I ſuppoſe a Man can no more engage for his Conſtancy than for his Health, ſince I believe they both equally depend upon a certain Conſtitution of Body; and how far, and how frequently that may be liable to Alteration, eſpecially in Affairs of Love, let the more judicious determine.

But ſo far a Man may promiſe, that if he find not his Paſſion grounded on a falſe Foundation, and that he have a continuance of the ſame Sincerity, Truth and Love to engage him; that then his Reaſon, his Honour, and his Gratitude may prove too ſtrong for all Changes of Temper and Inclination.

I am a very great Epicure, for which Reaſon I hate all Pleaſure that's purchas'd by exceſs of Pain. I am quite different from the Opinion of Men that value what's dearly bought; long Expectation makes the Bleſſing always leſs to me, for by often thinking of the future Joy, I make the Idea of it familiar to me, and ſo I loſe the great Tranſport of Surprize; 'tis keeping the Springs of Deſire ſo long upon the Rack, till at laſt they grow looſe and inervate: Beſides, any one of a Creative Fancy, by a Duration of Thoughts, will be apt to frame too great an Idea of the Object, and ſo make the greater part of his Hopes end in a Diſappointment.

I am ſeldom troubled with what the World calls Airs and Caprices; and I think it an Ideot's Excuſe for a fooliſh Action, to ſay 'twas my Humour. I hate all little malicious Tricks of vexing People, for Trifles, or teizing them with frightful Stories, malicious Lies, ſtealing Lap-dogs, tearing Fans, breaking China, or the like: I can't reliſh the Jeſt that vexes in earneſt: In ſhort, if ever I do a wilful Injury, it muſt be a very great one.

I am often melancholy, but ſeldom angry; for which Reaſon I can be ſevere in my Reſentment, without injuring my ſelf: I think it the worſt Office to my Nature, to make my ſelf uneaſy for what another ſhould be puniſh'd.

I am eaſily deceiv'd, but then I never fail at laſt to find out the Cheat; my Love of Pleaſure and Sedateneſs makes me very ſecure, and the ſame Reaſon makes me very diligent when I am alarm'd.

I have ſo naturally a Propenſity to Eaſe, that I cannot chearfully fix to my Study, which bears not a Plea-

a Pleaſure in the Application, which makes me inclinable to Poetry above any thing elſe.

I have very little Eſtate, but what lies under the Circumference of my Hat; and ſhould I by Miſchance come to loſe my Head, I ſhould not be worth a Groat; but I ought to thank Providence that I can by three Hours Study live one and twenty with Satisfaction to my ſelf, and contribute to the Maintenance of more Families than ſome who have thouſands a Year.

I have ſomething in my outward Behaviour, which gives Strangers a worſe Opinion of me than I deſerve; but I am more than recompens'd by the Opinion of my Acquaintance, which is as much above my Deſert.

I have many Acquaintances very few Intimates, but no Friend, I mean in the old Romantick Way; I have no Secret ſo weighty, but what I can bear in my own Breaſt; nor any Duels to fight, but what I may engage in without a Second; nor can I love after the old Romantick Diſcipline. I would have my Paſſion, if not led, yet at leaſt waited on by my Reaſon; and the greateſt Proof of my Affection that a Lady muſt expect, is this: I wou'd run any Hazard to make us both happy, but would not for any tranſitory Pleaſure make either of us miſerable.

If ever, Madam, you come to know the Life of this Piece as well as he that drew it, you will conclude that I need not ſubſcribe the Name to the Picture.

WELL! Mrs. *V*—— and my charming *Penelope* are to me together to Night; what wou'd I give to be a Muſe (God bleſs us) behind the Hangings to hear the Chat; you don't know, Madam, but my Genius which always attends you, may overhear

hear your Discourse; therefore not one Word of *George*. I'm resolv'd to have a Friend to lie with me To-night, that I may quit Scores with you; and it shall go hard but I prove as kind to my Companion as you are to yours; though I must confess, that I had rather be in Mrs. *V*———'s Place, with all the little Pillows about me, or in that of Monsieur *Adonis* upon the Chair.

My Rival is a Dog of Parts,
That captivates the Ladies Hearts;
And yet by Love (I scorn to forge)
Adonis *self must yield to* George.
I am a Dog as well as he,
Can fawn upon a Lady's Knee;
My Ears as long, and I can bark,
To guard my Mistress in the dark:
I ha'n't four Legs, that's no hard Sentence,
For I can paw, and scrape Acquaintance.
I am a Dog that admires you,
And I'm a Dog if this ben't true;
And if Adonis *does outrival me;*
Then I'm a greater Son of a Bitch than he.
Reach my Wastcoat —— but ne'er trouble it,
I am already a Dog in a Doublet.

Was ever such a poetical Puppy seen? But when my Mistress is sick, 'tis then *Dog-Days* with me, tho' 'tis but a Cur's Trick, I must confess; but I would be content to bark at this Rate all my Life, so that I might hunt away all Rats and Mice from my fair Angel, whose fearful Temper is the only Mark of Mortality about her. The Remembrance of the Water-Rat last Night has inspir'd me with the following Lines.

Fair Rosamond *did little think*
Her Crystal Pond should turn a Sink,
To harbour Vermin that might swim,
And frighten Beauties from the Brim.

Hence-

Henceforth, deceſted Pond, no more
Shall Beauties crown your verdant Shore;
Your Waves ſo fram'd for am'rous League,
Are now turn'd Rendezvous to Intrigue.

Now good Morrow, my fair Creature, and let me know how you are recover'd from your Fright.

WHY ſhould I write to my deareſt *Penelope*, when I only trouble her with reading what ſhe won't believe? I have told my Paſſion, my Eyes have ſpoke it, my Tongue pronounc'd it, and my Pen declar'd it; I have ſigh'd it, ſwore it, and ſubſcrib'd it; now my Heart is full of you, my Head raves of you, and my Hand writes to you, but all in vain. If you think me a Diſſembler, uſe me generouſly like a Villain, and diſcard me for ever; but if you will be ſo juſt to my Paſſion, as to believe it ſincere, tell me ſo, and make me happy; 'tis but Juſtice, Madam, to do one or t'other.

Your Indiſpoſition laſt Night, when I left you, put me into ſuch Diſorder, that not finding a Coach, I miſs'd my Way, and never minded whither I wander'd, 'till I found my ſelf cloſe by *Tyburn*. When blind Love guides, who can forbear going aſtray? Inſtead of laughing at my ſelf, I fell to pitying poor Mr. *F*——*r*, who, whilſt he rov'd abroad among your whole Sex, was never out of his Way; and now by a ſingle She was led to the Gallows. From the Thoughts of Hanging, I naturally enter'd upon thoſe of Matrimony: I conſider'd how many Gentlemen have taken a handſome Swing, to avoid ſome inward Diſquiets; then why ſhou'd not I hazard the Nooſe, to eaſe me of my Torment? Then I conſider'd,

der'd, whether I ſhou'd ſend for the Ordinary of *Newgate*, or the Parſon of St. *Anne*'s; but conſidering my ſelf better prepar'd for dying in a fair Lady's Arms, than on the three-legg'd Tree, I was the moſt inclinable to the Pariſh-Prieſt. Beſides, if I dy'd in a fair Lady's Arms, I ſhou'd be ſure of Chriſtian Burial at laſt, and ſhould have the moſt beautiful Tomb in the Univerſe. You may imagine, Madam, that theſe Thoughts of Mortality were very melancholy; but who could avoid the Thoughts of Death when you were ſick? And if your Health be not dearer to me than my own, may the next News I hear be your Death, which wou'd be as great a Hell, as your Life and Welfare is a Heaven to the moſt amorous of his Sex.

Pray let me know in a Line, whether you are better or worſe, whether I am Honeſt or a Knave, and whether I ſhall live or die.

I Can no more let a Day paſs without ſeeing or writing to my dear *Penelope*, than I can ſlip a Minute without thinking of her. I know no Body can have a juſter Claim to the Account of my Hours than ſhe who has ſo indiſputable a Title to my Service; and I can no more keep the Diſcovery of my Faults from you, than from my own Conſcience, becauſe you compoſe ſo great a Part of my Devotion. Let me therefore confeſs to my deareſt Angel, how laſt Night I ſaunter'd to the *Fountain*, where ſome Friends waited for me; one of 'em was a Parſon, who preaches over any Thing but his Glaſs: Had not his Company and *Sunday* Night ſanctify'd the Debauch, I ſhou'd be very fit for Repentance this Morning. The ſearching Wine has ſprung the Rheumatiſm in my Right Hand, my Head akes, my Stomach pakes, I dream'd all this

this Morning of Fire, and wak'd in a Flame: To compleat my Miſery, I muſt let you know all this, and make you angry with me, I deſign, tho' this Afternoon to repair to St. *Anne's* Prayers, to beg Abſolution of my Creator and my Miſtreſs; if both prove merciful, I'll put on the Reſolution of amending my Life, to fit me for the Joys of Heaven and you.

Dear Madam,

NOW I write with my aking Hand the Dictates of my aking Heart; my Body and my Soul are of a Piece; both uneaſy for Want of my dear *Penelope*. Excuſe me, Madam, for troubling you with my Diſtemper; but my Hand is ſo ill, that it can write nothing elſe, becauſe it can go no farther.

MIſfortunes always lay hold on me, when I forſake my Love, or fall ſhort of my Duty; your Coach was full, and Mr. *C——r* was vaniſh'd, ſo I had no Pretence left to avoid ſome ſober Friends that wou'd haul me into a Cellar to drink Syder; a damp, chilly, confounded Hole, fit only for Treaſon and Tobacco. Being warm with the Throng of the Playhouſe, I unadviſedly threw off my Wig; the Rawneſs of this curſed Place, with the Coldneſs of our Tipple, has ſeiz'd upon me ſo violently, that I'm afraid I ſhan't recover it in a Trice; I have got ſuch a Pain in my Jaws, that I ſha'n't be able to eat a Bit: So now, Madam, I muſt either live upon Love or ſtarve. For Heav'n's Sake then, dear Madam, ſend me a little Subſiſtence; let not a hungry Wretch periſh for Want of an Alms: Your Charity, for the Lord's Sake. Kind Words is all I crave; and the moſt uncharitable Prelate will afford a Beggar his Bleſſing.—

Pity

Pity my Condition, Fair Charmer, I have got a Cold without, and a Fire within, Love and Syder do not agree, ſo I'll have no more Cellars. If you don't ſend me ſome Comfort in my Afflictions, expect to have a Note to this *Purpoſe* ——— Be pleas'd to accompany the Corps of an unfortunate Lover, who dy'd of an aching Chops, and a broken Heart.

YOUR Verſes, Madam, I have read, ſcan'd, and conſider'd over and over; I muſt ſtill complain of the Difficulty of your Characters; but your Senſe is like a rich Mine, hard to come at, but when found an infinite Treaſure. I wou'd anſwer you in Verſe, but for the Reaſon that follows.

Of all the ſpecious Wits and formal Arts,
Us'd by our young intriguing Men of Parts,
None can their Ignorance in Love expreſs
So much, as whining Words and fawning Verſe.
The Nymph, whoſe ſofter Breaſt ſoft Numbers gain,
Muſt have a Soul celeſtially ſerene,
Seraphically bright, and ſparkling as her Mien.
But Women now that Character diſown,
They are all Mortal, very Mortal grown.
By Verſe was Beauty's Empire firſt ordain'd,
And ſtubborn Man to Love by Verſe was chain'd.
Verſe gave to Love his Quiver and his Bow,
Nay, e'en from Verſe he had his Godhead too.
And now ungrateful Beauty ſcorns that Aid,
By which its greateſt Triumphs firſt were made,
A ſordid Blockhead, with an empty Skull,
Shall have Acceſs, becauſe his Pockets full.
Curſe on thee, Gold—why, Charmer, tell me why
Shou'd that which buys a Horſe, bright Beauty buy?
O cou'd I find (I grant Heav'n that once I may)
A Nymph fair, kind, poetical and gay;

Whoſe

Whoſe Love ſhou'd blaze, unſully'd, and divine,
Lighted at firſt by the bright Lamp of mine;
Free as a Miſtreſs, faithful as a Wife,
And one that lov'd a Fiddle as her Life;
Free from all ſordid Ends, from Int'reſt free,
For my own Sake affecting only me.
What a bleſt Union ſhou'd our Souls combine?
I hers alone, and ſhe be only mine.
Free generous Favours ſhou'd our Flames expreſs,
I'd write for Love, and ſhe ſhou'd love for Verſe,
In deathleſs Numbers ſhou'd my fair one ſhine,
Her Love, her Charms ſhou'd blaze in every Line,
And the whole Page be like her ſelf, Divine.
Not Sacharissa's *ſelf, great* Waller's *Fair,*
Shou'd for a deathleſs Name with mine compare;
My Lines ſhou'd run ſo high, the World ſhou'd ſee
I ſung of her, and ſhe inſpired me.
Vain are thy Wiſhes, wretched Damon, *vain,*
Thy Verſe can only ſerve thee to complain:
Wealth makes the Bargain, Love's become a Trade,
Blind Love is now by blinder Fortune led.
Who then wou'd ſing, or ſacred Numbers boaſt,
Since Love, the juſt Reward of Verſe, is loſt?
Of the ſoft Sex why were the Muſes made,
If in ſoft Love they can't afford us Aid?
No, Cupid, *no, you have deceiv'd too long,*
My Muſe and Love have ever done me wrong;
Farewel, ungrateful Love, farewel, ungrateful Song.

You ſee, Madam, that my Rhime has argu'd me out of Love; but I'm violently ſuſpicious that my Reaſon will convince me, that I am ſtill as much your Captive, as ever; for I have the greateſt Inclination in the World to intreat the Favour of meeting your Ladyſhip in the *Park* To-morrow by Six. If you tarry till ſeven, you may find me at the End of the Lover's Walk, hanging upon one of the Trees, which will be the readieſt Way for ought I ſee, to bring our Amour to a Concluſion. I am an Impudent Fellow; that's

that's to prevent your Reflection upon my preſuming to appoint you a Place of Aſſignation.

IF any Thing ſhould come to your Hands, Madam, that I writ laſt Night, I humbly beg that you wou'd pardon its Impertinence; for I was ſo ſuddled, that I hardly remember whether I writ or not. You'll think perhaps that my Excuſe needs as much an Apology as my Fault; but you ought to forgive me, when I aſſure you, that I ſhall never forgive my ſelf. I have vow'd this Morning never to taſte Wine till I can recover that Opportunity of ſeeing you, that Wine made me loſe. I went to the *Royal Exchange* at Two, and ſtay'd in the City till Twelve at Night; I din'd with Mr. *B——x*, who (by the Way) is a pretty Gentlemen, but has a confounded Wife; ſuch Stories have I heard of her Perſecution, and his Long-ſuffering, that he deſerves to go to Heaven, and ſhe to Hell for ſending him; and ſo much for a Citizen's Wife. I come now from Mr. *Dryden*'s Funeral, where we had an Ode in *Horace* ſung, inſtead of *Dav*'s Hymns; whence you may find, that we don't think a Poet worth Chriſtian Burial. The Pomp of the Ceremony was a Kind of Rhapſody, and fitter, I think, for *Hudibras* than him, becauſe the Cavalcade was moſtly Burleſque; but he was an extraordinary Man, and bury'd after an extraordinary Faſhion; for I do believe there was never ſuch another Burial ſeen. The Oration indeed was great and ingenious, worthy the Subject, and like the Author, whoſe Preſcriptions can reſtore the Living, and his Pen embalm the Dead. And ſo much for Mr. *Dryden*, whoſe Burial was the ſame with his Life: Variety and not of a Piece. The Quality and Mob, Farce and Heroicks; the Sublime and Ridicule mixt in a Piece, great *Cleopatra* in a Hackney-Coach.

And now, Madam, for the Application; let us conſider, that we are all mortal, that neither Wit can protect a Man, nor Beauty a Woman from the Impertinence of a Buriall: There is but one Way, let us join our Forces to diſappoint it, as thus: Beauty cauſes Love, Love inſpires Poetry, and Poetry makes Wit immortal: So in Return, Wit is fir'd with Gratitude, that extols your Charms, and ſo makes Beauty immortal. Now, Madam, if your Beauty can make as mad Work in my Head, as it has in my Heart, I will ſhew the World ſuch a Copy of your Countenance; that you ſhall be as fair a hundred Years hence, as you are at this Inſtant; all the Worms in the Church-yard ſhall not have Power to touch one Feature in your Face; and for my Part, if I am not more a Poet a hundred Years hence than I am now, I'll be damn'd. And I can aſſure you that Mr. *Dryden* had never dy'd, had he not grown too old to pleaſe the Ladies; and if that be my Caſe already, the Lord have Mercy upon me.

YOur ſtrange and unexpected Declaration of your unkind Thoughts of me, has caſt a Damp upon my Spirits that will break out either in Melancholy or Rage: I wiſh it prove the latter, for then I ſhall deſtroy my ſelf the ſhorter Way; in the Fervency of my Paſſion, and Diligence of Courtſhip, which has alarm'd Part of the World. To be accus'd of Coldneſs and Neglect is ——, but I'll ſay no more upon that Subject, 'tis too warm; and if I touch it, will ſet me in a Blaze. I remember the Cauſe of my Uneaſineſs ſo the Day, and I remember that Cauſe was repeated laſt Night; and in ſhort, I remember a thouſand Things that make me mad; and ſince you have taken ſo opportune a Time of telling me of the Coldneſs of my Love; give me Leave to tell you, that

that my Paſſion is ſo violent, that 't will give me Cauſe to curſe your whole Sex; nay, even you, tho' at the ſame Time I cou'd wish my ſelf for the Expreſſion; now, Madam, I'll endeavour to ſleep, for I han't clos'd my Eyes ſince I ſaw you.

Hague, October 23. New Style.

THIS is the ſecond Poſt, dear Madam, ſince I have heard from you, which makes me apprehenſive that you are not well, or that you have forgot the Perſon whoſe Health and Welfare ſo intirely depends upon yours. I am proud to ſay, that all my Words, my Letters, and Endeavours, have unfeignedly run upon the Strain of the moſt real Paſſion that ever poſſeſt the Breaſt of Man; and if, after all this, they ſhould all prove vain, I leave you to judge how poor an Opinion I ſhou'd have of my Underſtanding, which muſt be a very mortifying Thought for a Perſon who is very unwilling to paſs for a Fool. 'Tis true, I have laid out all the little Senſe I had, in your Service, and if it ſhould be caſt away, I ſhould turn Bankrupt in my Underſtanding, and run ſtark mad upon the Loſs. For God's Sake, Madam, let me know what I have to truſt to, that I may once more ſet up for a Man of ſome Parts, or elſe run away from my Senſes as faſt as I can; my Thoughts begin to be very ſevere Creditors, and I am perfectly tir'd of their Company. The King came hither laſt Night about Eleven from *Loo*; and if the Weather prove fair, deſigns for *England* next *Wedneſday*. Providence has deſign'd my ſtaying ſo long out of its great Mercy to ſecure me from the Violence of a terrible Storm, which has laſted here this Fortnight paſt, to that Degree, that *Holland* is no more at preſent than a great leaky Man of War, toſſing on the O-

ocean, and Mariners are forc'd to pump Night and Day to keep the Veſſel above Water. I can aſſure you, without a Jeſt, that the Cellars and Canals have frequent Communication, and happy is he that can lodge in a Garret: There are Fellows planted on all the Steeples, with a conſiderable Reward to him that can make the firſt Land, tho' they had more Need to look out for a Rainbow; for without that I ſhall believe that God Almighty, in his Articles with *Noah* after the Flood, has excluded the *Dutch* out of the Treaty: I have tranſcrib'd your Letter to my Lord *A——le*, and will conſult with Captain *L——oe* about your Affairs, whether it be proper to mention Matters now, or defer it till we come over: My Lord *Weſt——nd* treated us Yeſterday with a Pot of *Engliſh* Veniſon ſent him by his Mother. But never was poor Buck ſo devour'd by hungry Hounds; we hunted him down with excellent *Burgundy*—— Could this Place afford us good Toaſts as it does Wine, 'twere a Paradiſe. But we made Shift to call you all over, every Beauty in *London*, from the D—— ſs of *G——n* to Mrs. *B——le*; and when we got drunk we toaſted the *Dutch* Ladies; and by the Time we got thro' the whole Aſſembly, we were grown as dull and ſottiſh as if we had lain with them. You muſt pardon my Breeding, Madam, and conſider where I am; but I do bluſh a little, and can't ſay a Word more, but that I am,

MADAM,

Your faithful and moſt humble Servant.

I Receiv'd your Letter, Madam, with the ſtrange Relation of your being robb'd. I can't tell whether my Grief or Amazement was greateſt; it ſuſpended the Pain of the Rheumatiſm for ſome Hours, tho'

tho' I gain'd little by that, for it only gave Place to a greater. All the Conſolation I can afford in your Sorrow, is, that you have a Companion in your Afflictions that ſympathizes in every Particular of your Grief. I conſider my ſelf a Lady robb'd of my fine Things, ſtrip'd of my beſt Clothes, and what is worſe, of all my pretty Trinkets, that have coſt me ſome Years in purchaſing: Tho' this be the greateſt Misfortune a fine Lady can ſuſtain, yet I am ſtill more troubled at the Manner of the Action, than at the Greatneſs of my Loſs, that in a Houſe ſo well peopled as mine, in an Hour ſo early, when all the World was awake, that all my good Stars ſhould then be aſleep, is very provoking.

By this, Madam, you may judge, whether my Heart be not tun'd to the very ſame Notes of Sorrow with yours; and as I have the ſame Reaſons of my Grief, ſo perhaps I ſhall agree with your Ladyſhip as to the Thoughts which may afford you moſt Conſolalation.

Religion teaches me, that nothing in this World is properly our own, but borrow'd; and ſince I am oblig'd to reſign even my very Life without murmuring, when he that lent it is pleas'd to recal it, why ſhould I repine at parting with Things of ſo much leſs Importance? But to comfort my ſelf after a more worldly Manner; I conſider that my Clothes had been worn out in a Year or two, that my fine Things had been out of Faſhion in a Year or two more; ſo that I have only loſt the Uſe of thoſe Things which four or five Years wou'd have robb'd me of without breaking a Lock, or opening a Window. Beſides, another Thing which gives me no ſmall Comfort is, a Reflection on the Mercies of Providence in Matters of greater Moment, as in Relation to my Life, my Honour, &c. one Inſtance of which is pretty freſh in my Memory. I recollect that ſome few Months ago I was in a foreign Country, far from my Relations to comfort me, or Friends to aſſiſt me, a Stranger to the Place, more

to the Language; like a Child among Savage Beaſts: I had no Companion but a Brute more ſavage than they, who betray'd me into the Hands of a Villain, that wou'd have ruin'd me paſt Redemption, had not Providence ſent a Gentleman to my Reſcue, who is now at *Richmond* dying for Love of me. This Deliverance, I think, may make ſufficient Amends for the preſent Loſs.

Now, Madam, that I have gueſs'd at your Thoughts upon the Matter, give me Leave to preſent you with my own Sentiments upon this Affair. And in the firſt Place, I think that if the Rogues had ſtrip'd you of all that you enjoy in the World, even the white Covering to your fair Nakedneſs, I wou'd catch you in my Arms before any Dutcheſs in *Chriſtendom* ſet out in Brocade and Jewels.

I think, Secondly, that a Lady without a Husband lies very much expoſed to all Abuſes from the rude World; that the Weakneſs of their Conſtitution is a ſufficient Proof, that their Maker deſign'd Man for their Guard. Now if a Lady will neglect the Protection which Providence has deſign'd her, when there is one that begs ſo very earneſtly, and has ſo long ſollicited for the Honour of the Place; 'tis but juſt, I think, that ſhe meet with ſome ſmall Rubs to mind her of her Inſufficiency. I know, Madam, that your Ladyſhip has a very good and worthy Gentleman very near you, one who is both a Friend and a Father to you; but yet a Husband is ſtill the beſt *Guard-du-Corps*, and there are ſome Privileges annex'd to his Place, which would make Rogues more cautious how they invaded your Bed-Chamber. In the third Place, Madam, give me Leave to aſk you one Queſtion: Don't you think this Thief that robb'd you to be a very barbarous Fellow? And would you not be very ſevere upon him, if he were taken? Moſt certainly you would. Then what muſt I think of a Perſon that has robb'd me of a Jewel much more precious than any they have taken from you, I mean,

my

my Eaſe and Quiet? A little Thief has ſtole my Heart out of my very Breaſt; the Loſs of which has coſt me more Sighs and Uneaſineſs than all the Wealth in the World could have done. I have purſu'd this charming *Bandit* from Place to Place, from Town to Country, from Kingdom to Kingdom, yet all in vain —I beg you now, Madam, to conſider this, and be not too ſevere upon the poor Rogues, tho' they ſhould be taken.

This is the firſt Service my Hand has done me ſince I left *London*; and were not the Air too piercing for me to venture Abroad after ſo much Bleeding, I would have told you all this perſonally; but happen what will, three or four Days ſhall be the utmoſt Confinement I can lay upon my Deſire of waiting on you; and that you have been ſo long releas'd from my Company, you are more beholden to the Force of my Illneſs, than the Strength of my Reſolution, which is always too weak to encounter the Paſſion of,

MADAM,

Your moſt ſincere and humble Servant.

Madam,

THIS a ſad Misfortune to begin a Letter with an *Adieu*; but when my Love is croſs'd, 'tis no Wonder that my Writing ſhould be revers'd. I would beg your Pardon for the other Offences of this Nature which I have committed, but that I have ſo little Reaſon to judge favourably of your Mercy; tho' I can aſſure you, Madam, that I ſhall never excuſe my ſelf my own Share of the Trouble, no more than I can pardon my ſelf the Vanity of attempting your Charms, ſo much above the Reach of my Pretenſions, and which are reſerv'd for ſome more worthy Admirer.

If there be that Man upon Earth that can merit your Eſteem, I pity him; for an Obligation too great for a Return, muſt to any generous Soul be very uneaſy, tho' ſtill I envy his Miſery.

May you be as happy, Madam, in the Enjoyment of your Deſires, as I am miſerable in the Diſappointment of mine; and as the greateſt Bleſſing of your Life, may the Perſon you admire, love you as ſincerely and as paſſionately, as he whom you ſcorn.

A DIS-

A DISCOURSE UPON COMEDY,

In Reference to the

ENGLISH STAGE.

In a LETTER to a Friend.

WITH Submiſſion, Sir, my Performance in the Practical Part of Poetry, is no ſufficient Warrant for your preſſing me in the Speculative: I have no Foundation for a *Legiſlator*; and the two or three little *Plays* I have written, are caſt carelefly into the World, without any Bulk of *Preface*, becauſe I was not ſo learn'd in the Laws, as to move in Defence of a bad Cauſe; why then ſhould a Complement go farther with me, than my own

Intereſt? Don't miſtake me, Sir, here is nothing that could make for my Advantage in either *Preface* or *Dedication*; no *Speculative Curioſities* nor *Critical Remarks*, only ſome preſent Sentiments which Hazard, not Study, brings into my Head, without any preliminary *Method* or *Cogitation*.

Among the many Diſadvantages attending Poetry, none ſeems to bear a greater Weight, than that ſo many ſet up for Judges, when ſo very few underſtand a Tittle of the Matter. Moſt of our other Arts and Sciences bear an awful Diſtance in their Proſpect, or with a bold and glittering Varniſh dazle the Eyes of the weak-ſighted Vulgar; *The Divine* ſtands wrapt up in his Cloud of Myſteries, and the amus'd *Laiety* muſt pay Tithes and Veneration to be kept in Obſcurity, grounding their Hopes of future Knowledge, on a competent Stock of preſent Ignorance; (in the greater part of the Chriſtian World this is plain.) With what Deference and Reſignation does the bubbled *Client* commit his Fees and Cauſe into the Clutches of the *Law*, where Aſſurance bounds Juſtice by *Preſcription*, and the wrong ſide is never known to make its *Patron* bluſh. *Phyſick* and *Logick* are ſtrongly fortify'd by their impregnable Terms of Art, and the *Mathematician* lies ſo cunningly intrench'd within his *Lines* and *Circles*, that none but thoſe of their Party dare peep into their puzzling Deſigns.

Thus the Generality of Mankind is held at a gazing Diſtance, whoſe Ignorance not preſuming perhaps to an open Applauſe, is yet ſatisfy'd to pay a blind Veneration to the very Faults of what they don't underſtand.

Poetry alone, and chiefly the *Drama*, lies open to the Inſults of all Pretenders; ſhe was one of Nature's eldeſt Offſprings, whence by her Birthright and plain Simplicity, ſhe pleads a genuine Likeneſs to her Mother; born in the Innocence of Time, ſhe provided not againſt the Aſſaults of ſucceeding Ages; and, depending altogether on the generous End of her Invention, neglected thoſe ſecret Supports and ſerpentine

tine Devices us'd by other Arts, that wind themselves into Practice for more subtle and politic Designs: Naked she came into the World, and 'tis to be fear'd, like its Professors, will go naked out.

'Tis a wonderful thing, that most Men seem to have a great Veneration for *Poetry*, yet will hardly allow a favourable Word to any Piece of it that they meet; like your *Virtuoso's* in Friendship, that are so ravish'd with the notional Nicety of the Virtue, that they can find no Person worth their intimate Acquaintance. The Favour of being whipt at School for *Martial's Epigrams*, or *Ovid's Epistles*, is sufficient Privilege for turning *Pedagogue*, and lashing all their Successors; and it would seem by the Fury of their Correction, that the ends of the Rod were still in their Buttocks. The Scholar calls upon us for *Decorums*, and *Oeconomy*; the Courtier cries out for *Wit*, and *Purity of Stile*; the Citizen for *Humour* and *Ridicule*; the Divines threaten us for Immodesty; and the Ladies will have an Intrigue. Now here are a Multitude of Criticks, whereof the twentieth Person only has read *Quæ Genus*, and yet every one is a Critick after his own way; that is, such a Play is best, because I like it. A very familiar Argument, methinks, to prove the Excellence of a Play, and to which an Author wou'd be very unwilling to appeal for his Success! Yet such is the unfortunate State of Dramatick Poetry, that it must submit to such Judgments; and by the Censure or Approbation of such Variety, it must either stand or fall. But what *Salvo*, what Redress for this Inconvenience? Why, without all Dispute, an Author must endeavour to pleasure that part of the Audience, who can lay the best Claim to a judicious and impartial Reflexion. But before he begins, let him well consider to what Division that Claim does most properly belong. The Scholar will be very angry at me for making that the Subject of a Question, which is self-evident without any Dispute; for, says he, who can pretend to understand Poetry better than we, who have read *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, &c. at the

Univerſity? What Knowledge can out-ſtrip ours that is founded upon the Criticiſms of *Ariſtotle*, *Scaliger*, *Voſſius*, and the like? We are the better ſort, and therefore may claim this as a due Complement to our Learning; and if a Poet can pleaſe us, who are the nice and ſevere Criticks, he cannot fail to bring in the reſt of an inferior Rank.

I ſhould be very proud to own my Veneration for Learning, and to acknowledge any Complement due to the better ſort upon that Foundation; but I am afraid the Learning of the better ſort is not confin'd to College Studies; for there is ſuch a thing as Reaſon without *Syllogiſm*, *Knowledge without Ariſtotle*, and Languages beſides *Greek* and *Latin*: We ſhall likewiſe find in the Court and City ſeveral Degrees, ſuperior to thoſe at Commencement. From all which I muſt beg the Scholar's Pardon, for not paying him the Complement of the better ſort, (as he calls it;) and in the next Place enquire into the Validity of his Title from his Knowledge of *Criticiſm*, and the Courſe of his Studies.

I muſt firſt beg one Favour of the Graduate —— Sir, here is a Pit full of *Covent-Garden* Gentlemen, a Gallery full of Cits, a hundred Ladies of Court-Education, and about two hundred Footmen of nice Morality, who having been unmercifully teaz'd with a Parcel of fooliſh, impertinent, irregular Plays all this laſt Winter, make it their humble Requeſt, that you won'd oblige them with a Comedy of your own making, which they don't queſtion will give them entertainment. O, Sir, replies the *Square-Cap*, I have long commiſerated the Condition of the *Engliſh* Audience, that has been forc'd to take up with ſuch wretched Stuff, as lately has crowded the Stage; your *Jubilees* and your *Foppings*, and ſuch irregular Impertinence, that no Man of Senſe cou'd bear the Peruſal of 'em. I have long intended, out of pure Pity to the Stage, to write a perfect Piece of this Nature; and now, ſince I am honour'd by the Commands

Commands of ſo many, my Intentions ſhall immediately be put in Practice.

So to work he goes; old *Ariſtotle*, *Scaliger*, with their Commentators, are lugg'd down from the high Shelf, and the Moths are diſlodg'd from their Tenement of Years; *Horace*, *Voſſius*, *Hienſius*, *Hedelin*, *Rapin*, with ſome half a dozen more, are thumb'd and toſs'd about, to teach the Gentlemen, forſooth, to write a Comedy; and here is he furniſh'd with *Unity of Action*, *Continuity of Action*, *Extent of Time*, *Separation of Incidents*, *Epiſodes*, *Narrations*, *Deli-*[illegible] *Dialecticks*, *Patheticks*, *Monologues*, *Figures*, [illegible], *Catastrophe*, *Chorus's*, *Scenes*, *Machines*, [illegible]*tions*, &c. a Stock ſufficient to ſet up any Mountebank in *Chriſtendom*: And if our new Author could take an Opportunity of reading a Lecture upon the Play in theſe Terms, by the Help of a *Zany* and a Jointſtool, his Scenes might go off as well as the Doctor's Packets; but the Misfortune of it is, he ſcorns all Application to the Vulgar, and will pleaſe the better Sort, as he calls his own. Purſuant therefore to his Philoſophical Dictates, he firſt chooſes a ſingle Plot, becauſe moſt agreeable to the Regularity of Criticiſm; no matter whether it affords Buſineſs enough for Diverſion or Surpriſe. He would not for the World introduce a Song or Dance, becauſe his Play muſt be one entire Action. We muſt expect no Variety of Incidents, becauſe the Exactneſs of his three Hours won't give him Time for their Preparation. The Unity of Place admits no Variety of Painting and Proſpect, by which Miſchance perhaps we ſhall loſe the only good Scenes in the Play. But no matter for that; this Play is a regular Play; this Play has been examin'd and approv'd by ſuch and ſuch Gentlemen, who are ſtaunch Criticks, and Maſters of Art; and [illegible] will have acted, Cook's, Mr. *Rich*, you may venture to lay out a hundred and fifty Pound for dreſſing this Play, for it was written by a great Scholar, and Fellow of a College.

Then

Then a grave dogmatical Prologue is ſpoken, to inſtruct the Audience what ſhould pleaſe them; that this Play has a new and different Cut from the Farce they ſee every Day; that this Author writes after the Manner of the *Ancients*, and here is a Piece according to the Model of the *Athenian Drama*. Very well! This goes off *Hum, Drum, fa ſo*. Then the Players go to work on a Piece of hard knotty Stuff, where they can no more ſhew their Art, than a Carpenter can upon a Piece of Steel. Here is the Lamp and the Scholar in every Line, but not a Syllable of the Poet; here is elaborate Language, ſounding Thets, Flights of Words that ſtrike the Cloud, the poor Senſe lags after, like the Lanthorn Tail of a Kite, which appears only like a Star, the Breath of the Player's Lungs has Strength to it up in the Air.

But the Audience, willing perhaps to diſcover his ancient Model, and the *Athenian Drama*, are attentive to the firſt Act or two; but not finding a true Genius of Poetry, nor the natural Air of free Converſation, without any Regard to its Regularity, they betake themſelves to other Work; not meeting the Diverſion they expected on the Stage, they ſhift for themſelves in the Pit; every one turns about to his Neighbour in a Maſk, and for default of Entertainment now, they ſtrike up for more diverting Scenes when the Play is done. And tho' the Play be regular as *Ariſtotle*, and modeſt as Mr. *Collier* could wiſh, yet it promotes more Lewdneſs in the Conſequence, and procures more effectually for Intrigue than any *Rover*, *Libertine*, or *Old Batchelor* whatſoever. At laſt comes the *Epilogue*, which pleaſes the Audience very well, becauſe it ſends them away, and terminates the Fate of the Poet; the Pat[illegible] rail at him, the Players curſe him, the Town damns him, and he muſt bury his Copy in *Paul's*, for not a Bookſeller about it will put it in Print.

This

This familiar Account, Sir, I would not have you charge to my Invention, for there are Precedents ſufficient in the World to warrant it in every Particular: The Town has been often diſappointed in thoſe Critical Plays, and ſome Gentlemen that have been admir'd in their ſpeculative Remarks, have been ridicul'd in the Practick. All the Authorities, all the Rules of Antiquity have not'd too weak to ſupport the Theatre, whilſt others, who have diſpens'd with the Criticks, and taken a Latitude in the *Oeconomy* of their Plays, have been the chief Supporters of the Stage, and the Ornament of the *Drama*. This is ſo viſibly true, that I need bring in no Inſtances to enforce it; but you ſay, Sir, 'tis a Paradox that has often puzzled your Underſtanding, and you lay your Commands upon me to ſolve it, if I can.

Look'e, Sir, to add a Value to my Complaiſance to you, I muſt tell you in the firſt Place, that I run as great a Hazard in nibbling at this *Paradox* of *Poetry*, as *Luther* did by touching *Tranſubſtantiation*; 'tis a Myſtery that the World has ſweetly ſlept in ſo long, that they take it very ill to be waken'd; eſpecially being diſturb'd of their Reſt, when there is no Buſineſs to be done. But I think that *Bellarmine* was once as *Orthodox* as *Ariſtotle*, and ſince the *German Doctor* has made a ſhift to pull down the *Cardinal*, I will have a tug with *ipſe dixit*, tho' I die for't.

But in the firſt Place I muſt beg you, Sir, to lay aſide your ſuperſtitious Veneration for Antiquity, and the uſual Expreſſions on that Score; that the preſent Age is illiterate, or their Taſte is vitiated; that we live in the Decay of Time, and the Dotage of the World is fall'n to our Share ——— 'Tis a Miſtake, Sir; the World was never more active or youthful, and plain Downright Senſe was never more univerſal than at this very Day; 'tis neither confin'd to one Nation in the World, nor to one Party of a City; 'tis remarkable in *England*, as well as *France*, and good genuine Reaſon is nouriſh'd as well by the Cold of *Swedeland*, as by the Warmth of *Italy*; 'tis neither abdi-

abdicated the Court with the late Reigns, nor expell'd the City with the Play-houſe Bills; you may find it in the *Grand Jury* at *Hicks's Hall*, and upon the Bench ſometimes among the Juſtices; then why ſhould we be hamper'd ſo in our Opinions, as if all the Ruins of Antiquity lay ſo heartily on the Bones of us, that we cou'd not ſtir Hand and Foot: No, no, Sir, *ipſe dixit* is remov'd long ago, and all the Rubbiſh of old Philoſophy, that in a Manner bury'd the Judgment of Mankind for many Centuries, is now carry'd off; the vaſt Tomes of *Ariſtotle* and his Commentators are all taken to pieces, and their Infallibility is loſt with all Perſons of a free and unprejudic'd Reaſon.

Then above all Men living, why ſhould the Poets be hoodwink'd at this rate, and by what Authority ſhould *Ariſtotle*'s Rules of Poetry ſtand ſo fix'd and immutable? Why, by the Authority of two thouſand Years ſtanding, becauſe thro' this long Revolution of Time the World has ſtill continu'd the ſame —— By the Authority of their being receiv'd at *Athens*, a City the very ſame with *London* in every Particular, their Habits the ſame, their Diet alike, their publick Tranſactions and private Societies *Alamode de France*; in ſhort, ſo very much the ſame in every Circumſtance, that *Ariſtotle*'s Criticiſms may give Rules to *Drury-lane*, the *Areopagus* give Judgment upon a Caſe in the *King's Bench*, and old *Solon* ſhall give Laws to the *Houſe of Commons*.

But to examine this Matter a little farther: All Arts and Profeſſions are compounded of theſe two Parts, a ſpeculative Knowledge, and a practical Uſe; and from an Excellency in both theſe, any Perſon is rais'd to Eminence and Authority in his Calling. The Lawyer has his Years of Student in the ſpeculative Part of his Buſineſs; and, when promoted to the Bar he falls upon the Practick, which is the Trial of his Ability. Without all Diſpute the great *Coke* had many a Tug at the Bar, before he could raiſe himſelf to the Bench; and had made ſufficiently evident his

Know-

Knowledge of the Laws in his Pleadings, before he was admitted to the Authority of giving Judgment upon the Caſe.

The Phyſician, to gain Credit to his Preſcriptions, muſt labour for a Reputation in the Cure of ſuch and ſuch Diſtempers; and before he ſets up for a *Galen* or *Hippocrates*, muſt make many Experiments upon his Patients. *Philoſophy* it ſelf, which is a Science the moſt abſtract from Practice, has its publick Acts and Diſputations; it is rais'd gradually, and its Profeſſor commences Doctor by degrees; he has the labour of maintaining *Theſes*, methodizing his *Arguments*, and clearing *Objections*; his Memory and Underſtanding is often puzzled by Oppoſitions couch'd in Fallacies and Sophiſms, in ſolving all which he muſt make himſelf remarkable, before he pretends to impoſe his own Syſtems upon the World. Now if the Caſe be thus in *Philoſophy*, or in any Branch thereof, as in *Ethicks*, *Phyſicks*, which are call'd Sciences, what muſt be done in *Poetry*, that is denominated an Art, and conſequently implies a Practice in its Perfection?

Is it reaſonable to think, any Perſon that has never writ a Diſtich of Verſe in his Life, ſhould ſet up for a *Dictator* in Poetry; and without the leaſt Practice in his own Performance, preſcribe Laws and Rules to that of others? Upon what Foundation is Poetry made ſo very cheap and eaſy a Task by theſe Gentlemen? An excellent Poet is the ſingle Production of an Age, when we have Crowds of Philoſophers, Phyſicians, Lawyers, Divines every Day, and all of them competently famous in their Callings. In the two learned Commonwealths of *Rome* and *Athens*, there was but one *Virgil* and one *Homer*, yet have we above an hundred *Philoſopheers* in each, and moſt part of 'em, forſooth, muſt have a touch at Poetry, drawing it into *Diviſions*, *Subdiviſions*, &c. when the Wit of 'em all ſet together would not amount to one of *Martial's Epigrams*.

Of

Of all theſe I ſhall mention only *Ariſtotle*, the firſt and great Law-giver in this Reſpect, and upon whom all that follow'd him are only Commentators. Among all the vaſt Tracts of this voluminous Author, we don't find any Fragment of an Epick Poem, or the leaſt Scene of a Play, to authorize his Skill and Excellence in that Art. Let it not be alledg'd, that for ought we know he was an excellent Poet, but his more ſerious Studies would not let him enter upon Affairs of this Nature; for every body knows that *Ariſtotle* was no *Cynick*, but liv'd in the Splendor and Air of the Court; that he lov'd Riches as much as others of that Station, and being ſufficiently acquainted with his Pupil's Affection to Poetry, and his Complaint that he wanted an *Homer* to aggrandize his Actions, he would never have ſlipt ſuch an Opportunity of farther ingratiating himſelf in the King's Favour, had he been conſcious of any Abilities in himſelf for ſuch an Undertaking; and having a more noble and copious Theme in the Exploits of *Alexander*, than what inſpir'd the blind Bard in his Poem of *Achilles*. If his Epiſtles to *Alexander* were always attended with a conſiderable Preſent, what might we have expected from a Work like *Homer* upon ſo great a Subject, dedicated to ſo mighty a Prince, whoſe greateſt Fault was his vain Glory, and who took ſuch Pains to be Deify'd among Men?

It may be objected, that all the Works of *Ariſtotle* are not recover'd; and among thoſe that are loſt, ſome Eſſays of this kind might have periſh'd. This Suppoſition is too weakly founded; for altho' the Works themſelves might have 'ſcap'd us, 'tis more than probable that ſome Hint or other, either in the Life of the Conqueror, or Philoſophers might appear, to convince us of ſuch a Production; for as 'tis believ'd he writ *Philoſophy*, becauſe we have his Books; ſo I dare ſwear he writ no *Poetry*, becauſe none is extant, nor any Mention made thereof that ever I could hear of.

But

But ſtay ——— Without any farther Enquiry into the Poetry of *Ariſtotle*, his Ability that Way is ſufficiently apparent by that excellent Piece he has left behind him upon that Subject ——— By your Favour, Sir, this is *Petitio Principii*, or in plain *Engliſh*, give me the Sword in my own Hand, and I'll fight with you ——— Have but a little Patience till I make a Flouriſh or two, and then, if you are pleas'd to demand it, I'll grant you that and every Thing elſe.

How eaſy were it for me to take one of Doctor *Tillotſon*'s Sermons, and out of the *Oeconomy* of one of thoſe Diſcourſes, trump you up a Pamphlet, and call it, *The Art of Preaching?* In the firſt Place I muſt take a *Text*, and here I muſt be very learn'd upon the Etymology of this Word *Text*; then this Text muſt be divided into ſuch and ſuch *Partitions*, which Partitions muſt have their hard Names and *Derivations*; then theſe muſt be ſpun into *Subdiviſions*, and theſe back'd by Proofs of Scripture, *Ratiocinatio Oratoris*, *Ornamenta Figurarum Rhetoricarum*, and *Authoritas Patrum Eccleſiæ*, with ſome Rules and Directions how theſe ought to be manag'd and apply'd: And cloſing up the difficult Pedantry with the *Dimenſion of Time* for ſuch an Action, you will pay me the Complement of an excellent Preacher, and affirm, that any Sermon whatſoever, either by a *Presbyter* at *Geneva*, or *Jeſuit* in *Spain*, that deviates from theſe Rules, deſerves to be hiſſed, and the Prieſt kick'd out of his Pulpit. I muſt doubt your Complaiſance in this Point, Sir; for you know the Forms of Eloquence are various, and ought to be ſuited to the different Humour and Capacities of an Audience. You are ſenſible, Sir, that the fiery cholerick Humour of one Nation muſt be entertain'd and mov'd by other Means, than the heavy ſtagnant Complexion of another: and I have obſerv'd in my little Travels, that a Sermon of three Quarters of an Hour that might please the Congregation at St. *James*'s, would never ſatisfy the Meeting-houſe in the *City*, where People expect more for their Money;

Money; and having more Temptations of Roguery, muſt have a larger Portion of Inſtruction.

Be pleas'd to hear another Inſtance of a different Kind, tho' to the ſame Purpoſe: I go down to *Woolwich*, and there upon a Piece of Paper I take the Dimenſion of the *Royal Sovereign*; and from hence I frame a Model of a *Man of War*. I divide the Ship into three principal Parts, the *Keel*, the *Hull*, and the *Rigging*; I ſubdivide theſe into their proper Denominations, and by the Help of a Sailor, give you all the Terms belonging to every Rope, and every Office in the whole Ship; will you from hence infer, that I am an excellent Shipwright, and that this Model is proper for a *Trading Junk* upon the *Volga*, or a *Venetian Galley* in the *Adriatick* Sea?

But you'll object, perhaps, that this is no parallel Caſe, becauſe that *Ariſtotle*'s *Ars Poetica* was never drawn from ſuch ſlight Obſervations, but was the pure Effect of his immenſe Reaſon, through a nice Inſpection into the very Bottom and Foundation of Nature.

To this I anſwer, That Verity is eternal, as that the Truth of two and two making four was as certain in the Days of *Adam* as it is now; and that, according to his own Poſition, Nature is the ſame *apud omnes Gentes*. Now if the Rules of Poetry were drawn from certain and immutable Principles, and fix'd on the Baſis of Nature, why ſhould not the *Ars Poetica* be as efficacious now as it was two thouſand Years ago? And why ſhould not a ſingle Plot, with perfect Unity of Time and Place, do as well at *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* as at the Play-houſe in *Athens*? No, no, Sir, I am to believe that the Philoſopher took no ſuch Pains in Poetry as you imagine; the *Greek* was his Mother Tongue, and *Homer* was read with much Veneration among the School Boys, as we learn out of our *Catechiſm*: When there was the great Buſineſs for a Perſon, ſo expert in Mood and Figure as *Ariſtotle* was, to range into ſome Order a Parcel of Terms of Art, drawn from

his

his Obſervations upon the *Iliads*, and to call theſe the Model of an *Epic Poem?* Here, Sir, you may imagine that I am caught and have all this while been ſpinning a Thread to ſtrangle my ſelf: One of my main Objections againſt *Ariſtotle's Criticiſms*, is drawn from his Non-performance in Poetry; and now I affirm, that his Rules are extracted from the greateſt Poet that ever liv'd, which gives the utmoſt Validity to the Precept, and that is all we contend for.

Look'e, Sir, I lay it down only for a Suppoſition, that *Ariſtotle's* Rules for an *Epic Poem* were extracted from *Homer's Iliads*, and if a Suppoſition has weigh'd me down, I have two or three more of an equal Balance to turn the Scale.

The great Eſteem of *Alexander the Great* for the Works of old *Homer*, is ſufficiently teſtify'd by Antiquity, inſomuch that he always ſlept with the *Iliads* under his Pillow: Of this the *Stagyrite* to be ſure was not ignorant; and what more proper Way of making his Court could a Man of Letters deviſe, than by ſaying ſomething in Commendation of the King's Favourite? A Copy of Commendatory Verſes was too mean, and perhaps out of the Element; then ſomething he would do in his own Way, a Book muſt be made of the Art of Poetry, wherein *Homer* is prov'd a Poet by Mood and Figure, and his Perfection tranſmitted to Poſterity: And if Prince *Arthur* had been in the Place of the *Iliads*, we ſhould have had other Rules for *Epic Poetry*, and Doctor *B——re* had carry'd the *Bays* from *Homer*, in Spight of all the Criticks in *Chriſtendom*. But whether *Ariſtotle* writ thoſe Rules to compliment his Pupil, or whether he would make a Stoop at Poetry, to ſhew that there was no Knowledge beyond the Flight of his Genius, there is no Reaſon to allow, that *Homer* compil'd his Heroick Poem by the very Rules which *Ariſtotle* has laid down: For, granting that *Ariſtotle* might pick ſuch and ſuch Obſervations from this Piece, they might be mere Accidents reſulting caſually from the Compoſition of the Work, and not

any

any of the eſſential Principles of the Poem. How uſual is it for Criticks to find out Faults and create Beauties, which the Authors never intend for ſuch; and how frequently do we find Authors run down in thoſe very Parts, which they deſign for the greateſt Ornament? How natural is it for aſpiring ambitious School-men to attempt Matters of the higheſt Reach; the wonderful Creation of the World (which nothing but the Almighty Power that order'd it can deſcribe) is brought into Mood and Figure by the Arrogance of *Philoſophy*. But till I can believe that the Vertigos of *Carteſius*, or the Atoms of *Epicurus* can determine the Almighty *Fiat*, they muſt give me Leave to queſtion the Infallibility of their Rules in reſpect of Poetry.

Had *Homer* himſelf, by the ſame Inſpiration that he writ his Poem, left us any Rules for ſuch a Performance, all the World muſt have own'd it for authentick. But he was too much a Poet to give Rules to that, whoſe Excellence he knew conſiſted in a free and unlimited Flight of Imagination; and to deſcribe the Spirit of Poetry, which alone is the *True Art of Poetry*, he knew to be as impoſſible for Human Reaſon to teach the Gift of Prophecy by a Definition.

Neither is *Ariſtotle* to be allow'd any farther Knowledge in *Dramatick*, than in *Epic Poetry: Euripides*, whom he ſeems to compliment by Rules adapted to the Modes of his Plays, was either his Contemporary, or liv'd but a little before him; and was not inſenſible how much this Author was the Darling of the City, as appear'd by the prodigious Expence diſburs'd by the Publick for the Ornament of his Plays; and 'tis probable, he might take this Opportunity of improving his Intereſt with the People, indulging their Inclination by refining upon the Beauty of what they admir'd. And beſides all this, the Severity of *Dramatick* Rage was ſo freſh in his Memory in the hard Uſage that his Brother *Sophocles* not long before met with upon the Stage, that it was convenient to humour the reigning Wit, leſt a ſecond *Ariſtophanes* ſhould

take

take him to task with as little Mercy, as poor *Socrates* found at the Hands of the firſt.

I have ta'k'd ſo long to lay a Foundation for theſe following Concluſions: *Ariſtotle* was no Poet, and conſequently not capable of giving Inſtructions in the Art of Poetry; his *Ars Poetica* are only ſome Obſervations drawn from the Works of *Homer* and *Euripides*, which may be mere Accidents reſulting caſually from the Compoſitions of the Works, and not any of the eſſential Principles on which they are compil'd. That without giving himſelf the Trouble for ſearching into the Nature of Poetry, he has only complemented the Heroes of Wit and Valour of his Age, by joining with them in their Approbation; with this Difference, that their Applauſe was plain, and his more Scholaſtick.

But to leave theſe only as Suppoſitions to be reliſh'd by every Man at his Pleaſure, I ſhall without complementing any Author, either Ancient or Modern, inquire into the firſt Invention of Comedy; what were the true Designs and honeſt Intentions of that Art; and from a knowledge of the *End*, ſeek out the *Means*, without one Quotation of *Ariſtotle*, or Authority of *Euripides*.

In all Productions either Divine or Human, the final Cauſe is the firſt Mover, becauſe the End or Intention of any Rational Action muſt firſt be conſider'd, before the material or efficient Cauſes are put in Execution. Now to determine the final Cauſe of Comedy we muſt run back beyond the material and formal Agents, and take it in its very Infancy, or rather in the very firſt Act of its Generation, when its primary Parent, by propoſing ſuch or ſuch an End of his Labour, laid down the firſt Sketches or Shadows of the Piece. Now as all Arts and Sciences have their firſt Riſe from a final Cauſe, ſo 'tis certain that they have grown from very ſmall Beginnings, and that the Current of Time has ſwell'd them to ſuch a Bulk, that no Body can find the Fountain, by any Proportion between the Head and the Body; this with the Corrup-

tion

tion of Time, which has debauch'd Things from their primitive Innocence to ſelfiſh Deſigns and Purpoſes, render it difficult to find the Origin of any Offspring ſo very unlike its Parent.

This is not only the Caſe of Comedy, as it ſtands at preſent, but the Condition alſo of the ancient Theatres; when great Men made Shews of this Nature a riſing Step to their Ambition, mixing many lewd and laſcivious Repreſentations to gain the Favour of the Populace, to whoſe Taſte and Entertainment the Plays were chiefly adapted. We muſt therefore go higher than either *Ariſtophanes* or *Menander* to diſcover Comedy in its primitive Inſtitution, if we wou'd draw any moral Deſign of its Invention to warrant and authorize its Continuance.

I have already mention'd the Difficulty of diſcovering the Invention of any Art, in the different Figure it makes by Succeſſion of Improvements; but there is ſomething in the Nature of Comedy, even in its preſent Circumſtances, that bears ſo great a Reſemblance to the Philoſophical *Myſteries* of the Ancients, that old *Æſop* muſt wear the Bays as the firſt and original Author; and whatever Alterations or Improvements farther Application may have ſubjoin'd, his *Fables* gave the firſt Riſe and Occaſion.

Comedy is no more at preſent than a *well-fram'd Tale handſomely told, as an agreeable Vehicle for Counſel or Reproof.* This is all we can ſay for the Credit of its Inſtitution, and is the Streſs of its Charter for Liberty and Toleration. Then where ſhou'd we ſeek for a Foundation, but in *Æſop*'s ſymbolical Way of moralizing upon Tales and Fables, with this Difference, That his Stories were ſhorter than ours? He had his Tyrant *Lyon*, his Stateſman *Fox*, his Beau *Magpy*, his Coward *Hare*, his Bravo *Aſs*, and his Buffoon *Ape*, with all the Characters that crowd our Stages every Day; with this Diſtinction nevertheleſs, That *Æſop* made his Beaſt ſpeak good *Greek*, and our Heroes ſometimes can't talk *Engliſh*.

But whatever Difference Time has produc'd in the Form, we muſt in our own Defence ſtick to the *End* and Intention of his *Fables*. *Utile Dulci* was his Motto, and muſt be our Buſineſs; we have no other Defence againſt the Preſentment of the *Grand Jury*, and for ought I know it might prove a good Means to mollify the Rigour of that Perſecution, to inform the Inquiſitors, that the great *Æſop* was the firſt Inventor of theſe poor Comedies that they are proſecuting with ſo much Eagerneſs and Fury; that the firſt *Laureat* was as juſt, as prudent, as pious, as reforming, and as ugly as any of themſelves. And that the Beaſts which are lugg'd upon the Stage by the Horn are not caught in the City, as they ſuppoſe, but brought out of *Æſop*'s own Foreſt. We ſhou'd inform them beſides, that thoſe very Tales and Fables which they apprehend as Obſtacles to Reformation, were the main Inſtruments and Machines us'd by the wiſe *Æſop* for its Propagation; and as he would improve Men by the Policy of Beaſts, ſo we endeavour to reform Brutes with the Example of Men. *Fondlewife* and his young Spouſe are no more than the *Eagle* and *Cockle*; he wanted Teeth to break the Shell himſelf, ſo ſomebody elſe run away with the Meat——The Fox in the Play, is the ſame with the Fox in the Fable, who ſtuff'd his Guts ſo full, that he cou'd not get out at the ſame Hole he came in; ſo both *Reynards* being Delinquents alike, come to be puniſh'd up together. Here are Precepts, Admonitions, and Salutary *Innuendo's* for the ordering our Lives and Converſations couch'd in theſe *Allegories* and *Alluſions*. The Wiſdom of the Ancients was wrapt up in Veils and Figures; the *Ægyptian Hieroglyphicks*, and the Hiſtory of the Heathen Gods are nothing elſe; but if theſe Pagan Authorities give Offence to their ſcrupulous Conſciences, let them but conſult the Tales and Parables of our *Saviour* in Holy Writ, and they may find this Way of Inſtruction to be much more Chriſtian than they imagine: *Nathan*'s Fable of the poor Man's Lamb had more Influence on

the Conſcience of *David*, than any Force of downright Admonition. So that by ancient Practice and Modern Example, by the Authority of Pagans, Jews, and Chriſtians, the World is furniſh'd with this ſo ſure, ſo pleaſant, and expedient an Art, of ſchooling Mankind into better Manners. Now here is the primary Deſign of Comedy illuſtrated from its firſt Inſtitution; and the ſame End is equally alledg'd for its daily Practice and Continuance. Then without all Diſpute, whatever Means are moſt proper and expedient for compaſſing this End and Intention, they muſt be the *juſt Rules of Comedy*, and the *true Art of the Stage*.

We muſt conſider then, in the firſt Place, that our Buſineſs lies not with a *French* or a *Spaniſh* Audience: that our Deſign is not to hold forth to ancient *Greece*, not to moralize upon the Vices and Defaults of the *Roman* Common-wealth: No, no; an *Engliſh* Play is intended for the Uſe and Inſtruction of an *Engliſh* Audience, a People not only ſeparated from the reſt of the World by Situation, but different alſo from other Nations as well in the Complexion and Temperament of the Natural Body, as in the Conſtitution of our Body Politick: And we are a Mixture of many Nations, ſo we have the moſt unaccountable Medley of Humours among us of any People upon Earth; theſe Humours produce Variety of Follies, ſome of 'em unknown to former Ages; theſe new Diſtempers muſt have new Remedies, which are nothing but new Counſels and Inſtructions.

Now, Sir, if our *Utile*, which is the End, be different from the Ancients, pray let our *Dulce*, which is the Means, be ſo too; for you know that to different Towns there are different Ways; or if you would have it more Scholaſtically, *ad diverſos fines non idem conducit medium*; or Mathematically, One and the ſame Line cannot terminate in two Centers. But waving this Manner of concluding by Induction, I ſhall gain my Point a nearer Way, and draw it immediately from the firſt Principle I ſet down: *That we have the moſt unac-*

countable Medley of Humours among us of any Nation upon Earth; and this is demonſtrable from common Experience: We ſhall find a *Wildair* in one Corner, and a *Moroſe* in another; nay, the Space of an Hour or two ſhall create ſuch Viciſſitudes of Temper in the ſame Perſon, that he can hardly be taken for the ſame Man. We ſhall have a Fellow beſtir his Stumps from *Chocolate* to *Coffee-Houſe* with all the Joy and Gaiety imaginable, tho' he want a Shilling to pay for a Hack; whilſt another, drawn about in a Coach and Six, is eaten up with the Spleen, and ſhall loll in State, with as much Melancholy, Vexation, and Diſcontent, as if he were making the *Tour* of *Tyburn*. Then what Sort of a *Dulce*, (which I take for the Pleaſantry of the Tale, or the Plot of the Play) muſt a Man make uſe of to engage the Attention of ſo many different Humours and Inclinations; Will a ſingle Plot ſatisfy every Body? Will the Turns and Surprizes that may reſult naturally from the ancient Limits of Time, be ſufficient to rip open the Spleen of ſome, and phyſick the Melancholy of others; ſcrew up the Attention of a Rover, and fix him at the Stage, in Sight of his Volatile Temper, and the Temptation of a Mask? To make the Moral inſtructive, you muſt make the Story diverting: The Splenatick Wit, the Beau Courtier, the heavy Citizen, the fine Lady, and her fine Footman, come all to be inſtructed, and therefore muſt all be diverted; and he that can do this beſt, and with moſt Applauſe, writes the beſt Comedy, let him do it by what Rules he pleaſes, ſo they be not offenſive to Religion and good Manners.

But *hic labor, hoc opus*; how muſt this Secret of pleaſing ſo many different Taſtes be diſcover'd? Not by tumbling over Volumes of the Antients, but by ſtudying the Humour of the Moderns: The Rules of *Engliſh* Comedy don't lie in the Compaſs of *Ariſtotle*, or his Followers, but in the Pit, Box, and Galleries. And to examine into the Humour of an *Engliſh* Audience, let us ſee by what Means our own *Engliſh* Poets have ſucceeded in this Point. To determine a

Suit at Law we don't look into the Archives of *Greece* or *Rome*, but inſpect the Reports of our own Lawyers and the Acts and Statutes of our *Parliaments*; and by the ſame Rule we have nothing to do with the Model of *Menander* or *Plautus*, but muſt conſult *Shakeſpear*, *Johnſon*, *Fletcher*, and others, who by Methods much different from the Ancients have ſupported the *Engliſh* Stage, and made themſelves famous to Poſterity. We ſhall find that theſe Gentlemen have fairly diſpens'd with the greateſt Part of Critical Formalities; the Decorums of Time and Place, ſo much cry'd up of late, had no Force of Decorum with them, the Oeconomy of their Plays was *ad libitum*, and the Extent of their Plots only limited by the Convenience of Action. I would willingly underſtand the Regularities of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Harry the Fourth*, and of *Fletcher*'s Plays; and yet theſe have long been the Darlings of the *Engliſh* Audience, and are like to continue with the ſame Applauſe, in Defiance of all the Criticiſms that ever were publiſh'd in *Greek* and *Latin*.

But are there no Rules, no Decorums to be obſerv'd in Comedy? Muſt we make the Condition of the *Engliſh* Stage a State of Anarchy? No, Sir——— For there are Extreams in Irregularity, as dangerous to an Author, as too ſcrupulous a Deference to Criticiſm; and as I have given you an Inſtance of one, ſo I ſhall preſent you an Example of the other.

There are a Sort of Gentlemen that have had the jaunty Education of Dancing, French, and a Fiddle, who coming to Age before they arrive at Years of Diſcretion, make a Shift to ſpend a handſome Patrimony of two or three Thouſand Pound, by ſoaking in the Tavern all Night, lolling a-Bed all the Morning, and ſauntering away all the Evening between the two Play-houſes with their Hands in their Pockets; you ſhall have a Gentleman of this Size, upon his Knowledge of *Covent-Garden*, and a Knack of witticiſing in his Cups, ſet up immediately for a Play-wright. But beſides the Gentleman's Wit and Experience.

rience, here is another Motive: There are a Parcel of ſaucy impudent Fellows about the Play-houſe called Door-keepers, that can't let a Gentleman ſee a Play in Peace, without jogging, and nudging him every Minute. *Sir, will you pleaſe to pay?* ——— *Sir, the Act's done, will you pleaſe to pay, Sir?* I have broke their Heads all round two or three Times, yet the Puppies will ſtill be troubleſome. Before gad, I'll be plagued with 'em no longer; I'll e'en write a Play my ſelf; by which means, my Character of Wit ſhall be eſtabliſh'd, I ſhall enjoy the Freedom of the Houſe, and to pin up the Basket, pretty Miſs ——— ſhall have the Profits of my third Night for her Maidenhead. Thus we ſee what a great Bleſſing a Coming Girl is to a Play-houſe; Here is a Poet ſprung from the Tail of an Actreſs, like *Minerva* from *Jupiter*'s Head. But my Spark proceeds ——— My own Intrigues are ſufficient to found the Plot, and the Devil's in't, if I can't make my Character talk as wittily as thoſe in the *Trip to the Jubilee* —— But ſtay —— what ſhall I call it firſt? Let me ſee —— *The Rival Theatres* —— Very good, by gad, becauſe I reckon the two Houſes will have a Conteſt about this very Play. ——— Thus having found a Name for his Play, in the next Place he makes a Play to his Name, and thus he begins.

ACT I. *Scene* Covent-Garden. *Enter* Portico, Piazza, *and* Turnſtile.

Here you muſt note, that *Portico* being a Compound of practical Rake and ſpeculative Gentleman, is ten to one the Author's own Character, and the leading Card in the Pack *Piazza* is his Miſtreſs, who lives in the Square, and is Daughter to old *Pillario*, an odd out o'the way Gentleman, ſomething between the Character of *Alexander the Great* and *Solon*, which muſt pleaſe becauſe 'tis new.

Turnſtile is Maid and Confident to *Piazza*, who for a Bribe of ten Pieces, lets *Portico* in at the Back-door; ſo the firſt Act concludes.

In the ſecond, enter *Spigotoſo*, who was Butler perhaps to the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*, and *Foſſetana* his Wife. After theſe Characters are run dry, he brings you in at the third Act *Whinewell* and *Charmarillis* for a Scene of Love to pleaſe the Ladies, and ſo he goes on without Fear or Wit till he comes to a Marriage or two, and then he writes —— *Finis.*

'Tis then whiſper'd among his Friends at *Will's* and *Hippolito's*, that Mr. *Such-a-one* has writ a very pretty Comedy; and ſome of 'em to encourage the young Author, equip him preſently with *Prologue* and *Epilogue*. Then the Play is ſent to Mr. *Rich*, or Mr. *Betterton*, in a fair legible Hand, with the Recommendation of ſome Gentleman, that paſſes for a Man of Parts, and a Critick: In ſhort, the Gentleman's Intereſt has the Play acted, and the Gentleman's Intereſt makes a Preſent to pretty Miſs —— ſhe's made his Whore, and the Stage his Cully, that for the Loſs of a Month in Rehearſing, and a Hundred Pound in dreſſing a confounded Play, muſt give the Liberty of the Houſe to him and his Friends for ever after.

Now ſuch a Play may be written with all the Exactneſs imaginable, in Reſpect of Unity in Time and Place; but if you enquire its Character of any Perſon, tho' of the meaneſt Underſtanding of the whole Audience, he will tell you 'tis intolerable Stuff; and upon your demanding his Reaſons, his Anſwer is, *I don't like it:* His Humour is the only Rule that he can judge a Comedy by, but you find that mere Nature is offended with ſome Irregularities; and tho' he be not ſo learn'd in the *Drama*, to give you an Inventory of the Faults, yet I can tell you, that one Part of the Plot had no Dependence upon another, which made this ſimple Man drop his Attention and Concern for the Event; and ſo diſengaging his Thoughts from the Buſineſs of the Action, he ſat there very uneaſy, thought

the Time very tedious, becauſe he had nothing to do. The Characters were ſo incoherent in themſelves, and compos'd of ſuch Variety of Abſurdities, that in his Knowledge of Nature he could find no Original for ſuch a Copy; and being therefore unacquainted with any Folly they reprov'd, or any Virtue that they recommended, their Buſineſs was as flat and tireſome to him, as if the Actors had talk'd *Arabick*.

Now theſe are the material Irregularities of a Play, and theſe are the Faults which downright Mother-Senſe can cenſure and be offended at, as much as the moſt learn'd Critick in the Pit. And altho' the one cannot give me the Reaſons of his Approbation or Diſlike, yet I will take his Word for the Credit or Diſrepute of a Comedy, ſooner perhaps than the Opinion of ſome *Virtuoſo's*; for there are ſome Gentlemen that have fortify'd their Spleen ſo impregnably with Criticiſm, and hold out ſo ſtiffly againſt all Attacks of Pleaſantry, that the moſt powerful Efforts of Wit and Humour cannot make the leaſt Impreſſion. What a Misfortune is it to theſe Gentlemen to be Natives of ſuch an ignorant ſelf-will'd, impertinent Iſland, where let a Critick and a Scholar find never ſo many Irregularities in a Play, yet five hundred ſaucy People will give him the Lie to his Face, and come to ſee this wicked Play forty or fifty Times in a Year? But this *Vox Populi* is the Devil, tho' in a Place of more Authority than *Ariſtotle*, it is call'd *Vox Dei*. Here is a Play with a Vengeance (ſays a Critick) to bring the Tranſactions of a Year's Time into the Compaſs of three Hours, to carry the whole Audience with him from one Kingdom to another, by the changing of a Scene; Where's the Probability; nay, the Poſſibility of all this? The Devil's in the Poet ſure, he don't think to put Contradictions upon us.

Look'e, Sir, don't be in a Paſſion, the Poet does not impoſe Contradictions upon you, becauſe he has told you no Lie; for that only is a Lie, which is re-

lated with ſome fallacious Intention that you ſhould believe it for a Truth: Now the Poet expects no more that you ſhould believe the Plot of his Play, than old *Æſop* deſign'd the World ſhould think his *Eagle* and *Lyon* talk'd like you and I; which, I think, was every Jot as improbable as what you quarrel with; and yet the Fables took, and I'll be hang'd if you your ſelf don't like 'em. But beſides, Sir, if you are ſo inveterate againſt Improbabilities, you muſt never come near the Play-houſe at all; for there are ſeveral Improbabilities, nay, Impoſſibilities, that all the Criticiſms in Nature cannot correct: As for Inſtance; in the Part of *Alexander the Great*, to be affected with the Tranſactions of the Play, we muſt ſuppoſe that we ſee that great Conqueror, after all his Triumphs, ſhun'd by the Woman he loves, and importun'd by her he hates; croſs'd in his Cups and Jollity by his own Subjects, and at laſt miſerably ending his Life in a raging Madneſs: We muſt ſuppoſe, that we ſee the very *Alexander*, the Son of *Philip*, in all theſe unhappy Circumſtances, elſe we are not touch'd by the Moral, which repreſents to us the Uneaſineſs of Human Life in the greateſt State, and the Inſtability of Fortune in Reſpect of worldly Pomp, yet the whole Audience at the ſame Time knows, that this is Mr. *Betterton*, who is ſtrutting upon the Stage, and tearing his Lungs for a Livelihood: And that the ſame Perſon ſhould be Mr. *Betterton* and *Alexander the Great* at the ſame Time, is ſomewhat like an Impoſſibility in my Mind. Yet you muſt grant this Impoſſibility in Spight of your Teeth, if you han't Power to raiſe the old Hero from the Grave to act his own Part.

Now for another Impoſſibility: The leſs rigid Criticks allow to a Comedy the Space of an artificial Day, or twenty four Hours; but thoſe of the thorough Reformation will confine it to the natural or ſolar Day, which is but half the Time. Now admitting this for a Decorum abſolutely requiſite; this Play begins when it is exactly Six by your Watch, and

ends

ends preciſely at Nine, which is the uſual time of the Repreſentation. Now is it feaſible *in rerum natura*, that the ſame Space or Extent of Time can be three Hours by your Watch, and twelve Hours upon the Stage, admitting the ſame Number of Minutes, or the ſame Meaſure of Sand to both. I'm afraid, Sir, you muſt allow this for an Impoſſibility too; and you may with as much Reaſon allow the Play the Extent of a whole Year; and if you grant me a Year, you may give me ſeven, and ſo to a Thouſand. For that a thouſand Years ſhould come within the Compaſs of three Hours, is no more an Impoſſibility, than that two Minutes ſhould be contain'd in one; *Nullum minus continet in ſe majus*, is equally applicable to both.

So much for the Decorum of *Time*, now for the Regularity of *Place*. I might make the one a Conſequence of t'other, and alledge that by allowing me any Extent of Time, you muſt grant me any Change of Place, for the one depends upon t'other; and having five or ſix Years for the Action of a Play, I may travel from *Conſtantinople* to *Denmark*, ſo to *France*, and home to *England*, and reſt long enough in each Country beſides. But you'll ſay, How can you carry us with you? Very eaſily, Sir, if you will be willing to go: As for Example; Here is a new Play, the Houſe is throng'd, the Prologue's ſpoken, and the Curtain drawn repreſents you the Scene of *Grand Cairo*. Whereabouts are you now, Sir? Were not you the very Minute before in the Pit in the *Engliſh* Play-houſe talking to a Wench, and now *præſto*, *paſs*, you are ſpirited away to the Banks of the River *Nile*. Surely, Sir, this is a moſt intolerable Improbability; yet this you muſt allow me, or elſe you deſtroy the very Conſtitution of Repreſentation: Then in the ſecond Act, with a Flouriſh of the Fiddles, I change the Scene to *Aſtrachan*. *O this is intolerable!* Look'e, Sir, 'tis not a Jot more intolerable than the other; for you'll find that 'tis much about the ſame Diſtance between *Egypt* and *Aſtrachan*, as it is between *Drury-*

Lane and *Grand Cairo*; and if you pleaſe to let your Fancy take Poſt, it will perform the Journey in the ſame Moment of Time, without any Diſturbance in the World to your Perſon. You can follow *Quintus Curtius* all over *Aſia* in the Train of *Alexander*, and trudge after *Hannibal* like a *Cadet*, through all *Italy*, *Spain* and *Africk*, in the ſpace of four or five Hours; yet the Devil a one of you will ſtir a Step over the Threſhold for the beſt Poet in *Chriſtendom*, tho' he make it his Buſineſs to render Heroes more amiable, and to ſurprize you with more wonderful Accidents and Events.

I am as little a Friend to thoſe rambling Plays as any body, nor have I ever eſpous'd their Party by my own practice; yet I could not forbear ſaying ſomething in Vindication of the great *Shakeſpear*, whom every little Fellow that can form an *Aoriſtus primus* will preſume to condemn for Indecorums and Abſurdities; Sparks that are ſo ſpruce upon their *Greek* and *Latin*, that, like our Fops in Travels, they can reliſh nothing but what is foreign, to let the World know they have been abroad forſooth; but it muſt be ſo, becauſe *Ariſtotle* ſaid it; now I ſay it muſt be otherwiſe, becauſe *Shakeſpear* ſaid it, and I'm ſure that *Shakeſpear* was the greater Poet of the two. But you'll ſay, that *Ariſtotle* was the greater Critick. —— That's a Miſtake, Sir, for Criticiſm in Poetry is no more than Judgment in Poetry; which you will find in your Lexicon. Now if *Shakeſpear* was the better Poet, he muſt have the moſt Judgment in his Art; for every body knows, that Judgment is an eſſential part of Poetry, and without it no Writer is worth a Farthing. But to ſtoop to the Authority of either, without conſulting the Reaſon of the Conſequence, is an Abuſe to a Man's Underſtanding; and neither the Precept of the Philoſopher, nor Example of the Poet ſhould go down with me, without examining the Weight of their Aſſertions. We can expect no more Decorum or Regularity in any Buſineſs, than the Nature of the thing will bear; now

now if the Stage cannot ſubſiſt without the Strength of Suppoſition, and Force of Fancy in the Audience, why ſhould a Poet fetter the Buſineſs of his Plot, and ſtarve his Action for the Nicety of an Hour, or the Change of a Scene, ſince the Thought of Man can fly over a thouſand Years with the ſame Eaſe, and in the ſame Inſtant of Time, that your Eye glances from the Figure of ſix or ſeven on the Dial-Plate; and can glide from the *Cape of Good Hope* to the *Bay of St. Nicolas*, which is quite croſs the World, with the ſame Quickneſs and Activity, as between *Covent-Garden Church* and *Will's Coffee-houſe*. Then I muſt beg of theſe Gentlemen to let our old *Engliſh* Authors alone —— If they have left Vice unpuniſh'd, Virtue unrewarded, Folly unexpos'd, or Prudence unſucceſsful, the contrary of which is the *Utile* of Comedy, let them be laſh'd to ſome purpoſe; if any part of their Plots have been independent of the reſt, or any of their Characters forc'd or unnatural, which deſtroys the *Dulce* of Plays, let them be hiſs'd off the Stage: But, if by a true Decorum in theſe material Points, they have writ ſucceſsfully and anſwer'd the End of Dramatick Poetry in every Reſpect, let them reſt in Peace, and their Memories enjoy the Encomiums due to their Merit, without any Reflexion for waving thoſe Niceties, which are neither inſtructive to the World, nor diverting to Mankind; but are like all the reſt of the critical Learning, fit only to ſet People together by the Ears in ridiculous Controverſies, that are not one Jot material to the Good of the Publick, whether they be true or falſe.

And thus you ſee, Sir, I have concluded a very unneceſſary piece of Work; which is much too long, if you don't like it: But let it happen any way, be aſſur'd, that I intended to pleaſe you, which ſhould partly excuſe

SIR

Your moſt humble S.

Love and a Bottle.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Vade, ſed incultus, qualem decet exulis eſſe,
Ovid. Triſt. El. 1.

LONDON:

Printed for H. LINTOT, and J. CLARK. 1742.

To the Right Honourable

PEREGRINE,

Lord Marquis of *Carmarthen*, &c.

My Lord,

BEing equally a Stranger to your Lordſhip, and the whole Nobility of this Kingdom, ſomething of a natural Impulſe and aſpiring Motion in my Inclinations, has prompted me, tho' I hazard a Preſumption, to declare my Reſpect: And be the Succeſs how it will, I am vain of nothing in this Piece, but the Choice of my Patron; I ſhall be ſo far thought a judicious Author, whoſe principal Buſineſs is to deſign his Works an Offering to the greateſt Honour and Merit.

I cannot here, my Lord, ſtand accuſed of any Sort of Adulation, but to my ſelf, becauſe Complements due to Merit return upon the Giver, and the only Flattery is to my ſelf, whilſt I attempt your Lordſhip's Praiſe. I dare make no Eſſay on your Lordſhip's youthful Bravery and Courage, becauſe ſuch is always guarded with Modeſty, but ſhall venture to preſent you ſome Lines on this Subject, which the World will undoubtedly apply to your Lordſhip.

Courage, the higheſt Gift, that ſcorns to bend
To mean Devices for a ſordid End.

Courage

Courage——— an independent Spark from Heaven's (bright Throne,
By which the Soul ſtands rais'd, triumphant, high,
Great in it ſelf, not Praiſes of the Crowd, (alone,
Above all Vice, it ſtoops not to be proud.
Courage, the mighty Attribute of Powers above,
By which thoſe great in War, are great in Love.
The Spring of all brave Acts is ſeated here,
As Falſhoods draw their ſordid Birth from Fear.

The beſt and nobleſt Part of Mankind pay Homage to Royalty; what Veneration then is due to thoſe Virtues and Endowments which even engag'd the Reſpect of Royalty it ſelf, in the Perſon of one of the greateſt Emperors in the World, who choſe your Lordſhip not only as a Companion, but a Conductor?

He wanted the Fire of ſuch a *Briton* to animate his cold *Ruſſians*, and wou'd therefore chuſe you his Leader in War, as in Travel: He knew the Fury of the *Turk* cou'd be only ſtopt by an *Engliſh* Nobleman, as the Power of *France* was by an *Engliſh* King. A Senſe of this Greatneſs, which might deter others, animates me to addreſs your Lordſhip; reſolv'd that my firſt Muſe ſhou'd take an high and daring Flight, I aſpir'd to your Lordſhip's Protection for this Trifle, which I muſt own my ſelf now proud of, affording me this Opportunity of humbly declaring my ſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted Servant,

G. Farquhar.

PROLOGUE.

By *J. H.* ſpoken by Mr. *Powell*; a Servant attending with a Bottle of Wine.

A ſtubborn Atheiſts, who diſdain to pray,
Repent, tho' late, upon their dying Day;
So in their Pangs, moſt Authors rack'd with Fears,
Implore your Mercy in our ſuppliant Pray'rs.
But our new Author has no Cauſe maintain'd,
Let him not loſe what he has never gain'd,
Love and a Bottle *are his peaceful Arms;*
Ladies and Gallants, have not theſe ſome Charms?
For Love, all Mankind to the Fair muſt ſue:
And, Sirs, the Bottle he preſents to you.
Health to the Play, (drinks) *e'en let it fairly paſs,*
Sure none ſit here that will refuſe their Glaſs!
O there's a damning Soldier —— let me think ——
He looks as he were ſworn — to what? To drink. (drinks.
Come on then; Foot to Foot be boldly ſet,
And our young Author's new Commiſſion wet.
He and his Bottle here attend their Doom,
From you the Poet's Helicon *muſt come;*
If he has any Foes, to make amends,
He gives his Service (drinks) *ſure you now are Friends.*
No Critick here will he provoke to fight,
The Day be theirs, he only begs the Night.
Pray pledge him now, ſecur'd from all Abuſe,
Then name the Health you love, let none refuſe,
But each Man's Miſtreſs be the Poet's Muſe.

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Roebuck.	An *Iriſh* Gentleman, of a wild roving Temper; newly come to *London.*	Mr. *Williams.*
Lovewell.	His Friend, ſober and modeſt, in Love with *Lucinda.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Mockmode.	A young Squire, newly come from the Univerſity, and ſetting up for a Beau.	Mr. *Bullock.*
Lyrick.	A Poet.	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Pamphlet.	A Bookſeller.	Mr. *Haynes.*
Rigadoon.	A Dancing-Maſter.	
Nimblewriſt.	A Fencing-Maſter.	Mr. *Aſhton.*
Club.	Servant to *Mockmode.*	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Bruſh.	Servant to *Lovewell.*	Mr. *Fairbank.*

WOMEN.

Lucinda.	A Lady of conſiderable Fortune.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Leanthe.	Siſter to *Lovewell*, in Love with *Roebuck*, and diſguis'd as *Lucinda*'s Page.	Mrs. *Maria Aſiſon.*
Trudge.	Whore to *Roebuck.*	Mrs. *Mills.*
Bulfinch.	Landlady to *Mockmode*, *Lyric*, and *Trudge.*	Mrs. *Powel.*
Pindreſs.	Attendant and Confident to *Lucinda.*	Mrs. *Moor.*

Bailiffs, Beggar, Porter, Maſques, Attendants.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

LOVE

Love and a Bottle.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

Enter Roebuck *in a Riding Habit* Solus, *repeating the following Line.*

THUS *far our Arms have with Succeſs been Crown'd* —— Heroically ſpoken, faith, of a Fellow that has not one Farthing in his Pocket. If I have one Penny to buy a Halter withal in my preſent Neceſſity, may I be hang'd; tho' I'm reduc'd to a fair way of obtaining one methodically very ſoon, if Robbery or Theft will purchaſe the Gallows. But hold—can't I rob honourably, by turning Soldier?

Enter a Cripple begging.

Crip. One Farthing to the poor old Soldier for the Lord's ſake.

Roeb. Ha!——a Glimpſe of Damnation juſt as a Man is entering into Sin, is no great Policy of the Devil.——But how long did you bear Arms, Friend?

Crip.

Crip. Five Years, an't pleaſe you, Sir.

Roeb. And how long has that honourable Crutch born you?

Crip. Fifteen, Sir.

Roeb. Very pretty! Five Years a Soldier, and fifteen a Beggar!——This is Hell right! An Age of Damnation, for a momentary Offence. Thy Condition, Fellow, is preferable to mine; the merciful Bullet, more kind than thy ungrateful Country, has given thee a Debenture in thy broken Leg, from which thou canſt draw a more plentiful Maintenance than I from all my Limbs in Perfection. Prithee, Friend, why would'ſt thou beg of me? Doſt think I am rich?

Crip. No, Sir, and therefore I believe you Charitable. Your warm Fellows are as much above the Senſe of our Miſery, that they can't pity us; and I have always found it, by ſad Experience, as needleſs to beg of a rich Man, as a Clergy-man. Our greateſt Benefactors, the brave Officers, are all disbanded, and muſt now turn Beggars like my ſelf; and ſo, Times are very hard, Sir.

Roeb. What! Are the Soldiers more charitable than the Clergy?

Crip. Ay, Sir, a Captain will ſay Dam'me, and give me Sixpence; and a Parſon ſhall whine out God bleſs me, and give me not a Farthing: Now I think the Officer's Bleſſing much the beſt.

Roeb. Are the Beau's never compaſſionate?

Crip. The great full Wigs they wear ſtop their Ears ſo cloſe, that they can't hear us; and if they ſhould, they never have any Farthings about 'em.

Roeb. Then I am a Beau, Friend; therefore pray leave me. Begging from a generous Soul that has not to beſtow, is more tormenting than Robbery to a Miſer in his Abundance. Prithee, Friend, be thou charitable for once; I beg only the Favour which rich Friends beſtow, a little Advice: I am as poor as thou art, and am deſigning to turn Soldier.

Crip.

Crip. No, no, Sir, See what an honourable Poſt I am forc'd to ſtand to, my Rags are Scare-crows ſufficient to fright any one from the Field; rather turn Bird of Prey at home. [*Shewing his Crutch.*

Roeb. Grammercy, old Devil; I find Hell has its Pimps of the poorer ſort, as well as of the wealthy. I fancy, Friend, thou haſt got a Cloven Foot inſtead of a broken Leg. 'Tis a hard Caſe that a Man muſt never expect to go nearer Heav'n than ſome ſteps of a Ladder. But 'tis unavoidable; I have my Wants to lead, and the Devil to drive; and if I can't meet my Friend *Lovewell* (which I think impoſſible, being ſo late a Stranger in Town) Fortune thou haſt done thy worſt. I proclaim open War againſt thee.

I'll ſtab the next rich Darling that I ſee;
And killing him, be thus reveng'd on thee.

[*Goes to the back part of the Stage, as into the Walks, making ſome turns croſs the Stage in Diſorder, while the next ſpeak.* Exit Beggar.

Enter Lucinda *and* Pindreſs.

Luc. Oh! theſe Summer Mornings are ſo delicately fine, *Pindreſs*, it does me good to be abroad.

Pin. Ay, Madam, theſe Summer Mornings are as pleaſant to young Folks, as the Winter Nights to marry'd People, or as your Morning of Beauty to Mr. *Lovewell.*

Luc. I'm violently afraid the Evening of my Beauty will fall to his ſhare very ſoon; for I'm inclinable to marry him. I ſhall ſoon lie under an Eclipſe, *Pindreſs.*

Pind. Then it muſt be full Moon with your Ladyſhip. But why wou'd you chuſe to marry in Summer, Madam?

Luc. I know no Cauſe, but that People are apteſt to run mad in hot Weather, unleſs you take a Woman's Reaſon.

Pin.

Pin. What's that, Madam?

Luc. Why, I am weary of lying alone.

Pin. Oh dear Madam! Lying alone is very dangerous; 'tis apt to breed ſtrange Dreams.

Luc. I had the oddeſt Dream laſt Night of my Courtier that is to be, Squire *Mockmode*. He appeared crowded about with a Dancing-Maſter, Puſhing-Maſter, Muſick-Maſter, and all the Throng of Beau-makers; and methought he mimick'd Foppery ſo aukwardly, that his Imitation was downright burleſquing it. I burſt out a laughing ſo herrtily, that I awaken'd my ſelf.

Pin. But Dreams go by Contraries, Madam. Have not you ſeen him yet?

Luc. No; but my Uncle's Letter gives Account that he's newly come to Town from the Univerſity, where his Education could reach no farther than to guzzle ſtrong Ale, ſmoke Tobacco, and chop Logick——Faugh——it makes me ſick.

Pin. But he's very rich, Madam; his Concerns join to yours in the Country.

Luc. Ay, but his Concerns ſhall never joint to mine in the City: For ſince I have the Diſpoſal of my own Fortune, *Lovewell*'s the Man for my Money.

Pin. Ay, and for my Money: for I've had above twenty Pieces from him ſince his Courtſhip began. He's the prettieſt ſober Gentleman; I have ſo ſtrong an Opinion of his Modeſty, that I'm afraid, Madam, your firſt Child will be a Fool.

Luc. Oh God forbid! I hope a Lawyer underſtands Buſineſs better than to beget any thing *non compos*——The Walks fill apace; the Enemy approaches, we muſt ſet out our falſe Colours. [*Put on their Masks.*

Pin. We Masks are the pureſt Privateers! Madam, how would you like to cruiſe about a little?

Luc. Well enough, had we no Enemies but our Fops and Cits: But I dread theſe bluſtring Men of War, the Officers, who after a Broad-ſide of Damme's and Sinkme's, are for boarding all Masks they meet as lawful Prize.

Pin.

Pin. In Truth, Madam, and the moſt of them are lawful Prize, for they generally have *French* Ware under Hatches.

Luc. Oh hideous! O' my Conſcience, Girl, thou'rt quite ſpoil'd. An Actreſs upon the Stage would bluſh at ſuch Expreſſions.

Pin. Ay, Madam, and your Ladyſhip wou'd ſeem to bluſh in the Box, when the Redneſs of your Face proceeded from nothing but the Conſtraint of holding your Laughter. Didn't you chide me for not putting a ſtronger Lace in your Stays, when you had broke one as ſtrong as a hempen Cord with containing a violent Tihee at a ſmutty Jeſt in the laſt Play.

Luc. Go, go, thou'rt a naughty Girl! that impertinent Chat has diverted us from our Buſ'neſs. I'm afraid *Lovewell* has miſs'd us for Want of the Sign. But whom have we here? An old Figure, ſome Gentleman in Diſguiſe, I believe.

Pin. Had he a finer Suit on, I ſhou'd believe him in Diſguiſe; for I fancy his Friends have only known him by that this Twelve-month.

Luc. His Mien and Air ſhew him a Gentleman, and his Cloaths demonſtrate him a Wit. He may afford us ſome Sport. I have a Female Inclination to talk to him.

Pin. Hold, Madam, he looks as like one of thoſe dangerous Men of War you juſt now mention'd as can be; you had beſt ſend out your Pinnace before, to diſcover the Enemy.

Luc. No, I'll hale him my ſelf, (*Moves towards him.* What, Sir, dreaming?

[*Slaps him o'th' Shoulder with her Fan.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam. [*Sullenly.*

Luc. Of what?

Roeb. Of the Devil, and now my Dream's out.

Luc. What! Do you dream ſtanding?

Roeb. Yes, faith, Lady, very often when my Sleep's haunted by ſuch pretty Goblins as you. You are a Sort of Dream I would fain be reading: I'm a very good Interpreter indeed, Madam.

Luc.

Luc. Are you then one of the wiſe Men of th Eaſt?

Roeb. No, Madam; but one of the Fools of th Weſt.

Luc. Pray, what do you mean by that?

Roeb. An *Iriſh-man*, Madam, at your Service.

Luc. Oh horrible! an *Iriſhman!* a mere Wolf-dog I proteſt.

Roeb. Ben't ſurpriz'd, Child; the Wolf-Dog is a well-natur'd an Animal as any of your Country Bull Dogs, and a much more fawning Creature, let me tel ye. [*Lays hold on her*

Luc. Pray, good *Cæſar*, keep off your Paws, n ſcraping Acquaintance for Heaven's Sake. Tell me ſom News of your Country; I have heard the ſtrange Stories, —— that the People wear Horns and Hoofs.

Roeb. Yes, 'faith, a great many wear Horns; bu we had that among other laudable Faſhions, from *London*. I think it came over with your Mode o wearing high Topknots; for ever ſince, the Men and Wives bear their Heads exalted alike. They were both Faſhions that took wonderfully.

Luc. Then you have Ladies among you.

Roeb. Yes, yes, we have Ladies, and Whores; Colleges, and Play-houſes; Churches, and Taverns; fine Houſes, and Bawdy-houſes: In ſhort, every Thing that you can boaſt of, but Fops, Poets, Toads and Adders.

Luc. But have you no Beaus at all?

Roeb. Yes, they come over like Woodcocks, once a Year.

Luc. And have your Ladies no Springes to catch 'em in?

Roeb. No, Madam, our own Country affords us much better Wild-fowl: But they are generally ſtripped of their Feathers by the Play-houſe and Taverns, in both which they pretend to be Criticks; and our ignorant Nation imagines a full Wig as infallible a Token of a Wit as the Laurel.

Luc.

Luc. Oh Lard! and here 'tis the certain Sign of a Blockhead. But why no Poets in *Ireland*, Sir?

Roeb. Faith, Madam, I know not, unleſs St. *Patrick* ſent them a packing with other venomous Creatures out of *Ireland*. Nothing that carries a Sting in its Tongue can live there. But ſince I have deſcribed my Country, let me know a little of *England*, by a Sight of your Face.

Luc. Come you to Particulars firſt. Pray, Sir, unmask, by telling who you are; and then I'll unmask, and ſhew who I am.

Roeb. You muſt diſmiſs your Attendant then, Madam; for the diſtinguiſhing Particular of me is a Secret.

Pin. Sir, I can keep a Secret as well as my Miſtreſs; and the greater the Secrets are, the love 'em the better.

Luc. Can't they be whiſper'd, Sir?

Roeb. Oh yes, Madam, I can give you a Hint, by which you may underſtand 'em ——— [*Pretends to whiſper, and kiſſes her.*

Luc. Sir, you're impudent.

Roeb. Nay, Madam, ſince you're ſo good at minding Folks, have with you. [*Catches her faſt, carrying her off.*

Luc. } Help! help! help!
Pin. }

Enter Lovewell.

Love. Villain, unhand the Lady and defend thy ſelf. [*Draws.*

Roeb. What! Knight Errants in this Country! Now has the Devil very opportunely ſent me a Throat to cut; pray Heaven his Pockets be well lin'd. ——— [*Quits 'em, they go off.*

Have at thee —— St. *George* for *England*.

[*They fight, after ſome Paſſes* Roeb. *ſtarts back and pauſes.*

My Friend *Lovewell!*

My dear *Roebuck!*

[*Fling down their Swords and embrace.*

Shall I believe my Eyes?

Roeb. You may believe your Ears; 'tis I, 'e gad.

Love. Why, thy being in *London* is ſuch a Myſtery, that I muſt have the Evidence of more Senſes than one to confirm me of its Truth. —— But pray unfold the Riddle.

Roeb. Why 'faith 'tis a Riddle. You wonder at it before the Explanation, then wonder more at your ſelf for not gueſſing it —— What is the univerſal Cauſe of the continued Evils of Mankind?

Love. The univerſal Cauſe of our continued Evils, is the Devil ſure.

Roeb. No, 'tis the Fleſh, *Ned* —— That very Woman that drove us all out of *Paradiſe*, has ſent me a packing out of *Ireland*.

Love How ſo?

Roeb. Only taſting the forbidden Fruit, that was all.

Love. Is ſimple Fornication become ſo great a Crime there, as to be puniſhable by no leſs than Baniſhment?

Roeb. I gad, mine was double Fornication, *Ned* —— The Jade was ſo pregnant to bear Twins, the Fruit grew in Cluſters; and my unconſcionable Father, becauſe I was a Rogue in debauching her, wou'd make me a Fool by wedding her: But I would not marry a Whore, and he wou'd not own a diſobedient Son, and ſo ——

Love. But was ſhe a Gentlewoman?

Roeb. Pſhaw! No, ſhe had no Fortune. She wore indeed a Silk Mantua and High-head; but theſe are grown as litttle Signs of Gentility now a-days, as that is of Chaſtity.

Love. But what Neceſſity forc'd you to leave the Kingdom?

Roeb. I'll tell you—To ſhun th' inſulting Arth[illegible] of an incens'd Father, the dull and often repeat[illegible] vice of impertinent Relations, the continual C[illegible] of a furious Woman, and the ſhrill Bawling [illegible] natur'd Baſtard —— From all which, Good Lor[illegible] me.

Love.

Love. And ſo you left them to grand Dadda!—— Ha, ha, ha,

Roeb. Heav'n was pleas'd to leſſen my Affliction, by taking away the She-bear; but the t'other, is, I hope, well, becauſe a brave Boy, whom I chriſten'd *Edward*, after thee, *Lovewell*; I made bold to make my Man ſtand for you, and your Siſter ſent her Maid to give her Name to my Daughter.

Love. Now you talk of my Siſter, pray how does ſhe?

Roeb. Dear *Lovewell*, a very Miracle of Beauty and Goodneſs.—— But I don't like her.

Love. Why?

Roeb. She's virtuous;——and I think Beauty and Virtue are as ill joined as Lewdneſs and Uglineſs.

Love. But I hope your Arguments could not make her a Proſelyte to this Profeſſion?

Roeb. Faith I endeavour'd it; but that plaguy Honour——Damn it for a Whim——Were it as honourable for Women to be Whores, as Men to be Whoremaſters, we ſhou'd have Lewdneſs as great a Mark of Quality among the Ladies, as 'tis now among the Lords.

Love. What! do you hold no innate Principle of Virtue in Women?

Roeb. I hold an innate Principle of Love in them: Their Paſſions are as great as ours, their Reaſon weaker. We admire them, and conſequently they muſt us. And I tell thee once more, That had Women no Safe-guard but your innate Principle of Virtue, honeſt *George Roebuck* wou'd have lain with your Siſter, *Ned*, and ſhou'd enjoy a Counteſs before Night.

Love. But methinks, *George*, 'twas not fair to tempt [illegible] Siſter.

Roeb. Methinks 'twas not fair of thy Siſter, *Ned*, to tempt me. As ſhe was thy Siſter, I had no Deſign upon her; but as ſhe's a pretty Woman, I could ſcarcely forbear her, were ſhe my own.

Love. But, upon ſerious Reflection, cou'd not you have liv'd better at home by turning thy Whore into

thy Wife, than here by turning other Men's Wives into Whores? There are Merchants Ladies in *London*, and you muſt trade with them, for ought I ſee.

Roeb. Ay, but is the Trade open? Is the Manufacture encourag'd, old Boy?

Love. Oh, wonderfully! —— a great many poor People live by't. Tho' the Husbands are for engroſſing the Trade, the Wives are altogether for encouraging Interlopers. But I hope you have brought ſome ſmall Stock to ſet up with.

Roeb. The Greatneſs of my Wants, which wou'd force me to diſcover 'em, makes me bluſh to own 'em. [*Aſide.*] Why faith, *Ned*, I had a great Journey from *Ireland* hither, and wou'd burthen my ſelf with no more than juſt neceſſary Charges.

Love. Oh, then you have brought Bills.

Roeb. No faith. Exchange of Money from *Dublin* hither, is ſo unreaſonable high, that ——

Love. What!

Roeb. That —— Zoons, I have not one Farthing —— now you underſtand me.

Love. No faith, I never underſtand one that comes *in forma pauperis*; I ha'n't ſtudy'd the Law ſo long for nothing. —— But what Proſpect can you propoſe of a Supply?

Roeb. I'll tell you. When you appear'd, I was juſt thanking my Stars for ſending me a Throat to cut, and conſequently a Purſe. But my Knowledge of you prevented me of that Way, and therefore I think you're oblig'd in Return to aſſiſt me by ſome better Means. You were once an honeſt Fellow; but ſo long Study in the Inns may alter a Man ſtrangely, as you ſay.

Love. No, dear *Roebuck*, I'm ſtill a Friend to thy Virtues, and eſteem thy Follies as Foils or [illegible] them off. I did but rally you; and to convince [illegible] here are ſome Pieces, Share of what I have about me. Take them as Earneſt of my ſartner Supply; you know my Eſtate is ſufficient to maintain us both, if you will either reſtrain your Extravagancies, or I retrench my Neceſſaries.

Roe

Roeb. Thy Profeſſion of Kindneſs is ſo great, that I cou'd almoſt ſuſpect it of Deſign. But come, Friend, I am heartily tir'd with the Fatigue of my Journey, beſides a violent Fit of Sickneſs, which detain'd me a Month at *Coventry*, to the exhauſting of my Health and Money. Let me only recruit by a Reliſh of the Town in Love and a Bottle, and then —— O Heavens! and Earth!

[*As they are going off,* Roebuck *ſtarts back ſurpriz'd.*

Love. What's the matter, Man?

Roeb. Why, Death and the Devil! or, what's worſe, a Woman and a Child —— Oons! don't you ſee Mrs. *Trudge* with my Baſtard in her Arms croſſing the Field towards us? —— Oh the indefatigable Whore, to follow me all the Way to *London!*

Love. Mrs. *Trudge!* my old Acquaintance!

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very ſame; your old Acquaintance; and for ought I know, you might have clubb'd about getting the Brats.

Love. 'Tis but reaſonable then I ſhou'd pay Share of the Reckoning. I'll help to provide for her; in the mean Time you had beſt retire. —— *Bruſh,* conduct this Gentleman to my Lodgings, and run from thence to Widow *Bulfinch*'s, and provide a Lodging with her for a Friend of mine. —— Fly, and come back preſently. — [*Exit* Roeb, *and* Bruſh. —— So; my Friend comes to Town like the Great *Turk* to the Field, attended by his Concubines and Children; and I'm afraid theſe are but Part of his Retinue —— But hold —— I ſhan't be able to ſuſtain the Shock of this Woman's Fury. I'll withdraw till ſhe has diſcharg'd her firſt Volley, then ſurprize her.

Enter Trudge, *with a Child crying.*

[illegible] huſh, huſh —— And indeed it was a young [illegible]ler. —— And what wou'd it ſay? It ſays that Daddy is a falſe Man, a cruel Man, an ungrateful Man. —— In troth ſo he is, my dear Child. —— What ſhall I do with it, poor Creature! —— Huſh, huſh —— Was ever poor Woman in ſuch a la[illegible]le Condition? Immediately after the Pains of

one Travail, to undergo the Fatigues of another!—— But I'm ſure, he can never do well; for tho' I can't find him, my Curſes, and the Miſery of this Babe, will certainly reach him.

Love. Methinks I ſhou'd know that Voice——— [*Moving forward.*] What! Mrs. *Trudge!* and in *London!* whoſe brave Boy haſt thou got there?

Trud. Oh Lord! Mr. *Lovewell!* I'm very glad to ſee you——and yet am aſham'd to ſee you. But indeed he promis'd to marry me, [*Crying*] and you know, Mr. *Lovewell*, that he's ſuch a handſome Man, and has ſo many Ways of inſinuating, that the Frailty of Woman's Nature could not reſiſt him.

Love. What's all this?——A handſome Man! Ways of inſinuating! Frailty of Nature!——I don't underſtand theſe ambiguous Terms.

Trud. Ah, Mr. *Lovewell!* I'm ſure you have ſeen Mr. *Roebuck*, and I'm ſure 'twould be the firſt Thing he would tell you. I refer to you, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he is not an ungrateful Man, to deal ſo barbarouſly with any Woman that had us'd him ſo civilly. I was kinder to him than I wou'd have been to my own born Brother.

Love. O then I find Kiſſing goes by Favour, Mrs. *Trudge.*

Trud. Faith you're all alike, you Men are alike—— Poor Child! he's as like his own Dadda, as if he were ſpit out of his Mouth. See, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he has not Mr. *Roebuck*'s Noſe to a Hair; and you know he has a very good Noſe; and the little Rigſby his Mamma's Mouth.—Oh the little Lips! and 'tis the beſt natur'd little Dear—— [*Smuggles and kiſſes it.*] ——And wou'd it ask its Godfather's Bleſſing?—— Indeed, Mr. *Lovewell*, I believe the Child [illegible] you.

Love. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I will give it my Bleſſing [illegible]

[*Gives it Gold.*

[*As he gives her the Gold, enter* Lucinda *and* Pindreſs, *who ſeeing them* [illegible] *and, abſcon*

Come, Madam, I'll firſt ſettle you in a Lodging;

then find the falſe Man, as you call him———

[*Exit* Love.

Lucinda *and* Pindreſs *come forward.*

Luc. The falſe Man is found already.——Was there ever ſuch a lucky Diſcovery?——My Care for his Preſervation brought me back, and now behold how my Kindneſs is return'd!——Their Fighting was a downright Trick to frighten me from the Place, thereby to afford him an Opportunity of entertaining his Whore and Brat.

Pin. Your Conjecture, Madam, bears a Colour: for looking back, I could perceive 'em talk very familiarly; ſo that they ſeem'd not be Strangers as their pretended Quarrel would intimate.

Luc. 'Tis all true, as he is falſe.——What! ſlighted! deſpis'd! my honourable Love truck'd for a Whore! Oh Villain! Epitome of the Sex!——But I'll be reveng'd. I'll marry the firſt Man that asks me the Queſtion; nay, though he be a diſbanded Soldier, or a poor Poet, or a ſenſeleſs Fop;——Nay, tho' impotent, I'll marry him.

Pin. Oh, Madam! that's to be reveng'd on your ſelf.

Luc. I care not, Fool! I deſerve Puniſhment for my Credulity, as much as he for his Falſhood.——And you deſerve it too, Minx; your Perſuaſions drew me to this Aſſignation: I never lov'd the falſe Man.

Pin. That's falſe, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*

Luc. But you thought to get another Piece of Gold. We ſhall have him giving you Money on the ſame Score, he was ſo liberal to his Whore juſt now.

[*Walks about in Paſſion.*

Enter Lovewell.

Love. So much for Friendſhip——now for my Love.——I han't tranſgreſſed much——Oh, there ſhe is,——Oh my Angel!——[*Runs to her.*

Luc. Oh you Devil! [*Starts back.*

Love. No, unleſs you damn me, Madam.

Luc. You're damn'd already; you're a Man.

[*Exit, puſhing* Pindreſs.

Love. You're a Woman, I'll be ſworn. —— Hey day! what giddy Female Planet rules now! By the Lord, theſe Women are like their Maiden-heads, no ſooner found than loſt. — Here, *Bruſh*, run after *Pindreſs*, and know the Occaſion of this. — [Bruſh *runs.*] —— Stay, come back. — Zoons, I'm a Fool.

Bruſh. That's the firſt wiſe Word you have ſpoken theſe two Months.

Love. Trouble me with your untimely Jeſts, Sirrah, and I'll ————

Bruſh. Your Pardon, Sir; I'm in down-right Earneſt. 'Tis a leſs Slavery to be Apprentice to a famous Clap Surgeon, than to a Lover. He falls out with me, becauſe he can't fall in with his Miſtreſs. I can bear it no longer.

Love. Sirrah, what are you mumbling?

Bruſh. A ſhort Prayer before I depart, Sir. — I have been theſe three Years your Servant, but now, Sir, I'm your humble Servant. [*Bows as going.*

Love. Hold, you ſha'n't leave me.

Bruſh. Sir, you can't be my Maſter.

Love. Why ſo?

Bruſh. Becauſe you're not your own Maſter; yet one would think you might, for you have loſt your Miſtreſs. Oons! Sir, let her go, and a fair Riddance. Who throws away a Teſter and a Miſtreſs, loſes Sixpence. That little pimping *Cupid* is a blind Gunner. Had he ſhot as many Darts as I have carry'd *Billet Deux*, he wou'd have laid her kicking with her Heels up e'er now. In ſhort, Sir, my Patience is worn to the Stumps with attending; my Shoes and Stockings are upon their laſt Legs with trudging between you have ſweat out all my Moiſture of my Hand with pa ing your clammy Letters upon her. I have. ——

Love. Hold, Sir, your Trouble is now at an End, for I deſign to marry her.

Bruſh. And have you courted her theſe three Yea for nothing but a Wife!

Love. Do you think, Raſcal, I wou'd have taken ſo much Pains to make her a Miſs?

Bruſh. No, Sir, the tenth Part on't wou'd ha' done. —But if you are reſolv'd to marry, God b'w'ye.

Love. What's the Matter now, Sirrah?

Bruſh. Why, the Matter will be, that I muſt then pimp for her —Hark ye, Sir, what have you been doing all this While, but teaching her the Way to cuckold ye? ——Take care, Sir; look before you leap. You have a tickliſh Point to manage. ——Can you tell, Sir, what's her Quarrel to you now?

Love. I can't imagine. I don't remember that ever I offended her.

Bruſh. That's it, Sir. She reſolves to put your Eaſineſs to the Teſt now, that ſhe may with more Security rely upon't hereafter. —Always ſuſpect thoſe Women of Deſigns that are for ſearching into the Humours of their Courtiers; for they certainly intend to try them when they're marry'd.

Love. How cam'ſt thou ſuch an Engineer in Love?

Bruſh. I have ſprung ſome Mines in my Time, Sir; and ſince I have trudg'd ſo long about your amorous Meſſages, I have more Intrigue in the Sole of my Feet, than ſome Blockheads in their whole Body.

Love. Sirrah, have you ever diſcover'd any Behaviour in this Lady, to occaſion this ſuſpicious Diſcourſe?

Bruſh. Sir, has this Lady ever diſcover'd any Behaviour of yours to occaſion this ſuſpicious Quarrel? I believe the Lady has as much of the innate Principle of Virtue (as the Gentleman ſaid) as any Woman. But that Baggage, her Attendant, is about raviſhing her Lady's Page every Hour. 'Tis an old Saying, *Like Maſter, like Man*; why not as well, *like Miſtreſs, like Maid*?

Love. Since thou art for trying Humours, have with you, Madam *Lucinda*. Beſides, ſo fair an Opportunity offers, that Fate ſeem'd to deſign it. —— Have you left the Gentleman at my Lodgings?

Bruſh. Yes, Sir, and ſent a Porter to his Inn to bring his Things thither.

Love. That's right. —— Love, like other Diſeaſes, muſt ſometimes have a deſperate Cure. The School of *Venus* impoſes the ſtrict Diſcipline: And a wild *Cupid* is a chaſtning God: He whips ſeverely. ——

Bruſh. Not if we kiſs the Rod. (*Exeunt.*

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE, *Lovewell's Lodgings.*

Enter Lovewell, Roebuck *dreſs'd, and* Bruſh.

Love. 'My Conſcience, the fawning Creature loves you.

Roeb. Ay, the conſtant Effects of debauching a Woman are, that ſhe infallibly loves the Man for doing the Buſineſs, and he certainly hates her. —— But what Company is ſhe like to have at this ſame Widow's, *Bruſh?*

Bruſh. Oh the beſt of Company, Sir, a Poet lives there, Sir.

Roeb. They're the worſt Company, for they're ill-natur'd.

Bruſh. Ah, Sir, but it does no Body any Harm; for theſe Fellows that get Bread by their Wits are always forc'd to eat their Words. They muſt be good-natur'd, 'ſpight of their Teeth, Sir. 'Tis ſaid he pays his Lodging by cracking ſome ſmutty Jeſts with his Landlady over night; for ſhe's very well pleas'd with his Natural Parts. [*While* Roeb. *and* Bruſh *talk,* Lovewell *ſeems to project ſomething by himſelf.*

Roeb. What other Lodgers are there?

Bruſh. One newly enter'd, a young Squire, juſt come from the Univerſity.

Roeb. A mere Peripatetick, I warrant him. ——— A very pretty Family; a Heathen Philoſopher, an *Engliſh* Poët, and an *Iriſh Whore*. Had the Landlady but an *Highland* Piper to join with 'em, ſhe might ſet up for a Collection of Monſters. ——— Any body within? [*Slaps* Lovewell *on the Shoulder.*

Love. Yes, you are my Friend. All my Thoughts were employ'd about you. In ſhort, I have one Requeſt to make, That you would renounce your looſe wild Courſes, and lead a ſober Life, as I do.

Roeb. That I will, if you'll grant me a Boon.

Love. You ſhall have it, be't what it will.

Roeb. That you wou'd relinquiſh your preciſe ſober Behaviour, and live like a Gentleman, as I do.

Love. That I can't grant.

Roeb. Then we're off: Tho' ſhou'd your Women prove no better than your Wine, my Debaucheries will fall of themſelves, for want of Temptation.

Love. Our Women are worſe than our Wine; our Claret has but little of the *French* in't, but our Wenches have the Devil and all: They are both adulterated; to prevent the Inconveniences of which, I'll provide you an honourable Miſtreſs.

Roeb. An honourable Miſtreſs; what's that?

Love. A virtuous Lady, whom you muſt love and court; the ſureſt Method of reclaiming you. ——— As thus: ———Thoſe ſuperfluous Pieces you throw away in Wine, may be laid out ———

Roeb. To the poor?

Love. No, no: In Sweet-Powder, Cravats, Garters, Snuff-boxes, Ribbons, Coach-hire, and Chair-hire. Thoſe idle Hours which you miſpend with lewd ſophiſticated Wenches, muſt be dedicated ———

Roeb. To the Church?

Love. No: To the innocent and charming Converſation of your virtuous Miſtreſs; by which means, the two moſt exorbitant Debaucheries, Drinking and Whoreing, will be retrench'd.

Roeb.

Roeb. A very fine Retrenchment truly! I muſt firſt deſpiſe the honeſt jolly Converſation at the Tavern, for the foppiſh, affected, dull, inſipid Entertainment at the Chocolate houſe; muſt quit my Freedom with ingenious Company, to harneſs my ſelf to Foppery among the Fluttering crowd of *Cupid*'s Liveries boys. ——— The ſecond Article is, That I muſt reſign the Company of lewd Women for that of my innocent Miſtreſs; that is, I muſt change my eaſy natural Sin of Wenching, to that conſtrain'd Debauchery of Lying and Swearing. ——— The many Lies and Oaths that I made to thy Siſter, will go nearer to damn me, than if I had enjoy'd her a hundred times over.

Love. Oh *Roebuck!* your Reaſon will maintain the contrary, when you're in Love.

Roeb. That is, when I have loſt my Reaſon; Come, come, a Wench, a Wench, a ſoft, white, eaſy, conſenting Creature! ——— Prithee, *Ned*, leave Muſtineſs, and ſhew me the Varieties of the Town.

Love. A Wench is the leaſt Variety ——— Look out ——— See what a numerous Train trip along the Street here. ——— [*Pointing outwards.*

Roeb. Oh *Venus!* all theſe fine ſtately Creatures! Fare you well, *Ned.* ———

[*Runs out*; Lovewell *catches him, and pulls him back.* Prithee let me go; 'Tis a Deed of Charity; I'm quite ſtarv'd. I'll juſt take a ſnap, and be with you in the twinkling ——— As you're my Friend ——— I muſt go.

Love. Then we muſt break for all together. ——— [*Quits him.*] ——— He that will leave his Friend for a Whore, I reckon a Commoner in Friendſhip as in Love.

Roeb. If you ſaw how ill that ſerious Face becomes a Fellow of your Years, you wou'd never wear it again. Youth is taking in any Mask but Gravity.

Love. Tho' Lewdneſs ſuits no worſe with your Circumſtances, Sir.

Roeb.

Roeb. Ay, theſe Circumſtances! Damn theſe Circumſtances. ——There he has hamſtring'd me. This Poverty! how it makes a Man ſneak! ——Well, prithee let me know this deviliſh virtuous Lady. By the Circumſtances of my Body, I ſhall ſoon be off or on with her.

Love. Know then for thy utter Condemnation, that ſhe's a Lady of Eighteen, Beautiful, Witty, and nicely Virtuous.

Roeb. A Lady of Eighteen! Good ——Beautiful! Better ——Witty!——Beſt of all. ——Now with theſe three Qualifications, if ſhe be nicely virtuous, then I'll henceforth adore every thing that wears a Petticoat ——Witty and Virtuous! Ha, ha, ha. Why, 'tis as inconſiſtent in Ladies as Gentlemen; and were I to debauch one for a Wager, her Wit ſhould be my Bawd ——Come, come, the forbidden Fruit was pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge, Boy.

Love. Right ——But there was a cunninger Devil than you to tempt. ——I'll aſſure you, *George*, your Rhetorick wou'd fail you here; ſhe wou'd worſt you at your own Weapons.

Roeb. Ay, or any Man in *England*, if ſhe be Eighteen, as you ſay.

Love. Have a care, Friend, this Satyr will get you torn in pieces by the Females; you'll fall into *Orpheus*'s Fate.

Roeb. *Orpheus* was a Blockhead, and deſerv'd his Fate.

Love. Why?

Roeb. Becauſe he went to Hell for a Wife.

Love. This happens right ——[*Aſide*] ——But you ſhall go to Heav'n for a Miſtreſs, you ſhall court this Divine Creature ——I don't deſire you to fall in Love with her; I don't intend you ſhould marry her [illegible]: But you muſt be convinc'd of the Chaſtity of the Sex; tho' if you ſhould conquer her, the Spoil you [illegible] will be glorious, and infinitely worth the Pains in attaining.

Roeb.

Roeb. Ay, but *Ned,* my Circumſtances, my Circumſtances.———

Love. Come, you ſhan't want Money.

Roeb. Then I dare attempt it. Money is the Sinews of Love, as of War. Gad, Friend, thou art the braveſt Pimp I ever heard of ——Well, give me Directions to ſail by, the Name of my Port, lade my Pockets, and then for the Cape of Good Hope.

Love. You need no Directions as to the manner of Courtſhip.

Roeb. No, I have ſeen ſome few Principles, on which my Courtſhip's founded, which ſeldom fail. To let a Lady rely upon my Modeſty, but to depend my ſelf altogether upon my Impudence; to uſe a Miſtreſs like a Deity in publick, but like a Woman in private: To be as cautious then of asking an impertinent Queſtion, as afterwards of telling a Story; remembring, that the Tongue is the only Member that can't hurt a Lady's Honour, though touch'd to the tendereſt Part.

Love. Oh! but to a Friend, *George*; you'll tell a Friend your Succeſs.

Roeb. No, not to her very ſelf: it muſt be as private as Devotion ——No babbling, unleſs a ſquawling Brat peeps out to tell Tales ——But where lies my Courſe?

Love. Bruſh ſhall ſhew you the Houſe; the Lady's Name is *Lucinda*; her Father and Mother dead; ſhe's Heireſs to Twelve Hundred a Year: But above all, obſerve this; She has a Page which you muſt get on your ſide; 'Tis a very pretty Boy; I preſented him to the Lady about a Fortnight ago; he's your Country-man too; he brought me a Letter from my Siſter, which I have about me.——Here, you may read it.

Roeb. Ay, 'tis her Hand; I know it well; and I almoſt bluſh to ſee it. [*Aſide.*

[*Reads.*

[*Reads.*] Dear Brother,

A Lady of my Acquaintance lately dying, begg'd me as her laſt Requeſt, to provide for this Boy, who is her Page, I hope I have obey'd my Friend's laſt Commands, and oblig'd a Brother, by ſending him to you. Pray diſpoſe of him as much as you can for his Advantage. All Friends are well, and I am

Your affectionate Siſter, *Leanthe.*

[*While he reads,* Lovewell *talks to* Bruſh, *and gives him ſome Directions ſeemingly.*

All Friends are well; Is that all? Not a word of poor *Roebuck* ——— I wonder ſhe ne'er mention'd nothing of my Misfortunes to her Brother. But ſhe has forgot me already. True Woman ſtill ——— Well, I may excuſe her, for I'm making all the haſte I can to forget her.

Love. Be ſure you have an Eye upon him, and come to me preſently at Widow *Bulfinch*'s ———

[*To* Bruſh.] ——— Well, *George*, you won't communicate your Succeſs? [*Aſide.*

Roeb. You may gueſs what you pleaſe ——— I'm as merry after a Miſtreſs as after a Bottle. ——— All Air; brim full of Joy, like a Bumper of Claret, ſmiling and ſparkling.

Love. Then you'll certainly run over.

Roeb. No, no, nor ſhall I drink to any Body ———

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to a Dining-room in Widow* Bulfinch's *Houſe, a Flute, Muſick-book upon the Table; Caſe of Toys hanging up.* ———

Enter Rigadoon *the Dancing-Maſter, leading in* Mockmode *by both hands; as teaching him the Minuet; he ſings; and* Mockmode *dances awkwardly;* Club *follows.*

Rig. Tal ——— dal ——— deral ——— One ——— Two ———
Tal ——— dal ——— dal ——— deral ——— Coupe ——— Tal ——— dal ——— deral

deral—Very well—dal—deral—Wrong.—Tal—dal—deral—Toes out—Tal dal—deral—Obſerve Time:—Very well indeed, Sir; you ſhall dance as well as any Man in *England*; you have an excellent Diſpoſition in your Limbs, Sir.—Obſerve me, Sir.

[*Here the Maſter dances a new Minuet; and at every Cut* Club *makes an awkward Imitation by leaping up.*

And ſo forth, Sir.

Mock. I'm afraid we ſhall diſturb my Landlady.

Rig. Landlady! You muſt have a care of that; ſhe'll never pardon you.—Landlady! Every Woman from a Counteſs to a Kitchen-wench, is *Madam*; and every Man, from a Lord to a Lacquey, *Sir*.

Mock. Shall I then loſe my Title of 'Squire, 'Squire *Mockmode*?

Rig. By all means, Sir, 'Squire and Fool are the ſame thing here.

Mock. That's very comical, faith—But is there an Act of Parliament for that, Mr. *Rigadoon?*—Well, ſince I can't be a 'Squire, I'll do as well; I have a great Eſtate, and want only to be a great Beau to qualifie me either for a Knight or a Lord. By the Univerſe, I have a great Mind to bind my ſelf 'Prentice to a Beau—Cou'd I but dance well, puſh well, play upon the Flute, and ſwear the moſt modiſh Oaths, I wou'd ſet up for Quality with e'er a young Nobleman of 'em all—Pray what are the moſt faſhionable Oaths in Town? *Zoons*, I take it, is a very becoming One.

Rig. Zoons is only us'd by the disbanded Officers and Bullies: But Zauns is the Beaux Pronunciation.

Mock. Zauns.

Club. Zauns.

Rig. Yes, Sir, we ſwear as we [illegible]; ſmooth, and with a Cadence.—Zauns! 'tis harmonious, and pleaſes the Ladies, becauſe [illegible]—Zauns, Madam—is the only Complement your great Beaux paſs on a Lady.

Mock.

Mock. But ſuppoſe a Lady ſpeaks to me, what muſt I ſay?

Rig. Nothing, Sir ——you muſt take Snuſh, grin, and make her an humble Cringe ——— Thus:

[He bows Foppiſhly, and takes Snuſh; Mockmode imitates him awkwardly: and taking Snuſh ſneezes.

O Lard, Sir, you muſt never ſneeze; 'tis as unbecoming after *Orangeree*, as Grace after Meat.

Mock. I thought People took it to clear the Brain.

Rig. The Beaux have no Brains at all, Sir; their Skull is a perfect Snuſh-box; and I heard a Phyſician ſwear, who open'd one of 'em, that the three Diviſions of his Head were fill'd with *Orangeree*, *Bourgamot*, and *Plain Spaniſh*.

Mock. Zauns, I muſt ſneeze ——[*Sneezes.*] ——— Bleſs me.

Rig. O fie, Mr. *Mockmode!* What a Puritanical Expreſſion that is! ——Bleſs me! ——You ſhou'd upon all ſuch Occaſions cry, Dem me. You would be as nauſeous to the Ladies, as one of the old Patriarchs, if you us'd that obſolete Expreſſion.

Club. I find that going to the Devil is very modiſh in this Town. ——— Pray, Maſter Dancing-Maſter, what Religion may theſe Beaux be of?

Rig. A ſort of *Indians* in their Religion, they worſhip the firſt thing they ſee in the Morning.

Mock. What's that, Sir?

Rig. Their own Shadows in the Glaſs; and ſome of 'em ſuch Helliſh Faces, that may frighten 'em into Devotion.

Mock. Then they are *Indians* right, for they worſhip the Devil.

Rig. Then you ſhall be as great a Beau as any of 'em. But you muſt be ſure to mind your Dancing.

Mock. Is not Muſick very convenient too? ——I can play the Bells and *Maiden Fair* already. *Alamire, Bifabemi, C Fol, Delaſol, Elami, Effaut, Geſolreut.* I have 'em all by heart already. But I have been plaguily puzzl'd about the Etymology of theſe Notes; and

and certainly a Man cannot arrive at any Perfection, unleſs he underſtands the Derivation of the Terms.

Rig. O Lard, Sir! That's eaſy. *Eſſaut* and *Geſolreut* were two famous *German* Muſicians, and the reſt were *Italians*.

Mock. But why are they only ſeven?

Rig. From a prodigious great Baſs-Viol with ſeven Strings, that play'd a Jig call'd, the *Muſick of the Spheres*; The ſeven Planets were nothing but Fiddle-ſtrings.

Mock. Then your Stars have made you a Dancing-Maſter?

Rig. O Lard, Sir! *Pythagoras* was a Dancing-Maſter; he ſhews the Creation to be a Country Dance, where after ſome Antick Changes, all the Parts fell into their Places, and there they ſtand ready, till the next ſqueak of a Philoſopher's Fiddle ſets them a dancing again.

Club. Sir, here comes the Puſhing-Maſter.

Rig. Then I'll be gone. But you muſt have a care of puſhing, 'twill ſpoil the Niceneſs of your Steps. Learn a Flouriſh or two; and that's all a Beau can have Occaſion for.

Enter Nimblewriſt.

Mock. Oh, Mr. *Nimblewriſt!* I crave you ten thouſand Pardons, by the Univerſe.

Nimb. That was a home Thruſt. Good Sir, I hope you're for a Breathing this Morning. [*Takes down a Foil.*]——I'll aſſure you, Mr. *Mockmode*, you will make an excellent Swordſman; you're as well ſhap'd for Fencing as any Man in *Europe*. The Duke of *Burgundy* is juſt of your Make; he puſhes the neſt of any Man in *France*.——Sa, ſa——like Lightning.

Mock. I'm much in love with Fencing: But, I think, Backſword is the beſt Play.

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir!——Have you ever been in *France*, Sir?

Mock. No, Sir; but I underſtand the Geography of

of it. ——— *France* is bounded on the North with the *Rhine*. ——

Nimb. No, Sir; a *Frenchman* is bounded on the North with Quart, on the South with Tierce, and so forth. 'Tis a noble Art, Sir; and every one that wears a Sword is oblig'd by his Tenure to learn. The Rules of Honour are engrav'd on my Hilt, and my Blade must maintain 'em. My Sword's my Herald, and the bloody Hand my Coat of Arms.

Mock. And how long have you profeſs'd this Noble Art, Sir?

Nimb. Truly, Sir, I ſerv'd an Apprenticeſhip to this Trade, Sir.

Mock. What, are ye a Corporation then?

Nimb. Yes, Sir; the Surgeons have taken us into theirs, becauſe we make ſo much Work for 'em. —— But, as I was telling you, Sir, I profeſs'd this Science till the Wars broke out; But then, when every body got Commiſſions, I put in for one, ſerv'd the Campaigns in *Flanders*; and when the Peace broke out, was disbanded; ſo among a great many other poor Rogues, am forc'd to betake to my old Trade. Now the publick Quarrel's ended, I live by private ones. I live ſtill by dying, as the Song goes, Sir. While we have *Engliſh* Courage, *French* Honour and *Spaniſh* Blades among us, I ſhall live, Sir.

Mock. Surely your Sword and Skill did the King great Service abroad.

Nimb. Yes, Sir; I kill'd above fifteen of our own Officers by private Duels in the Camp, Sir; kill'd 'em fairly; kill'd 'em thus, Sir—Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa, Parry, thruſt, parry. ——

[*He puſhes* Mockmode *on the Ribs; he ſtrikes* Nimblewriſt *over the Head, and breaks the Foil.*

Club. What's the Name of that Thruſt, pray, Sir?

Nimb. Oh Lord, Sir! he did not touch me, not in the leaſt—Sir, the Foil was crack'd, a palpable Crack. [*Blood runs down his Face.*

Club. A very palpable Crack truly. Your Skull is only crack'd, palpably crack'd, that's all.

Mock.

Mock. Well, Sir, if you pleaſe to teach me my Honours ——— My Dancing-Maſter has forbid me any more, leſt I ſhould diſcompoſe my Steps.

Nimb. Your Dancing-Maſter is a Blockhead, Sir.

Enter Rigadoon.

Rig. I forgot my Gloves, and ſo ———

Mock. Oh Sir! he calls you Blockhead, by the Univerſe.

Rig. Zauns, Sir ——— [*Foppiſhly.*

Nimb. Zoons, Sir ——— [*Bluffiſhly.*

Rig. I have more Wit in the ſole of my Foot, than you have in your whole Body.

Nimb. Ay, Sir, you Capering dancers dance all your Brains into your Heels, which makes you carry ſuch empty Noddles. Your Rational's revers'd, carrying your Understandings in your Legs. Your Wit is the perfect *Antipodes* to other Mens.

Rig. And what are you, good Monſieur, ſa, ſa? Stand upon your Guard, Mr. *Mockmode*, he's the greateſt falſifier in his Art; he'll fill your Head ſo full of *French* Principles of Honour, that you won't have one of Honeſty left. His Breaſt-plate there he calls the But of Honour; at which all the Fools in the Kingdom ſhoot, and not one can hit the Mark.

Nimb. You talk of *Robin Hood*, who never ſhot in his Bow, Sir, ——You Dancers are the Battledoors of the Nation, that toſs the light foppiſh Shuttlecocks to and agen, to get your ſelves in heat. —— Have a care, Mr. *Mockmode*; this Fellow will make a mere Graſhopper of you——Sir, you're the grand Pimp to Foppery and Lewdneſs; and the Devil and a Dancing Maſter, dance a Corante over the whole Kingdom.

Rig. A Pimp, Sir! What then, Sir? I engage Couples into the Bed of Love, but you match 'em into the Bed of Honour. We only juggle People out of their Chaſtity, but you cheat 'em out of their Lives. We ſhall have you, Mr. *Mockmode*, grinning in the Bed of Honour, as if you laugh'd at the Fool who muſt be hang'd for you ——Which is beſt, Mr. *Nimblewriſt*, an eaſy Minuet, or a *Tyburn* Jigg?

Nimb.

Nimb. Don't provoke my Sword, Sir, leſt that Art you ſo revile ſhou'd revenge it ſelf; for every one of you that live by Dancing, ſhou'd die by Puſhing, Sir.

Rig. And every Man that lives by Puſhing, ſhou'd die by Dancing, I take it.

Nimb. Zoons, Sir! What d'ye mean?

Rig. Nothing, Sir; —— Tal——dal——deral—— [*Dances.*]——This takes the Ladies, Mr. *Mockmode*; this runs away with all the great Fortunes in Town. Tho' you be a Fool, a Fop, a Coward, dance well, and you captivate the Ladies. The moving a Man's Limbs prettily, does the Buſineſs. If you want a Fortune, come to me——Tal——dal——deral—— [*Dances.*]

Nimb. No, no, to me, Sir,—ſa, ſa,—does your Buſineſs ſooneſt with a Woman: A clean and manly Extenſion of all your parts—Ha—Carrying a true Point is the Matter.——Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa,——Defend your ſelf. [*Puſhes at* Rigadoon, *who dances and ſings, retiring off the Stage.*

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. O Goodneſs! What a Room's here! Could not Fellows wipe their Feet before they came up? And here's ſuch a tripping and ſuch a ſtamping, that they have broke down all the Cieling. You Dancing and Fencing-Maſters have been the Downfal of many Houſes. Get out of my Doors——my Houſe was never in ſuch a pickle.——You Country Gentlemen, newly come to a *London*, like your own Spaniels out of a Pond, muſt be ſhaking the Water off, and beſpatter every body about you ——

[Mockmode *having taken Snuff, offering to ſneeze, ſneezes in her Face.*

Mock. Zauns, Madam, [*Sneezes.*]——Bleſs me!—Dem me, I mean:

Bull. He's painted. The curſed Flies have blown upon him already.

Mock. Sa, ſa,——Defend Flankonade, Madam.

Bull.

Bull. Ah, Mr. *Mockmode*, my Puſhing and Dancing Days are done: But I had a Son, Mr. *Mockmode*, that wou'd match you——Ah, my poor *Robin!* He dy'd of an Apoplexy; he was as pretty a young Man as ever ſtep'd into a black Leather Shoe: He was as like you, Mr. *Mockmode*, as one Egg is like another; he dy'd like an Angel——But I am ſure he might have recover'd but for the Phyſicians——Oh theſe Doctors, theſe Doctors!

Mock. Bleſs the Doctors, I ſay; for I believe they kill'd my honeſt old Father.

Bull. Ay, that's true, If my *Robin* had left me an Eſtate——I ſhou'd have ſaid ſo too.—— [*Cries.*

Mock. Zauns, Madam, you muſt not be melancholy, Madam.

Bull. Well, Sir, I hope you'll give us the Beverage of your fine Cloaths. I'll aſſure you, Sir, they fit you very well, and I like your Fancy mightily.

Mock. Ay, ay, Madam. But what's moſt modiſh for Beverage? For, I ſuppoſe, the Faſhion of that alters always with the Cloaths.

Bull. The Taylors are the beſt Judges of that——Champaigne, I ſuppoſe.

Mock. Is Champaigne a Taylor? Now, methinks, that were a fitter Name for a Wig-maker——I think they call my Wig a Champaigne.

Bull. You're clear out, Sir, clear out. Champaigne is a fine Liquor, which all your great Beaux drink to make 'em witty.

Mock. Witty! Oh by the Univerſe, I muſt be witty. I'll drink nothing elſe, I never was witty in all my Life. I love Jokes dearly.——Here, *Club*, bring us a Bottle of what d'ye call it; the witty Liquor.

Bull. But I thought all you that were bred at the Univerſity ſhou'd be Wits naturally.

Mock. The quite contrary, Madam, there's no ſuch thing there. We dare not have Wit there, for fear of being counted Rakes. Your good Philoſophy is all read there, which is clear another thing. But now I will be a Wit, by the Univerſe. I muſt get acquaint-

ed

ed with the great Poets, Landlady, you muſt introduce me.

Bull. Oh dear me, Sir; Wou'd you ruin me? I introduce you! No Widow dare be ſeen with a Poet, for Fear ſhe ſhou'd be thought to keep him.

Mock. Keep him! What's that? They keep nothing but Sheep in the Country: I hope they don't fleece the Wits?

Bull. Alas, Sir, they have no Fleeces; there's a great Cry, but little Wool. However, if you wou'd be acquainted with the Poets, I can prevail with a Gentleman of my Acquaintance to introduce you; 'tis one *Lovewell*, a fine Gentleman that comes here ſometimes.

Mock. Lovewell! By the Univerſe, my Rival: I heard of him in the Country; This puts me in mind of my Miſtreſs——Zauns, I'm certainly become a Beau already; for I was ſo in Love with my ſelf, I quite forgot her.——I have a Note in my Pocket-Book to find her out by.——

[*Pulls out a large Pocket-book; turning over the Leaves, reads to himſelf.*

Six-pence for waſhing——Two-pence to the Maid.——Six-pence for Snuff——One Shilling for Butter'd Ale.——By the Univerſe, I have loſt the Directions.——Hark ye, Madam, does this ſame *Lovewell* come often here, ſay you!

Bull. Yes, Sir, very often——There's a Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the Houſe juſt now.

Mock. A Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the Houſe, juſt now; of his Acquaintance, do you ſay?

Bull. Yes, and a pretty Lady too.

Mock. And he comes often here, you ſay. By the Univerſe, ſhou'd I happen to lodge in the ſame Houſe with my Miſtreſs: I gad, it muſt be the ſame. Can you tell the Woman's Name?——Stay——Is her Name *Lucinda*?

Bull. Perhaps it may, Sir; but I believe ſhe's a Widow, for ſhe has a young Son, and I'm ſure 'tis legi-

legitimately begotten; for it is the braveſt Child you ſhall ſee in a Summer's Day; 'tis not like one of our puling Brats o'th' Town here, born with the Diſeaſes of half a Dozen Fathers about it.

Mock. By the Univerſe, I don't remember whether my Miſtreſs is Maid or Widow: But a Widow is much the better; for all your *London* Widows are deviliſh rich, they ſay. She came in a Coach, did ſhe not, Madam?

Bull. Yes, Sir, yes.

Mock. Then 'tis infallibly ſhe——Does ſhe not always go out in her Coach?

Bull. She has not ſtir'd abroad ſince ſhe came, Sir.

Mock. Oh, I was told ſhe was very reſerv'd, tho' 'tis very much of a Widow. I have often heard my Mother ſay, that ſitting at home and Silence were very becoming in a Maid; and ſhe has often chid my Siſter *Dorothy* for gadding out to the Meadows, and tumbling among the Cocks with the Hay-makers. I gad, I'm the moſt Milky Son of a Whore; I was wrapt in the Tail of my Mother's Smock, Landlady.

Enter Servant.

Bull. Oh, but this Lady, Sir——

Ser. Madam, here's a Gentleman below wants to ſpeak with you inſtantly.

Bull. With me, Child! Sir, I'll wait on you in a Minute. [*Exit with Servant.*

Enter Club *with Wine and Glaſſes.*

Mock. Is that the witty Liquor? Come, fill the Glaſſes. Now that I have found my Miſtreſs, I muſt next find my Wits,

Club. So you had need, Maſter; for they that find a Miſtreſs, are generally out of their Wits.——

[*Gives him a Glaſs.*

Mock. Come, fill your ſelf. [*They jingle and drink.* But where's the Wit now, *Club?* 'Have you found it?

Club. I gad, Maſter, I think 'tis a very good Jeſt.

Mock. What?

Club. What! why drinking. You'll find, Maſter, that this ſame Gentleman in the Straw Doublet, this

ſame

ſame *Will i'th' Whiſp*, is a Wit at the Bottom. [*Fills.*
——Here, here, Maſter; how it puns and quibbles in the Glaſs!

Mock. By the Univerſe, now I have it; the Wit lies in the jingling: All Wit conſiſts moſt in Jingling. See how the Glaſſes rhime to one another.

Club. What, Maſter, are theſe Wits ſo apt to claſh?
[*Jingle the Glaſſes.*

Mock. Oh by the Univerſe, by the Univerſe, this is Wit. [*Breaks 'em.*] My Landlady is in the right. ——I have often heard there was Wit in breaking Glaſſes. It would be a very good Joke to break the Flask now.

Club. I find then that this ſame Wit is very brittle Ware.——But I think, Sir, 'twere no Joke to ſpill the Wine.

Mock. Why, there's the Jeſt, Sirrah; all Wit conſiſts in loſing; there was never any Thing got by't. I fancy this ſame Wine is all ſold at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe. Do you know the Way thither, Sirrah? I long to ſee Mr. *Comick* and Mr. *Tagrhime*, with the reſt of 'em. I wonder how they look! Certainly theſe Poets muſt have ſomething extraordinary in their Faces. Of all the Rarities in the Town, I long to ſee nothing more than the *Poets*, and *Bedlam*——Come in, *Club*; I muſt go practiſe my Honours——Tal——dal——deral——
[*Exit dancing, and* Club *toping.*

Enter Lovewell *and* Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh Mr. *Lovewell!* you come juſt in the Nick; I was ready to ſpoil all, by telling him ſhe was a Stranger, and juſt now come.

Love. Well, dear Madam, be cautious for the future; 'tis the moſt fortunate Chance that ever befel me. 'Twere convenient we had the other Lodgers of our Side.

Bull. There's no Body but Mr. *Lyrick*; and you had as ſafely tell a Secret over a Groaning-Cheeſe, as to him.

Love. How ſo?

Bull.

Bull. Why, you muſt know, that he has been Lying in theſe four Months of a Play; and he has got all the Muſes about him; a Parcel of the moſt tattling Goſſips.

Love. Come, come; no more Words, but to our Buſineſs. I will certainly reward you. But have you any good Hopes of its ſucceeding?

Bull. Very well of the Squire's Side. But I'm afraid, your Widow will never play her Part, ſhe's ſo aukward, and ſo ſullen.

Love. Go you and inſtruct her, while I manage Affairs abroad.

Bull. She's always raving of one *Roebuck*. Prithee, who is this ſame *Roebuck?* — Ah Mr. *Love-well*, I'm afraid this Widow of yours is ſomething elſe at the Bottom; I'm afraid there has been a Dog in the Well. (*Exit.*

Enter Bruſh.

Love. So, Sirrah! where have you left the Gentleman?

Bruſh. In a Friend's Houſe, Sir.

Love. What Friend?

Bruſh. Why, a Tavern.

Love. What took him there?

Bruſh. A Coach, Sir.

Love. How d'ye mean?

Bruſh. A Coach and Six, Sir, no leſs, I'll aſſure you, Sir.

Love. A Coach and Six!

Bruſh. Yes, Sir, ſix Whores and a carted Bawd: He pick'd 'em all up in the Street, and is gone with this ſplendid Retinue into the Sun by *Covent-Garden*. I ask'd him what he meant? He told me, that he only wanted to whet, when the very Sight of 'em turn'd my Stomach.

Love. The Fellow will have his Swing, tho' he hang for't. However, run to him, and bid him take the Name of *Mockmode*; call himſelf *Mockmode* upon all Occaſions; and tell him that he ſhall find me here about Four in the Afternoon — Ask no Queſtions, but

fly —— So! —— His uſurping that Name gives him a Title to court *Lucinda*, by which I ſhall diſcover her Inclination to [*Exit* Brush] this *Mockmode*, whoſe coming to Town, has certainly occaſion'd her Quarrel with me; while I ſet the Hound himſelf upon a wrong Scent, and ten to one provide for Miſtreſs *Trudge* by the Bargain. 'Tis ſaid one can't be a Friend, and a Lover.

But oppoſite to that, this Plot ſhall prove,
I'll ſerve my Friend by what aſſiſts my Love. [Exit.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE, Lucinda's *Houſe.*

Enter Leanthe ſola, *dreſs'd like a* Page.

METhinks this Livery ſuits ill my Birth; but Slave to Love, I muſt not diſobey; his Service is the hardeſt Vaſſalage, forcing the Powers Divine to lay their Godſhips down to be more Gods, more happy here below —— Thus I, poor Wanderer, have left my Country, diſguis'd my ſelf ſo much, I hardly know whether this Habit, or my Love, be blindeſt; to follow one, perhaps who loves me not, tho' every Breath of his ſoft Words was Paſſion, and every Accent Love. Oh *Roebuck!* [*Weeps.*

Enter Roebuck.

Roeb. This is the Page, Love's Link-Boy, that muſt light me the Way. —— How now, pretty Boy; has your Lady beaten you? ha! —— This Lady muſt be a *Venus*, for ſhe has got a *Cupid* in her Family. 'Tis a wondrous pretty Boy —— [Leanthe, *ſtarts and ſtares at him.*] but a very comical Boy —— What the Devil does he ſtare at?

Lean. Oh Heav'ns; is the Object real, or are my Eyes falſe? Is that *Roebuck*, or am I *Leanthe?* I'm afraid he's not the ſame; and too ſure I'm not my ſelf—— [*Weeps.*

Roeb. What Offence could ſuch pretty Innocence commit, to deſerve a Puniſhment to make you cry?

Lean. Oh Sir! a wondrous Offence.

Roeb. What was it, my Child?

Lean. I prick'd my Finger with a Pin, till I made it bleed.

Roeb. Such little Boys as you ſhould have a Care of ſharp Things.

Lean. Indeed, Sir, we ought; for it prick'd me ſo deep, that the Sore went to my very Heart.

Roeb. Poor Boy! here's a Plaiſter for your ſore Finger—— [*Gives him Gold.*

Lean. Sir, you had beſt keep it for a ſore Finger. [*Returns it.*

Roeb. O! my Conſcience the Boy's witty, but not very wiſe in returning Gold —— Come, come, you ſhall take it. [*Forces it upon him and kiſſes him.*

Lean. That's the fitter Cure for my ſore Finger.—The ſame dear Lips ſtill. Oh that the Tongue within them were as true! [*Aſide.*

Roeb. By Heav'ns, this Boy has the ſofteſt Pair of Lips I ever taſted. I ne'er found before, that Ladies kiſs'd their Pages; but now if this Rogue were not too young, I ſhou'd ſuſpect he were before-hand with me. I gad, I muſt kiſs him again—— Come, you ſhall take the Money. [*Kiſſes.*

Lean. Oh how he bribes me into Bribery!—— But what muſt I do with this Money, Sir?

Roeb. You muſt get a little Miſtreſs, and treat her with it.

Lean. Sir, I have one Miſtreſs already; and they ſay, no Man can ſerve two Maſters, much leſs two Miſtreſſes. How many Miſtreſſes have you, pray?

Roeb. Umh! I gad the Boy has poſe'd me—— How many, Child? Why, let me ſee.—— There was Mrs. *Mary*, Mrs. *Margaret*, Mrs. *Lucy*, Mrs. *Suſan*, Mrs. *Jo-*

dy, and ſo forth; to the Number of five and twenty, or thereabouts.

Lean. Oh ye Powers! and did you love 'em all?

Roeb. Yes, deſperately.——I wou'd have drank and fought for any one of them: I have ſworn and ly'd to every one of 'em, and have lain with 'em all: That's for your Encouragement, Boy, learn betimes, Youth; young Plants ſhould be water'd. Your Smock-Face was made for a Chamber-Utenſil.

Lean. And did not one eſcape ye?

Roeb. Yes, one did;——the Devil take her.

Lean. What, don't you love her then?

Roeb. No, faith; but I bear her an amorous Grudge ſtill; ſomething between Love and Spight.——I cou'd kill her with Kindneſs.

Lean. I don't believe it, Sir; you cou'd not be ſo hard-hearted ſure: Her honourable Paſſion, I think, ſhou'd pleaſe you beſt.

Roeb. O Child! Boys of your Age are continually reading Romances, filling your Heads with that old Bombaſt of Love and Honour: But when you come to my Years, you'll underſtand better Things.

Lean. And muſt I be a falſe treacherous Villain, when I come to your Years, Sir? Is Falſhood and Perjury eſſential to the perfect State of Manhood?

Roeb. 'Pſhaw, Children and old Men always talk thus fooliſhly——You underſtand nothing, Boy.

Lean. Yes, Sir, I have been in Love, and much more than you, I perceive.

Roeb. It appears then, that there's no Service in the World ſo educating to a Boy, as a Lady's——By *Jove*, this Spark may be older than I imagine. Hark ye, Sir, do you never pull off your Lady's Shoes and Stockings? Do you never reach her the——Pin-cuſhion? Do you never ſit on her Bed-ſide, and ſing to her? Ha!——Come, tell me, that's my good Boy—— [*Makes much of him.*

Lean. Yes, I do ſing her aſleep ſometimes.

Roeb. But do you never waken her again?

Lean. No, but I conſtantly wake my ſelf; my Reſt's always diſturbed by Viſions of the Devil.

Roeb. Who wou'd imagine now, that this young Shaver cou'd dream of a Woman ſo ſoon?——But what Songs does your Lady delight in moſt?

Lean. Paſſionate ones, Sir; I'll ſing you one of 'em, if you'll ſtay.

Roeb. With all my Heart, my little Cherubim. The Rogue is fond of ſhewing his Parts.—Come, begin.

A SONG: Set by Mr. *Richardſon.*

I.

How bleſſed are Lovers in Diſguiſe!
Like Gods they ſee,
As I do thee,
Unſeen by human Eyes.
Expos'd to View,
I'm hid from you,
I'm alter'd, yet the ſame:
The dark conceals me;
Love reveals me;
Love, which lights me by its Flame.

II.

Were you not falſe, you me wou'd know;
For tho' your Eyes
Cou'd not deviſe,
Your Heart had told you ſo.
Your Heart wou'd beat
With eager Heat,
And me by Sympathy wou'd find:
True Love might ſee
One chang'd like me,
Falſe Love is only blind.

Roeb. Oh my little Angel in Voice and Shape!——[*Kiſſes her.*] I cou'd [illegible] my ſelf a Female for thy Sake.

Lean. You're much better as you are for my Sake. [*Aside.*

Roeb. Or if thou wert a Woman, I wou'd ——

Lean. What would you? marry me? wou'd you marry me?

Roeb. Marry you, Child! no, no; I love you too well for that, you shou'd not have my Hand, but all my Body at once, —— But to our Business: Is your Lady at home?

Lean. My Lady!, What Business have you with my Lady, pray Sir?

Roeb. Don't ask Questions. You know Mr. *Lovewell.*

Lean. Yes, very well. He's my great Friend, and one I wou'd serve above all the World, —— but his Sister.

Roeb. His Sister! —— Ha, that gives me a Twinge for my Sin —— Pray, Mr. *Page*, was *Leanthe* well when you left her?

Lean. Yes, Sir; but wondrous melancholy, by the Departure of a dear Friend of hers to another World.

Roeb. O that was the Person mention'd in her Letter, whose Departure occasion'd your Departure for *England.*

Lean. That was the Occasion of my coming, too sure, Sir: —— Oh, 'twas a dear Friend to me! the Loss makes me weep.

Roeb. Poor tender-hearted Creature! —— But I still find there was not a Word of me —— Pray, good Boy, let your Mistress know, here's one to wait on her.

Lean. Your Business is from Mr. *Lovewell,* I suppose, Sir.

Roeb. Yes, yes.

Lean. Then I'll go. [*Exit.*

Roeb. I've thrown my Cast, and am fairly in for't: But a'n't I an impudent Dog? had I as much Gold in my Breeches, as Brass in my Face, I durst attempt a whole Nunnery. This Lady is a reputed Virtue of good Fortune and Quality; I am a rakehelly Rascal,

not worth a Groat; and without any farther Ceremony, am going to debauch her. ——— But hold; — She does not know that I'm this Rakehelly Raſcal; and I know that ſhe's a Woman, one of Eighteen too; beautiful, witty. ——— O' my Conſcience, upon ſecond Thoughts, I am not ſo very impudent neither. ——— Now as to my Management, I'll firſt try the whining Addreſſes, and ſee if ſh'll bleed in the ſoft Vein.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Have you any Buſineſs with me, Sir?

Roeb. Thus look'd the forbidden Fruit, luſcious and temptg. 'Tis ripe, and will ſoon fall, if one will ſhake th Tree. [*Aſide.*

Luc. Have you any Bus'neſs with me, Sir? [*Comes nearer.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam, the Bus'neſs of Mankind; to adore you — My Love, like my Blood, circulates thro' my Veins, and at every Pulſe of my Heart, animates me with a freſh Paſſion ——— Wonder not, Madam, at the Power of your Eyes, whoſe pointed Darts have ſtruck on a young and tender Heart, which they eaſily pierced, and which, unaccuſtomed to ſuch Wounds, finds the Smart more painful.

[*Lean. peeps.*] Oh Traitor! Juſt ſuch Words he ſpake to me.

Luc. Hey-day; I was never ſo attack'd in all my Life. In Love with me, Sir! Did you ever ſee me before?

Roeb. Never, by *Jove* — [*Aſide.*] Oh, ten thouſand Times, Madam. Your lovely Idea is always in my View, either aſleep or awake, eating or drinking, walking, ſitting or ſtanding; alone, or in Company, my Fancy wholly feeds upon your dear Image, and every Thought is you. —— Now have I told about fifteen Lies in a Breath. [*Aſide.*

Luc. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are ſome conceited young Scribler, who has got the Beginning of a firſt Play in your Pocket, and are now going a Fortune-hunting.

Roeb.

Roeb. But why a Scribler, Madam? Are my Cloaths ſo coarſe, as if they were ſpun by thoſe lazy Spinſters the Muſes? Does the parting of my Fore-top ſhew ſo thin, as if it reſembled the two wither'd Tops of *Parnaſſus?* Do you ſee any Thing peculiarly whimſical or ill-natur'd in my Face? Is my Countenance ſtrain'd, as if my Head were diſtorted by a Strangury of Thought? Is there any Thing proudly, ſlovenly, or affectedly careleſs in my Dreſs? Do my Hands look like Paper-moths? I think, Madam, I have nothing poetical about me.

Luc. Yes, Sir, you have Wit enough to talk like a Fool; and are Fool enough to talk like a Wit.

Roeb. You call'd me Poet, Madam, and I know no better Way of Revenge, than to convince you that I am one by my Impudence — [*Offers to kiſs her Hand.*

Luc. Then make me a Copy of Verſes upon that, Sir. [*Hits him on the Ear, and Exit.*

Leanthe *entring.*

How d'ye like the Subject, Sir?

Roeb. 'Tis a very copious one —— [*Spitting.*] — It has made my Jolls rhime in my Head. This it is to be thought a Poet; every Minx muſt be caſting his Profeſſion in his Teeth. ——— What! Gone!

Lean. Ay, ſhe knows that making Verſes requires Solitude and Retirement.

Roeb. She certainly was afraid I intended to beg Leave to dedicate ſomething ——If ever I make Love like a Poetical Fool again, may I never receive any Favour but a Subject for a Copy of Verſes.

Re enter Lucinda.

Luc. I won't diſmiſs him thus, for Fear he lampoon me. ——Well, Sir, have you done them?

Roeb. Yes, Madam, will you pleaſe to read?

[*Catches her and kiſſes her three or four Times.*

Lean. Oh, Heaven! I can never bear it. I muſt deviſe ſome Means to part 'em. [*Exit.*

Luc. Sir, your Verſes are too rough and conſtrain'd. However, becauſe I gave the Occaſion, I'll pardon what's paſt.

Roeb. By the Lord, ſhe was angry only becauſe I did not make the firſt Offer to her Lips. [*Aſide.*] — Then, Madam, the Peace is concluded?

Luc. Yes, and therefore both Parties ſhould draw out of the Field. [*Going.*

Roeb. Not till we make Reprizals. I make Peace with Sword in Hand, Madam, and till you return my Heart, which you have taken, or your own in Exchange, I will not put up. And ſo, Madam, I proclaim open War again ——— [*Catches her.*

Enter Leanthe.

Lean. Oh, Madam! Yonder's poor little *Crab*, your Lap-dog, has got his Head between two of the Windows, and is like to be ſtrangl'd.

[*The Dog howls behind the Scenes.*

Luc. Oh Lard, my poor *Crabby!* I muſt run to the Reſcue of my poor Dog; I'll wait on you inſtantly — Come, come, Page —— Poor *Crabby!*

[*Exit with* Leanthe.

Roeb. Oh the Devil choak *Crabby!* — Well, I find there's much more Rhetorick in the Lips than the Tongue —— Had Buſs been the firſt Word of my Courtſhip, I might have gain'd the Out-works by this. Impudence in Love, is like Courage in War; tho' both blind Chances, becauſe Women and Fortune rule them.

Re-enter Leanthe.

Lean. Sir, my Lady begs your Pardon; there's ſomething extraordinary happen'd, which prevents her waiting on you, as ſhe promis'd.

Roeb. What, has Monſieur *Crabby* rubb'd ſome of the Hairs off his Neck? has he diſorder'd his pretty Ears? She won't come again then?

Lean. No, Sir, you muſt excuſe her.

Roeb. Then I'll go and be drunk —— Hark'e, Sirrah; I have half a Dozen delicious Creatures waiting for me at the *Sun*; you ſhall along with me and have your Choice. I'll enter you into the School of *Venus*, Child. 'Tis Time you had loſt your Maidenhead, you're too old for Play-things.

Lean.

Lean. Oh Heavens! I had rather he ſhou'd ſtay than go there. [*Aſide.*] But why will you keep ſuch Company, Sir?

Roeb. Nay, if you're for Advice, farewell:

Men of ripe Underſtanding ſhou'd always deſpiſe
What Babes only practiſe, and Dotards adviſe.
[*Exit ſinging.*

Lean. Wild as Winds, and unconfin'd as Air.—— Yet I may reclaim him. His Follies are weakly founded, upon the Principles of Honour, where the very Foundation helps to undermine the Structure. How charming wou'd Virtue look in him, whoſe Behaviour can add a Grace to the Unſeemlineſs of Vice!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What is the Gentleman gone?

Lean. Yes, Madam. He was inſtantly taken ill with a violent Pain in his Stomach, and was forc'd to hurry away in a Chair to his Lodging.

Luc. Oh poor Gentleman! He's one of thoſe conceited Fools that think no Female can reſiſt their Temptations. Blockheads, that imagine all Wit to conſiſt in blaſpheming Heav'n and Women.—— I'll feed his Vanity, but ſtarve his Love.

And may all Coxcombs meet no better Fate,
Who doubt our Sex's Virtue, or dare prompt our Hate.
[*Exit.*

SCENE Lyrick's *Chamber in* Widow Bulfinch's *Houſe; Papers ſcatter'd about the Table, himſelf ſitting writing in a Night-Gown and Cap.*

Lyr. Two as good Lines as ever were written—— [*riſing*] I-gad I ſhall maul theſe Topping Fellows.—— Says Mr. *Lee*,

Let there be not one Glimpſe, one ſtarry Spark,
But Gods meet Gods, and juſtle in the Dark.

Says little *Lyrick*,

Let

Let all the Lights be burnt out to a Snuff,
And Gods meet Gods, and play at Blindman's-buff.

Very well!

Let Gods meet Gods, and ſo fall out and cuff.

That's much mended. They're as noble Lines as ever were penn'd. Oh! Here comes my damn'd Muſe; I am always in the Humour of writing Elegy after a little of her Inſpiration.

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Mr. *Lyrick*, what do you mean by all this? Here you have lodg'd two Years in my Houſe, promis'd me Eighteen-pence a Week for your Lodging, and I have ne'er receiv'd eighteen Farthings, not the Value of that, Mr. *Lyrick*, [*Snaps with her Fingers.*] you always put me off with telling me of your Play, your Play ——— Sir, you ſhall play no more with me, I'm in earneſt.

Lyr. This living on Love is the deareſt Lodging — a Man's eternally dunn'd, tho' perhaps he has leſs of one ready Coin than t'other ——— There's more Trouble in a Play than you imagine, Madam.

Bull. There's more Trouble with a Lodger than you think, Mr. *Lyrick*.

Lyr. Firſt, there's the Decorum of Time.

Bull. Which you never obſerve; for you keep the worſt Hours of any Lodger in Town.

Lyr. Then there's the Exactneſs of Characters.——

Bull. And you have the moſt ſcandalous one I ever heard.

Lyr. Then there's laying the Drama.

Bull. Then you foul my Napkins and Towels.

Lyr. Then there are Preparations of Incidents, working the Paſſions, Beauty of Expreſſion, Cloſeneſs of Plot, Juſtneſs of Place, Turn of Language, opening the Cataſtrophe. ———

Bull.

Bull. Then you wear out my Sheets, burn my Fire and Candle, dirty my Houſe, eat my Meat, deſtroy my Drink, wear out my Furniture ——— I have lent you Money out of my Pocket.

Lyr. Was ever poor Rogue ſo ridden? If ever the Muſes had a Horſe, I am he. ——— Faith, Madam, poor *Pegaſus* is jaded.

Bull. Come, come, Sir, he ſha'n't ſlip his Neck out of the Collar for all that. Money I will have, and Money I muſt have; let your Play and you both be damn'd.

Lyr. Well, Madam, my Bookſeller is to bring me ſome twenty Guineas for a few Sheets of mine preſently, which I hope will free me from your Sheets.

Bull. My Sheets, Mr. *Lyrick!* Pray what d'ye mean? I'll aſſure you, Sir, my Sheets are finer than any of your Muſes ſpinning. ——— Marry come up.

Lyr. Faith you have ſpun me ſo fine, that you have almoſt crack'd my Thread of Life, as may appear by my Spindle-ſhanks.

Bull. Why ſure ——— Where was your *Thalia*, and your *Melpomene*, when the Taylor wou'd have ſtripped you of your Silk Waſtcoat, and have clapp'd you on a Stone Doublet? Wou'd all your Golden Verſes have paid the Serjeant's Fees?

Lyr. Truly, you freed me from Gaol, to confine me in a Dungeon; you did not ranſom me, but bought me as a Slave; ſo, Madam, I'll purchaſe my Freedom as ſoon as poſſible. Fleſh and Blood can't bear it.

Bull. Take your Courſe, Sir ——— There were a couple of Gentlemen juſt now to enquire for you; and if they come again, they ſha'n't be put off with the old Story of your being abroad, I'll promiſe you that, Sir. [*Exit.*

Lyr. Zoons! If this Bookſeller does not bring me Money, ———

Enter Pamphlet.

Oh! Mr. *Pamphlet*, your Servant. Have you perus'd my Poems?

Pam.

Pam. Yes, Sir; and there are ſome things very well, extraordinary well, Mr. *Lyrick:* But I don't think 'em for my Purpoſe———Poetry is a mere Drug, Sir.

Lyr. Is that becauſe I take Phyſick when I write?———Damn this coſtive Fellow, now he does not apprehend the Joke. [*Aſide.*

Pam. No, Sir, but your Name does not recommend 'em. One muſt write himſelf into a Conſumption before he gain Reputation.

Lyr. That's the Way to lye abed when his Name's up. Now I lye abed before I can gain Reputation.

Pam. Why ſo, Sir?

Lyr. Becauſe I have ſcarcely any Cloaths to put on ——If ever Man did Penance in a white Sheet —.

Pam. You ſtand only ſometimes in a white Sheet for your Offences with your Landlady. Faith, I have often wonder'd how your Muſe cou'd take ſuch Flights, yoak'd to ſuch a Cart-Load as ſhe is.

Lyr. Oh! they are like the *Iriſh* Horſes, they draw beſt by the Tail. Have you ever ſeen any of my Burleſque, Mr. *Pamphlet?* I have a Project of turning three or four of our moſt topping Fellows in Doggrel. As for Example;——— [*Reads.*

Conqueſt with Laurels has our Arms adorn'd,
And Rome *in Tears of Blood our Anger mourn'd.*
Now, *Butchers with Roſemary have our Beef adorn'd,*
Which has in Gravy Tears our Hunger mourn'd.
How d'ye like it, Mr. *Pamphlet,* ha?——Well——
Like Gods, we paſs'd the rugged Alpine *Hills;*
Melted our way, and drove our hiſſing Wheels;
Thro' cloudy Deluges, Eternal Rills.
Now obſerve, Mr. *Pamphlet;* pray obſerve.
Like Razors keen, our Knives cut Paſſage clean
Through Rills of Fat, and Deluges of Lean.

Pam. Very well, upon my Soul.
Lyr. Hurl'd dreadful Fire, and Vinegar inſtil'd

Pam.

Pam. Ay, Sir, Vinegar! how patly that comes in for the Beef, Mr. *Lyrick!* 'Tis all wondrous fine indeed.

Lyr. This is the moſt ingenious Fellow of his Trade that I have ſeen; he underſtands a good thing.——[*Aſide.*]—— But as to our Buſineſs——What are you willing to give for theſe Poems? Prithee ſay ſomething. There are about three thouſand Lines.——Here, take 'em for a couple of Guineas.

Pam. No, Sir; Paper is ſo exceſſive dear that I dare not venture upon 'em.

Lyr. Well, becauſe you're a Friend, I'll beſtow 'em upon you.——Here, take 'em all——There's the hopes of a Dedication ſtill. [*Aſide.*

Pam. I give you a thouſand Thanks, Sir; but I dare not venture the Hazard; they'll never quit Coſt indeed, Sir.

Lyr. This Fellow is one of the greateſt Blockheads that ever was a Member of a Corporation——How ſhall I be reveng'd?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, there are two Men below deſire to have the Honour of kiſſing your Hand.

Lyr. They muſt be Knaves or Fools by their fulſome Complement. Hark ye—— [*Whiſpers the Boy.*——Bid 'em walk up.

Pam. Since you have got Company, Sir, I'll take my Leave.

Lyr. No, no, Mr. *Pamphlet*, by no means! We muſt drink before we part. Boy, a Pint of Sack and a Toaſt. Theſe are two Gentlemen out of the Country, who will be for all the new things lately publiſh'd; they'll be good Cuſtomers——Come, ſit down——You have not ſeen my Play yet?——Here take the Pen, and if you ſee any thing amiſs, correct it: I'll go bring 'em up.——Stay, lend me your Hat and Wig, or I ſhall take cold going down Stairs.

[*He takes* Pamphlet's *Hat and Wig, and puts his Cap on* Pamphlet's *Head.*

Pam.

Pam. [*Solus.*] This is a right Poetical Cap; 'tis Bays the outside, and the Lining Fuſtain — [*Reading*] — This is all Stuff, worſe than his Poems.

Enter two Bailiffs behind him, and clap him on the Shoulder.

1 *Bail.* You're the King's Priſoner.

Pam. That's a good Fancy enough, Mr. *Lyrick.* But pray don't interrupt me, I'm in the beſt Scene —— I gad the Drama is very well laid.

2 *Bail.* Come, Sir.

Pam. Well, well, Sir, I'll pledge ye. Prithee now, good Mr. *Lyrick,* don't diſturb me. ——

And furious Lightnings brandiſh'd in her Eyes.

That's true Spirit of Poetry.

1 *Bail.* Zoons, Sir, d'ye banter us?

[*Takes him under each Arm, and hauls him up.*

Pam. Gentlemen —— I beg your Pardon. How d'ye like the City, Gentlemen? If you have any occaſion for Books to carry into the Country, I can furniſh you as well as any Man about *Paul's.* Where's Mr. *Lyrick?*

1 *Bail.* Theſe Wits are damnable cunning. I always have double Fees for arreſting one of you Wits. All your Evaſions won't do; we underſtand Trap, Sir; you muſt not think to catch old Birds with Chaff, Sir.

Pam. Zoons, Gentlemen, I'm not the Perſon! I'm a Freeman of the City; I have good Effects, Gentlemen, good Effects. D'ye think to make a Fool of me! I'm a Bookſeller, no Poet.

2 *Bail.* Ah, Sir, we know what you are by your Fool's Cap there.

1 *Bail.* Yes, one of you Wits wou'd have paſs'd upon us for a Corn-cutter yeſterday; and was ſo like one, we had almoſt believ'd him. [*Hauls him.*

Pam. Why Gentlemen, Gentlemen, Officers, have a little Patience, and Mr. *Lyrick* will come up Stairs.

1 *Bail.* No, no, Mr. *Lyrick* ſhall go down Stairs. He wou'd have us wait till ſome Friends come in to reſcue

reſcue him. Ah! Theſe Wits are deviliſh cunning.

[*Exeunt hauling* Pamphlet.

Enter Lyrick, Mockmode, *and* Club; Lyrick *dreſs'd.*

Lyr. Ha, ha, ha. Very poetical, Faith; a good Plot for a Play, Mr. *Mockmode*, a Bookſeller bound in Calves Leather.——Ha, ha, ha.——How they walk'd along like the three Volumes of the *Engliſh Rogue* ſqueez'd together on a Shelf.

Mock. What was it? what was it, Mr. *Lyrick?*

Lyr. Why, I am a Stateſman, Sir.—— I can't but laugh, to think how they'll ſpunge the Sheet before the Errata be blotted out; and then how he'll hamper the Dogs for falſe Impriſonment.

Mock. But pray, what's the Matter, Mr. *Lyrick?*

Lyr. Nothing, Sir, but a ſhirking Bookſeller that ow'd me about forty Guineas for a few Lines. He wou'd have put me off, ſo I ſent for a couple of Bull-dogs, and arreſted him.

Mock. Oh Lard! Mr. *Lyrick*, Honeſty's quite out of Doors; 'tis a rare thing to find a Man that's a true Friend, a true Friend is a rare thing indeed!—— Mr. *Lyrick*, will you be my Friend? I only want that Accompliſhment. I have got a Miſtreſs, a Dancing and Fencing Maſter; and now I want only a Friend to be a fine Gentleman.

Lyr. Have you never had a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Yes, a very honeſt Fellow; our Friendſhip commenc'd in the College-Cellar, and we lov'd one another like two Brothers, till we unluckily fell out afterwards at a Game of Tables.

Lyr. I find then that neither of ye loſt by the Set. [*Aſide.*] But my ſhort Acquaintance can't recommend me to ſuch a Truſt.

Mock. Pſhaw, Acquaintance!——You muſt be a Man of Honour, as you're a Poet, Sir.

Lyr. But what uſe would you make of a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Only to tell my Secrets to, and be my Second.—— Now, Sir, a Wit muſt be beſt to keep a Secret, becauſe what you ſay to one's Prejudice will be

be thought Malice. Then you muſt have a deviliſh deal of Courage by your Heroick Writing. ——

But know, that I alone am King of Me.

Heav'ns! Sure the Author of that Line muſt be a plaguy ſtout Fellow; it makes me valiant as *Hector* when I read it.

Lyr. Sir, we ſtick to what we write as little as Divines do to what they preach —— Beſides, Sir, there are other Qualifications requiſite in a Friend, he muſt lend you Money. Now, Sir, I can't be that Friend, for I want forty Guineas.

Mock. Sir, I can lend you fifty upon good Security. —— 'Twas the laſt Word my Father ſpoke on his Death-bed, that I ſhou'd never lend Money without Security.

Lyr. Fie, Sir! Security from a Friend, and a Man of Honour by his Profeſſion too!

Mock. By the Univerſe that's true, you are my Friend. Then I'll tell you a Secret —— [*They whiſper.*

Club. Now will this plaguy Wit turn my Noſe out of Joynt. —— I was my Maſter's Friend before, tho' I never found the Knack of borrowing Money; tho' I have receiv'd ſome Marks of his Friendſhip, ſome ſound Drubs about the Head and Shoulders, or ſo. I have been bound for him too in the Stocks, for his breaking Windows very often.

Lyr. Mr. *Mockmode*, you may be impos'd upon. I wou'd ſee this Lady you court. I know Mr. *Lovewell* has a Miſtreſs nam'd *Lucinda*; but that ſhe lodges in this Houſe, I much doubt.

Mock. Impos'd upon! that's very comical. —— Ha, ha, ha! You ſhall ſee, Sir; come —— Pray, Sir, you're my Friend.

Lyr. Nay, pray, indeed, Sir, I beg your [*They complement for the Door.*] Pardon, you're a 'Squire, Sir.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you lie, I'm not a Fool; I'll take an Affront from no Man. Draw Sir. [*Draws.*

Club. Draw, Sir, —— I gad I'll put his Noſe out of joynt now.

Lyr.

Lyr. Unequal Numbers, Gentlemen.

Club. I'm only my Maſter's Friend, his Second, or ſo, Sir.

Lyr. What's the Matter, noble 'Squire?

Mock. You lie again, Sir, Zauns, draw.

[*Strikes him with his Sword.*

Lyr. Ha! a Blow!—*Eſſex*, a Blow——yet I will be calm.

Club. Zoons, draw, Sir. [*Strikes him.*

Lyr. Oh Patience, Heaven!——Thou art my Friend ſtill.

Mock. You lie, Sir.

Lyr. Then thou art a Traytor, Tyrant, Monſter.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you're a Son of a Whore, and a Raſcal.

Club. A Scribler.

Lyr. Ah, ah——That ſtings home.——Scribler?

Mock. Ay, Scribler, Ballad-maker.

Lyr. Nay then——

I and the Gods will fight it with ye all. [*Draws.*

Enter Roebuck *drunk, and ſinging*

France *ne'er will comply*
Till her Claret runs dry;
Then let's pull away to defeat her:
He hinders the Peace,
Who refuſes his Glaſs,
And deſerves to be hang'd for a Traytor.

Now, my Myrmidons, fall on: I have taken off the odds.

Dub a dub, dub a dub, to the Battle. [*Sings.*

Zoons, Gentlemen, why don't you fight? Blood fight. Oblige me ſo far to fight a little; I long to ſee a little Sport.

Lyr. Sir, I ſcorn to ſhew Sport to any Man.

[*Puts up.*

Mock. And ſo do I, by the Univerſe.

Club. And I, by the Univerſe.

Lyr.

Lyr. I ſhall take another Time. (*Exit.*

Roeb. Here, Raſcal, take your Chopping-kniſe — [*Gives* Club *his Sword.*] and bring me a Joint of that Coward's Fleſh for your Maſter's Supper — Fly Dog. [*Takes him by the Noſe.*

Club. Ah — This Fellow's likelieſt to put my Noſe out of Joint.

Roeb. Now, Sir, tell me, how you durſt be a Coward.

Mock. Coward, Sir? I'm a Man of a great Eſtate, Sir; I have five Thouſand Acres of good fighting Ground as any in *England*, good *Terra firma*, Sir: Coward, Sir! Have a Care what you ſay, Sir — — My Father was a Parliament Man, Sir; and I was bred at the College, Sir.

Roeb. O then I know your Genealogy; your Father was a Senior-Fellow, and your Mother was an Air-pump. You were ſuckl'd by *Platonick* Ideas, and you have ſome of your Mother's Milk in your Noſe yet.

Mock. From the Propoſition by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Roeb. I told you ſo — — Blow your Noſe, Child; and have a Care of dirting your Philoſophical Slabbering-Bib.

Mock. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Roeb. Your ſtarch'd Band, ſet by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Mock. Band, Sir! — This Fellow's blind, drunk. I wear a Cravat, Sir.

Roeb. Then ſet a good Face upon the Matter. Throw off Childiſhneſs and Folly, with your Hanging ſleeves. Now you have left the Univerſity, learn, learn.

Mock. This Fellow's an Atheiſt, by the Univerſe! I'll take Notice of him, and inform againſt him for being drunk. — Pray, Sir, what's your Name?

Roeb. My Name! by the Lord, I have forgot — Stay, I ſhall think on't by and by.

Mock. Zauns, forget your own Name! your Memory muſt be very ſhort, Sir.

Roeb.

Roeb. Ay, ſo it ſeems, for I was but chriſten'd this Morning, and I have forgot it already.

Mock. Was your Worſhip then *Turk* or *Jew* before?—I knew he was ſome damn'd bloody Dog. [*Aſide.*

Roeb. Sir, I have been *Turk*, or *Jew* rather, ſince; for I have got a plaguy Heatheniſh Name—Pox on't: ——— Oh! now I have it.——*Mo—Mock-mo*—— *Mockmode.*

Mock. Mockmode! Mockmode! Sir, pray how do you ſpell it?

Roeb. Go you to your A, B, C, you came laſt from the Univerſity.

Mock. Sir, I'm call'd *Mockmode.*——What Family are you of, Sir?

Roeb. What Family are you of, Sir?

Mock. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropſhire.*

Roeb. Then I'm of the ſame, I believe.——— Fancy, Sir, that you and I are near Relations.

Mock. Relations! Sir, there are but two Families; my Father's, who is now dead; and his Brother Colonel *Peaceable Mockmode.*

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very ſame Colonel *Peaceable*—Is not he Colonel of *Militia?*

Mock. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. And was not he High-Sheriff of the County laſt Year?

Mock. The very ſame, Sir.

Roeb. The very ſame; I'm of that Family.—And your Father dy'd about——let me ſee———

Mock. About half a Year ago.

Roeb. Exactly; by the ſame token you got drunk at a Hunting Match that very Day ſeven-night he was bury'd.

Mock. This Fellow's a Witch.—But it looks very ſtrange that you ſhou'd be chriſten'd this Morning. I'm ſure your Godfathers had a plaguy deal to anſwer for.

Roeb. Oh, Sir, I'm of Age to anſwer for my ſelf.

Mock.

Mock. One would not think ſo, your're ſo forgetful. 'Tis two and twenty Years ſince I was chriſten'd, and I can remember my Name ſtill.

Roeb. Come, we'll take a Glaſs of Wine, and that will clear our Underſtanding. We'll remember our Friends.

Mock. You muſt excuſe me, Sir.——This is ſome Sharper. *Aſide.*

Roeb. Nay, prithee, Couſin, good Couſin *Mockmode*, one Glaſs. I know you are an honeſt Fellow. We muſt remember our Relations in the Country indeed, Sir.

Mock. Oh Sir, you're ſo ſhort of Memory, you can never call 'em to mind. You have forgot your ſelf, Sir; *Mockmode* is a Heatheniſh Name, Sir, and all that, Sir. And ſo I beg your Pardon, Sir.—— *Exit.*

Roeb. Now were I Lawyer enough, by that little enquiry into that Fellow's concerns, I could bring in a falſe Deed to cheat him of his Eſtate.

Enter Bruſh.

Where the Devil is thy Maſter? You ſaid I ſhou'd find him here.

Bruſh. 'Tis impoſſible for you, or me, or any body to find him.

Roeb. Why?

Bruſh. Becauſe he has loſt himſelf. The Devil has made a Jugler's Ball of him, I believe. He's here now; then, *Præſto*, paſs in an Inſtant. He has got ſome damn'd Bus'neſs to Day in hand.

Roeb. Ah, ſo it ſeems——I muſt be 'Squire *Mockmode*, and court an honourable Miſtreſs in the Devil's Name! Well, let my ſober thinking Friend plot on, and lay Traps to catch Futurity; I'm for holding faſt to the preſent.—I have got about twenty Guineas in my Pocket; and whilſt they laſt, the Devil take *George* if he thinks of Futurity; I'll go hand in hand with Fortune.

She

She is an honeſt, giddy, reeling Punk ;
My Head, her Wheel, turn round, and ſo we both are drunk,
Exit reeling.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Lucinda's *Houſe.*

Enter Leanthe, *and* Pindreſs *following with a Paper of Sweet-meats in her Hand.*

Pind. HERE, here, Page, your Lady has ſent you ſome Sweetmeats; but indeed you ſha'nt have 'em till you hire me.

Lean. She ſent four Sauce, when ſhe made you the Bearer. *Aſide.*

Pind. Prithee now, what makes you conſtantly ſo melancholy? Come, you muſt be merry, and ſhall be merry; I'll get you ſome Play-things.

Lean. I believe you want Play-things more than I. —But I wou'd be private, *Pindreſs.*

Pind. Well, my Child, I'll be private with you! Boys and Girls ſhou'd ſtill be private together; and we may be as retir'd as we pleaſe; for my Miſtreſs is reading in her Cloſet, and all the Servants are below. ——— But what Concerns have you? I'm ſure, ſuch a little Boy can have no great Bus'neſs in private.

Lean. I will try thee for once. (*Aſide.*) —Yes, Mrs. *Pindreſs*, I have great Inclination, ———

Pind. To what? To do what, Sir? —Don't name it: ——'Tis all in vain; ——you ſhan't do it; you need not ask it.

Lean. Only to kiſs you. (*Kiſſes her.*

Pind.

Pind. Oh fie, Sir! Indeed I'd none of your Kiſſes. Take it back again, (*Kiſſes him.*) Is not the Taſte of the Sweetmeats very pretty about my Lips?

Lean. Oh hang your liquoriſh Chaps: you'd fain be licking your Lips, I find that.

Pind. Indeed, Mr. Page, I won't pay you the Kiſſes you won from me laſt Night at Croſs-purpoſes; and you ſha'n't think to keep my Pawn neither.—— Pray give me my *Hungary* Bottle—As I hope to be ſav'd, I will have my *Hungary* Bottle—(*Rummaging him.*)——I'm ſtronger than you——I'll carry you in, and throw you upon the Bed, and take it from you.——

(*Takes him up in her Arms.*

Lean. Help! help! I ſhall be raviſh'd! Help! help!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What's the Matter? Oh bleſs me!

Pind. Oh dear, Madam, this unlucky Boy had almoſt ſpoil'd me. Did not your Ladyſhip hear me cry, I ſhou'd be raviſh'd? I was ſo weak, I cou'd not reſiſt the little ſtrong Rogue; he whipt me up in his Arms, like a Baby; and had not your Ladyſhip come in.——

Luc. What, Sirrah! wou'd you debauch my Maid, you little Cock-Sparrow? muſt you be Billing too? I have a great mind to make her whip you, Sirrah.

Pind. O dear, Madam, let me do't. I'll take him into the Room, and I will ſo chaſtiſe him.——

Luc. But do you think you'll be able, *Pindreſs?* I'll ſend one of my Men to help you.

Pind. No, no, Madam: I cou'd manage him with one Hand.——See here, Madam.

(*Takes him in her Arms, and is running away.*

Luc. Hold, hold! Is this you that the little ſtrong Rogue had almoſt raviſh'd? He ſnatch'd you up in his Arms like a Baby!——Ah *Pindreſs, Pindreſs!* I ſee y'are very weak indeed.——Are not you aſham'd, Girl, to debauch my little Boy?

Pind. Your Ladyſhip gave me Orders to make him merry, and divert his Melancholy; and I know no better Way than to teize him a little. I'm afraid the

Boy

Boy is troubl'd with the Rickets, and a little ſhaking, Madam, wou'd do him ſome good.

Lean. I'm tir'd with Impertinence, and have other Buſ'neſs to mind. (*Aſide*, Exit.

Pind. I hope your Ladyſhip entertains no ill Opinion of my Virtue.

Luc. Truly I don't know what to think on't: But I've ſo good an Opinion of your Senſe, as to believe you wou'd not play the Fool with a Child.

Pind. We're all ſubject to playing the fool, if you continue your Reſolution in marrying the firſt Man that asks you the Queſtion.

Luc. No, my Mind's chang'd; I'll never marry any Man.

Pind. I dare ſwear that Reſolution breaks ſooner than the former. [*Aſide.*] Ah, Madam, Madam! if you never believe Man again, you muſt never be Woman again; for tho' we are as cunning as Serpents, we are naturally as flexible too. Speak ingenuouſly, Madam, if Mr. *Lovewell* ſhou'd, with an amorous Whine, and ſuppliant Cringe, tell you a formal Story, contrary to what we ſuſpect; wou'd you not believe him?

Luc. What, believe his vain Aſſertions, before the Demonſtration of my Senſes! No, no; my Love's not ſo blind. Did I not ſee his Miſs and his Child? did not I behold him giving her Money? Did I not hear him declare, he would ſettle her in a Loding?

Pin. But, Madam, upon ſerious Reflection, where's the great harm in all this? moſt Ladies wou'd be over-joy'd at ſuch a Diſcovery of their Lover's Ability. The Child ſeem'd a luſty chopping Boy, and let me tell you, Madam, it muſt be a luſty chopping Boy that got it.

Luc. Urge no farther in his Defence; he's a Villain, and of all Villains I hate moſt an hypocritical one. The Ladies give him the Epithet of modeſt, and the Gentlemen that of ſober *Lovewell.* Now methinks, ſuch a Piece of Debauchery ſits ſo awkwardly on a Perſon of his Character, that it adds an

Unſeemlineſs to the natural Vileneſs of the Vice; and he that dares be a Hypocrite in Religion, will certainly be one in Love.——Stay, is not that he?

[*Pointing outward.*

Pin. Yes, Madam; I believe he is going to the Park.

Luc. Call a couple of Chairs quickly; we'll thither maſqu'd. This Day's Adventures argue ſome intended Plot upon me, which I may countermine by only ſetting a Face upon the matter.

[*Puts her Maſque on.*

For as Hypocriſie in Men can move,
Here's the beſt Hypocrite in female Love.
On ev'ry ſcores deſigning Heaven took care;
Since Men falſe Hearts, that we falſe Faces wear.

[Exit.

SCENE, *the Park.*

Enter Lovewell *and* Lyrick *meeting*; Lyrick *reading.*

I'll rack thy Reputation, blaſt thy Fame,
And in ſtrong grinding Satyr, gibbet up thy Name.

Love. What! in a Rapture, Mr. *Lyrick?*

Lyr. A little poetical Fury, that's all——I'll 'Squire him; I'll draw his Character for the Buffoon of a Farce; he ſhall be as famous in Ballad as *Robin Hood*, or *Little John*; My Muſes ſhall haunt him like *Dæmons*; they ſhall make him more ridiculous than *Don Quixot.*

Love. Becauſe he encounter'd your Windmill-Pate.——ha, ha, ha!——Come, come, Mr. *Lyrick*, you muſt be paciſi'd.

Lyr. Pacify'd, Sir! Zoons, Sir, he's a Fool, has not a grain of Senſe. Were he an ingenious Fellow, or a Man of Parts, I cou'd bear a kicking from him; But an Abuſe from a Blockhead! I can never ſuffer it.

Per

Pert Blockhead, who has purchas'd by the School,
Juſt Senſe enough to make a noted Fool.

Haſtings, Mr *Lovewell.*

Love. Pray, Sir, let me ſee it.

Lyr. This is imperfect, Sir: But if you pleaſe to give your Judgment on this Piece. *(Gives him a Paper.*
'Tis a Burleſque on ſome of our late Writings.

Love. Ay, you Poets mount firſt on the Shoulders of your Predeceſſors, to ſee farther in making Diſcoveries; and having once got the upper hand, you ſpurn them under-foot. I think you ſhou'd bear a Veneration to their very Aſhes.

Lyr. Ay, if moſt of their Writings had been burnt! I declare, Mr. *Lovewell*, their Fame has only made them the more remarkably faulty: Their great Beauties only illuſtrate their greater Errors.

Love. Well, you ſaw the new Tragedy laſt Night; how did it pleaſe ye?

Lyr. Very well; it made me laugh heartily.

Love. What laugh at a Tragedy!

Lyr. I laugh to ſee the Ladies cry; to ſee ſo many weep at the Death of the fabulous Hero: Who wou'd but laugh, if the Poet that made 'em were hang'd! On my Conſcience, theſe Tragedies make the Ladies vent all their Love and Honour at their Eyes, when the ſame white Handkerchief that blows their Noſes, muſt be a Winding-Sheet to the deceaſed Hero.

Love. Then there's ſomething in the Handkerchief to embalm them, Mr *Lyrick*; Ha, ha, ha.——But what Reliſh have you of Comedy?

Lyr. No ſatisfactory one——My Curioſity is foreſtall'd by a Fore-knowledge of what ſhall happen: For as the Hero in Tragedy, is either a whining, cringing Fool, that's always a ſtabbing himſelf, or a ranting, hectoring Bully, that's for killing every body elſe: So the Heroine in Comedy is always the Poet's Character.

Love. What's that?

Lyr. A Compound of practical Rake, and ſpeculative Gentleman, who always bears off the great Fortune in the Play, and ſhams the Beau and 'Squire with a Whore or Chambermaid; and as the Cataſtrophe of all Tragedies is Death, ſo the End of Comedies is Marriage.

Love. And ſome think That the moſt Tragical Concluſion of the two.

Lyr. And therefore my Eyes are diverted by a better Comedy in the Audience than that upon the Stage. I have often wonder'd, why Men ſhould be fond of ſeeing Fools ill repreſented, when at the ſame Time and Place, they may behold the mighty Originals acting their Parts to the Life in their Boxes. ——

Love. Oh, be favourable to the Ladies, Mr. *Lyrick*, 'tis your Intereſt. Beauty is the Deity of Poetry; and if you rebel, you'll certainly run the Fate of your firſt Parent the Devil.

Lyr. You're out, Sir. Beauty is a merciful Deity, and allows us ſometimes to be a little Atheiſtical; and 'tis ſo indulgent to Wit, that it is pleas'd with it, tho' in the worſt Habit, that of Satyr. Beſides, there can appear no greater Argument of our Eſteem, than Railery, becauſe it is ſtill founded upon Jealouſie; occaſion'd by their preferring ſenſeleſs Fops, and wealthy Fools to Men of Wit and Merit, the great Upholders of the Empire.

Love. Now I think theſe Favourites of the Ladies are more witty than you.

Lyr. How ſo, pray Sir?

Love. Becauſe they play the Fool, conſcious that it will pleaſe; and your're a Wit, when ſenſible that Coxcombs only are encourag'd. I wonder, Mr. *Lyrick*, that a Man of your Senſe ſhou'd turn Poet; you'll hardly ever find a Man that is capable of the Employment will undertake it.

Lyr. The Reaſon of that is, every one that knows not a Tittle of the Matter, pretends to be a Judge of ——By the Lard, Mr. *Love*, I put the Critick's next

next to the Plague, Peſtilence, and Famine in my Litany. ——Had you ſeen 'em laſt night in the Pit, with ſuch demure ſupercilious Faces ——their contemplative Wigs thruſt judiciouſly backwards; their Hands rubbing their Temples, to chaſe ill Nature; and with a hiſſing venomous Tongue, pronouncing Pish! Stuff! Intolerable! Damn him! ——Lord have Mercy upon us.

Love. Ay, and you ſhall have others as fooliſh as they are ill-natur'd; fond of being thought Wits, who ſhall laugh outrageouſly at every ſmutty Juſt; cry very well, by Gad; that's fine by Heavens; and if a Diſtich of Rhime happens, they clap ſo loud, that they drown the Jeſt,

Lyr. That's the Jeſt. The Wit lies in their Hands: and if you would tell a Poet his Fortune, you muſt gather it from the Palmiſtry of the Audience; for as nothing's ill-ſaid, but what's ill taken; ſo nothing's well ſaid, but what's well taken. And between you and I, Mr. *Lovewell*, Poetry, without theſe laughing Fools, were a Bell without a Clapper; an empty ſounding Bus'neſs, good for nothing; and all we Profeſſors might go hang our ſelves in the Bell-ropes.

Love. Ha, ha, ha, —— But I thought Poetry was inſtructive.

Lyr. Oh Gad forgive me, that's true: To Ladies it is morally beneficial; for you muſt know, they are too nice to read Sermons; ſuch Inſtructions are too groſs for their refin'd Apprehenſions; but any Precepts that may be inſtill'd by eaſy Numbers, ſuch as of *Rocheſter*, and others, make great Converts. Then they hate to hear a Fellow in a Church preach methodical Nonſenſe, with a *Firſtly*, *Secondly*, and *Thirdly*: but they take up with ſome of our modern Plays in their Cloſet, where the Morality muſt be deviliſh inſtructive —— But I muſt be gone; here comes the 'Squire. What, in the Name of Wonder, has he got with him?

Love. That which ſhall afford you a more plentiful Revenge than your Lampoon, if you join with

me in the Plot. To the better effecting of which; you muſt be ſeemingly reconciled to him.—— Let's ſtep aſide, and obſerve 'em, while I give you a-hint of the matter.

[Exeunt *between the Scenes, and ſeem to cover and hearken.*

Enter Mockmode, *leading* Trudge *dreſs'd like a Widow.*

Mock. This is very fine Weather, bleſſed Weather indeed, Madam; 'twill do abundance of good to the Graſs and Corn.

Trud. Ay, Sir, the Days are grown a great length; and I think the Weather much better here than in *Ireland.*

Mock. Why, Madam, were you ever there.

Trud. Oh no! Not I indeed, Sir; but I have heard my firſt Husband (reſt his Soul) ſay ſo; he was an *Iriſh* Gentleman.

Mock. I find, Madam, you have lov'd your firſt Husband mightily, for you affect his Tone in Diſcourſe.——— Pray, Madam, what did that Mourning coſt a Yard.

Trud. O Lard! What ſhall I ſay now? 'Tis none of mine. [*Aſide*] It coſt, Sir; let me ſee——— it coſt about ——— but it was my Steward bought it for me, I never buy ſuch ſmall Things.

Mock. By the Univerſe, ſhe muſt be plaguy rich! I will be brisk. [*Aſide.*] Pray, Madam——I——I pray Madam, will you give us a Song?

Trud. A Song! Indeed then I had a good Voice, before Mr. *Roebuck* ſpoil'd it.

Mock. Mr. *Roebuck*! Was that your firſt Husband's Name, Madam?

Love. behind.] She'll ſpoil all.

Trud. No, Sir; *Roebuck* was a Doctor that let me Blood under the Tongue for the Quinſey, and made me hoarſe ever ſince.

Mock. By the Univerſe ſhe's a Widow, and I'll be a little brisk. Madam, will you grant me a ſmall Favour,

Favour, and I will bend upon my Knees to receive it. ——— [*Kneels.*

Trud. what it's pray?

Mock. Only to take off your Garter.

Lovewell *enters.*

Zoons, her thick Leg will diſcover all—By your leave Sir, have you any Pretenſions, to this Lady? [*Puſhes* Mockmode *down.*

Mock. I don't know whether this be an Affront or not. — (*Aſide*) ——— Pretenſions, Sir! I have ſo great a Veneration for the Lady, that I honour any Man that has *Pretenſions* to her. ——— Dem me Sir, may *I crave the Honour of your Acquaintance?*

Love. No, Sir.

Mock. No, Sir! I gad that muſt be Wit, for it can't be good Manners. ——— Sir, I reſpect all Men of Senſe, and wou'd therefore beg to know your Name.

Love. No matter, Sir, I know your Name's *Mockmode.*

Mock. By the Univerſe, that's very comical! That a Fellow ſhould pretend to tell me my own Name! — Another Queſtion, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Love. What is it, Sir?

Mock. Pray Sir, what's my Chriſten'd Name?

Love. Sir, you don't know.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, would you perſwade me out of my Chriſten'd Name? I'll lay out a Guinea that I do know by the Univerſe ——— (*Pulls a handful of Money out.*) Here's Silver, Sir, here's Silver, Sir: I can command as much Money as another, Sir; I am at Age, Sir, and I won't be banter'd, Sir.

Love. Sir, you muſt know, that I baptize you Rival; for your Love to this Lady is the only Sign of Chriſtianity you can boaſt of. ——— And now, Sir, my Name's *Lovewell.*

Mock. Then I ſay, Sir, that your Love to that Lady is the only Sign of a *Turk* you can brag of. ——— I wiſh *Club* were come. (*Aſide.*

Love. Sir, I ſhall certainly circumciſe you, if you make any farther Pretenſions to Madam *Lucinda* here.

Mock. Circumciſe me! Circumciſe a Pudding's end, Sir.——— Zauns, Sir, I'll be judged by the Lady, who merits Circumciſion moſt, you or I, Sir. Theſe *London* Blades are all ſtark mad; - [Lucinda *enters, and obſerves* Lovewell *courting* Trudge *in dumb Signs.*] I met one about two Hours ago, that had forgot his Name, and this Fellow wou'd perſwade me now that I had forgot mine. Mr. *Lyrick* is the only Man that ſpeaks plain to me. I muſt be Friends with him, becauſe I find I may have Occaſion for ſuch a Friend; I'll find him out ſtrait. [*Exit.*

Love. Madam, will you walk? [*Exit with* Trudge.

Lucinda *and* Pindreſs *come forward.*

Luc. Now my Doubts are remov'd.

Pin. Mine are more puzzling. There muſt be ſomething in this more than we imagine. You had beſt talk with him.

Luc. Yes, if my Tongue bore Poiſon in it, and that I could ſpit Death in his Face.

Pin. If he is loſt, your hard Uſage this Morning has occaſion'd it.

Luc. I am glad on't; I've gain'd by the Loſs; I deſpiſe him more now than ever I lov'd him. That Paſſion which can ſtoop ſo low as that Blowze, is an Object too mean for any Thing but my Scorn to level at.

Pin. This were a critical Minute for your new Lover the 'Squire, I fancy; Mr. *Lovewell*'s Diſgrace wou'd bring him into Favour preſently.

Luc. It certainly ſhall, if he be not as great a Fool as to'ther's falſe.

Pin. You may be miſtaken in your Opinion of him, as much as you have been in Mr. *Lovewell.*

Luc. No, *Pindreſs*; I ſhall find what I read in the laſt Miſcellanies very true.

But two Diſtinctions their whole Sex does ſhare;
All Fools by Nature, or all Rogues by Art.

SCENE

SCENE *continues.*

Enter ſeveral Maſques croſſing the Stage, and Roebuck *following*

Roeb. 'Sdeath; What a Coney-borough's here! The Trade goes ſwimmingly on. This is the great Empory of Lewdneſs, as the Change is of Knavery. ——The Merchants cheat the World there, and their Wives cheat them here.——I begin to think Whoring ſcandalous, 'tis grown ſo mechanical.——— My Modeſty will do me no good, I fear——Madam, are you a Whore? [*Catches a Maſque.*

1 *Maſ.* Yes, Sir.

Roeb. Short and Pithy.——If ever Woman ſpake Truth, I believe thou haſt. (*Second Maſque pulls him by the Elbow*) Have you any Buſineſs with me, Madam?

2 *Maſ.* Pray, Sir, be civil; you're miſtaken, Sir—I have had an Eye upon this Fellow all this Afternoon. (*Aſide.*) you're miſtaken, Sir.

Roeb. Very likely, Madam; for I imagin'd you modeſt.

2 *Maſ.* So I am, for I'm marry'd.

Roeb. And marry'd to your Sorrow, I warrant you!

2 *Maſ.* Yes, upon my Honour, Sir.

Roeb. I knew it. I have met above a dozen this Evening, all marry'd to their Sorrow——Then I ſuppoſe you're a Citizen's Wife; and by the Breadneſs of your Bottom, I ſhou'd gueſs you ſat very much behind a Counter.

2 *Maſ.* My Husband's no Mercer, he's a Judge.

Roeb. Zoons a Judge; I ſhall be arraign'd at the Bar for keeping on my Hat ſo long———'Tis very hard, Madam, he ſhould not do you Juſtice: Has not he an Eſtate in Tail, Madam?

2 *Maſ.* I ſeldom examine his Papers: They are a parcel of old dry ſhrivell'd Parchments; and this

Court-hand is ſo deviliſh crabbed, I can't endure it.

Roeb. Umph——Then I ſuppoſe, Madam, you want a young Lawyer to put your Caſe to. But faith, Madam, I am a Judge too.

Enter Lovewell.

2 *Maſ.* O Heavens forbid! ſuch a young Man!

Roeb. That is, I'll do nothing without a Bribe——Pray Madam how does the Watch ſtrike?

2 *Maſ.* It never ſtrikes, it only points to the Buſineſs, as you muſt do, without telling Tales. Dare ye meet me two Hours hence?

Roeb. Ah, Madam, but I ſhall never hit the Time exactly without a Watch.

2 *Maſ.* Well, take it.——At ten exactly, at the Fountain in the *Middle-Temple*. *Cook upon Littleton* be the Word. (*Exit.*

Roeb. So——If the Law be all ſuch Volumes as thou, Mercy on the poor Students! From *Cook upon Littleton* in Sheets deliver me.

Love. What, engag'd? *Myrmidon*! I find you'll never quit the Battle, till you have crack'd a Pike in the Service.

Roeb. Oh, dear Friend! Thou'rt critically come to my Relief; for faith I'm almoſt tir'd.

Love. What a miſerable Creature is a Whore! whom every Fool dares pretend to love, and every wiſe man hates.

Roeb. What? Moralizing again! Oh I'll tell the News, Man: I'm enter'd in the Inns, by the Lard!

Love. Pſhaw.

Roeb. Nay, if you won't believe me, ſee my Note of Admiſſion. (*Shews the Watch.*

Love. A Gold Watch, Boy!

Roeb. Ah, a Gold Watch, Boy.

Love. Whence had you Money to buy it?

Roeb. I took it upon Tick, and I deſign to pay honeſtly.

Love. I don't like this running o'th'Score.——But what News from *Lucinda*, Boy? is ſhe kind? Ha?

Enter

Enter a Maſque croſſing the Stage.

Roeb. Ha! there's a ſtately Cruiſer; I muſt give her the Chace ——— I'll tell you when I return.

[*Exit running.*

Love. I find he has been at a Maſs there, which occaſions his Eagerneſs for the Game here. I begin to repent me of my Suſpicion; I believe her Virtue ſo ſacred, that 'tis a Piece of Atheiſm to diſtruſt its Exiſtence. But Jealouſy in Love, like the Devil in Religion, is ſtill raiſing Doubts, which without a firm Faith in what we adore, will certainly damn us.

Enter a Porter.

Por. Is your Name Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Love. What wou'd you have with Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Por. I have a ſmall Note for him, Sir.

Love. Let me ſee't.

Por. Ay, Sir; if your Name be Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir.

Love. My Name is *Roebuck*, Blockhead.

Por. God bleſs you, Maſter.

[*Gives him a Letter, and Exit.*

Love. This is ſome tawdry Billet, with a ſcrawling Adieu at the End on't. Theſe ſtroling Jades know a young wholeſome Fellow newly come to Town, as well as a Parſon's Wife does a fat Gooſe. 'Tis certainly ſome Secret, and therefore ſhall be known.

(*Opens the Letter.*

SIR, *Tueſday* three a-Clock.

MY Behaviour towards you this Morning was ſomewhat ſtrange; but I ſhall tell you the Cauſe of it, if you meet me at Ten this Night in our Garden; the Back-door ſhall be open.

Yours *Lucinda.*

Oh Heav'ns! Certainly it can't be! *L,U,C,I,N,D,A*; that ſpells Woman. 'Twas never written ſo plain before. *Roebuck*, thou'rt as true an Oracle, as ſhe's a

falſe

falſe one. Oh thou damn'd *Sybil!* I have courted thee theſe three Years, and cou'd never obtain above a Kiſs of the Hand, and this Fellow in an Hour or two has obtain'd *the Back-door open.* Mr. *Roebuck*, ſince I have diſcover'd ſome of your Secrets, I'll make bold to open ſome more of 'em —— But how ſhall I ſhake him off? —— Oh, I have it; I'll ſeek him inſtantly. *Exit.*

Enter Roebuck *meeting the Porter.*

Roeb. Here, you, Sir, have you a Note for one *Roebuck?*

Por. I had, Sir; but I gave it to him juſt now.

Roeb. You lie, Sirrah; I am the Man.

Por. I an't poſitive I gave it to the right Perſon; but I'm very ſure I did, for he anſwer'd the Deſcription the Page gave to a T, Sir.

Roeb. 'Twas well I met that Page, Dog, or now ſhou'd I cut thy Throat, Raſcal.

Por. Bleſs your Worſhip, noble Sir. *(Exit.*

Roeb. At Ten, in the Garden! The Back-door open! Oh the delicious Place and Hour! Soft panting Breaſts, trembling Joints! melting Sighs! And eager Embraces! Oh Extaſy!—But how to ſhake off *Lovewell*;—This is his nicely virtuous! Ha, ha, ha,—— This is his innate Principle of Virtue! Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Lovewell.

Love. How now! Why ſo merry?

Roeb. Merry! Why, 'twould make a Dog ſplit, Man; Ha, ha, ha —— The Watch, Sir, the Watch; Ha, ha, ha.

Love. What of the Watch? You laugh by the Hour; you'll be run down by and by, ſure!

Roeb. Ah, but I ſhall be wound up again. This Watch I had for a Fee, Lawyer ——Shou'd I ever be try'd before this Judge, how I ſhou'd laugh to ſee how gravely his Gooſe Cap ſits upon a Pair of Horns; Ha, ha, ha.

Love. Thou'rt Horn-mad. Prithee leave Impertinence. —— I receiv'd a Note juſt now.

Roeb.

Roeb. A Note! 'Sdeath, what Note! What d'ye mean? Who brought it?

Love. A Gentleman; 'tis a Challenge.

Roeb. Oh, Thanks to the Stars! I'm glad on't. (*Aſide.*

Love. And you may be ſignally ſerviceable to me in this Affair. I can give you no greater Teſtimony of my Affection, than by making ſo free with you.

Roeb. What needs all this Formality? I'll be thy Second, without all this Impertinence.

Love. There's more than that, Friend.—In the firſt Place, I don't underſtand a Sword; and again, I'm to be call'd to the Bar this Term, and ſuch a Buſineſs might prejudice me extremely. So, Sir, you muſt meet and fight for me.

Roeb. Faith, *Lovewell*, I ſhan't ſtick to cut a Throat for my Friend at any Time, ſo I may do it fairly, or ſo ———The Hour and Place?

Love. This very Evening in *Moorfields*.

Roeb. Umph! How will you employ your ſelf the while?

Love. I'll follow you at a Diſtance, leſt you have any foul Play.

Roeb. Which if you do——No, faith *Ned*, ſince I'm to anſwer an Appointment for you, you muſt make good an Aſſignation for me. I'm to meet one of your Ladies at the Fountain in the *Temple* To-night. You may be call'd to the Bar there, if you will. This Watch will tell you the Hour, and ſhall be your Paſsport. Let me have yours.——— (*Change Watches.*

Love. Oh! Was that the Jeſt? Ha, ha, ha,——— Well, I will anſwer an Aſſignation for you ſure enough. Ha, ha, ha.——How readily does the Fool run to have his Throat cut? (*Aſide.*

Roeb. How eagerly now does my Moral Friend run to the Devil, having Hopes of Profit in the Wind! I have ſhabb'd him off purely.——But prithee, *Ned*, where had you this fine Jewel! (*Viewing one ty'd to the Watch.*

Love.

Love. Pſhaw! A Trifle; a Trifle; from a Miſtreſs —— Take care on't tho'. But hark ye, *George*; don't puſh too home; have a Care of whipping thro' the Guts,

Roeb 'Gad, I'm afraid one or both of us may fall. But dy'e hear, *Ned*, remember you ſent me on this Errand, and are therefore anſwerable for all Miſchief; if I do whip my Adverſary thro' the Lungs or ſo, remember you ſet me upon't.

Love. Well, honeſt *George*, you won't believe how much you oblige me in this Courteſie.

Roeb. You know always I oblige my ſelf by ſerving my Friend——I never thought this Spark was a Coward before. (*Aſide.*

Love. I never imagin'd this Fellow was ſo eaſy before. (*Aſide.*) Well, good Succeſs to us both; and when we meet, we'll relate all Tranſactions that paſs.

Roeb. That you're a Fool.

Love. That you're an Aſs.

(*Exeunt ſeverally, laughing.*

Re-enter Lovewell *croſſing the Stage haſtily*, Mockmode *and* Lyrick *following him.*

Lyr. Mr. *Lovewell* a Word w'ye.

Love. Let it be ſhort, pray Sir, for my Buſ'neſs is urgent, and 'tis almoſt dark.

Lyr. I'm reconcil'd to the 'Squire, and want only the Preſentment of a Copy of Verſes to ingratiate my ſelf wholly, throughly. Let me have that Piece I lent you juſt now.

Love. Ay, ay, with all my Heart.——Here,—— farewell.

(*Pulls the Poem haſtily, and juſtles out a Letter with it, which* Mockmode *takes up.*

Lyr. Now, Sir, here's a Poem, which (according to the Way of us Poets) I ſay, was written at fifteen; but between you and I, it was made at five and twenty.

Mock. Five and twenty!——When is a Poet at Age, pray, Sir?

Lyr.

Lyr. At the third Night of his firſt Play; for he's never a Man till then.

Mock. But when at Years of Diſcretion?

Lyr. When they leave Writing; and that's ſeldom or never.

Mock. But who are your Guardians?

Lyr. The Criticks, who with their good Will, wou'd never let us come to Age. But what have you got there?

Mock. By the Univerſe, I don't know; 'tis a Woman's Hand; ſome Billet-Deux, I ſuppoſe; it juſtl'd out of *Lovewell*'s Pocket. We'll to the next Light and read it. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a dark Arbour in* Lucinda's *Garden.*

Enter Roebuck *Solus.*

Roeb. Oh, how I reverence a Back-door half open, half ſhut! 'Tis the narrow Gate to the Lover's Paradiſe; *Cupid* ſtood Centry at the Entrance, *Love* was the Word, and he let me paſs——Now is my Friend pleading for Life; he has a puzzling Caſe to manage, ten to one he's non-ſuited; I have gull'd him fairly.

Enter Lovewell.

Love. I've got in, Thanks to my Stars, or rather the Clouds, whoſe Influence is my beſt Friend at preſent. Now is *Roebuck* gazing, or rather groping about for a Fellow with a long Sword; and I know his fighting Humour will be as mad to be baulk'd by any Enemy, as by a Miſtreſs.

Roeb. Hark, hark! I hear a Voice; it muſt be ſhe——*Lucinda*.

Love. True to the Touch, I find. Is it you, my Dear?

Roeb. Yes, my Dear.

Love. Let me embrace thee, my Heart.

Roeb. Come to my Arms.

(*Run into each other's Arms. Finding the Miſtake, ſtart back.*

Love.

Love. 'Slife! a Man!

Roeb. 'Sdeath! a Devil—— And wert thou a Legion, here's a Wand ſhou'd conjure thee down.

(*Draws.*)

Love. We ſhall find whoſe Charm is ſtrongeſt.

(*Draws.*)

They puſh by one another; Roebuck *paſſes out at the oppoſite Door: And as* Lovewell *is paſſing out on the other Side of the Stage,*

Enter Leanthe.

Lean. Mr. *Roebuck!* Sir! Mr. *Roebuck!*

(*With a Night-Gown over his Cloaths.*)

Love. That's a Woman's Voice, I'll ſwear—— Madam.

Lean. Sir.

Love. Come, my dear *Lucinda*; I've ſtaid a little too long; but making an Apology now were only lengthning the Offence. Let's into the Arbour, and make up for the Moments miſpent.

Lean. Hold Sir: Do you love this *Lucinda* you're ſo fond of hauling into the Arbour?

Love. Yes, by all that's powerful.

Lean. Falſe, falſe *Roebuck!*——(*Aſide.*)——I am loſt.

Love. Madam, do you love this *Roebuck*, that you open'd the Garden-door to ſo late?

Lean. I'm afraid I do too well.

Love. And did you never own an Affection to another?

Lean. No; witneſs all thoſe Powers you juſt now mention'd.

Love. Revenge your ſelves, ye Heavens. Behold in me your Accuſer, and your Judge. Behold *Lovewell*, injur'd *Lovewell*.——This Darkneſs, which opportunely hides your Bluſhes, makes your Shame more monſtrous.

Lean. Ha! *Lovewell!* I'm vex'd 'tis he, but glad to be miſtaken.——Now, Female Policy, aſſiſt me.

Love.

Love. Yes, Madam, your Silence proclaims you guilty——Farewell, Woman.

Lean. Ha, ha, ha.

Love. What am I made your Scorn?

Lean. Ha, ha, ha.——This happens better than I expected.——Ha, ha, ha.——Mr. *Lovewell!*

Love. No Counter-plotting, Madam; the Mine's ſprung already, and all your Deceit diſcovered.

Lean. Indeed, you're a fine Fellow at diſcovering Deceits, I muſt confeſs, that cou'd not find whether I was a Man or a Woman all this Time.

Love. What, the Page!

Lean. No Counter-plotting, good Sir; the Mine's ſprung already.——Ah, Sir, I fancy Mr. *Roebuck* is better at diſcovering a Man from a Woman in the dark, than you.

Love. This Diſcovery is the greateſt Riddle!——Prithee, Child, what makes thee diſguis'd? But above all, what meant that Letter to *Roebuck?*

Lean. Then I find you intercepted it.——Why, Sir, my Lady had a Mind to put a Trick upon the impudent Fellow, made him an Aſſignation, and ſent me in her Stead, to banter him. But when I tell her how you fell into the Snare, and how jealous you were——Ha, ha, ha.

Love. Oh my little dear Rogue! was that the Matter?——[*Hugs her.*] O' my Conſcience, thou'rt ſo ſoft, I believe thou'rt a Woman ſtill.——But who was that Man I encounter'd juſt now?

Lean. A Man! 'Twas certainly *Roebuck.*——[*Aſide* Some of the Foot-men, I ſuppoſe.——Come, Sir, I muſt conduct you out immediately, leſt ſome more of 'em meet you.

[*Conducts him to the Door and returns.*

He certainly was here, and I have miſs'd him,
Fortune delights with Innocence to play,
And loves to hoodwink thoſe already blind.
Wary Deceit can many By-ways tread,
To ſhun the Blocks in Virtues open Road,
Whilſt heedleſs Innocence ſtill falls on Ruin;

Yet,

Yet, whilſt by Love inſpir'd, I will purſue,
What Men by Courage, we by Love can do.
Not even his Falſhood ſhall my Claim remove;
From mutual Fires none can true Paſſion prove;
For like to like, is Gratitude, not Love.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *an Anti-chamber in* Lucinda's *Houſe; the Flat Scene half open, diſcovers a Bed-chamber:* Lucinda *in her Night-gown, and reading by a Table.*

Enter Roebuck, *groping his Way.*

Roeb. ON what new happy Climate am I thrown? This Houſe is Love's Labyrinth; I have ſtumbled into it by Chance. ——Ha! an Illuſion! let me look again.——Eyes, if you play me falſe, [*Looking about.*] I'll pluck ye out——'Tis ſhe! 'tis *Lucinda!* alone, undreſs'd, in a Bedchamber, between Eleven and Twelve a Clock.——A bleſſed Opportunity! —— Now if her innate Principle of Virtue defend her, then is my innate Principle of Manhood not worth Twopence.——Hold, ſhe comes forward. ——

[Lucinda *approaches reading.*

Luc. Unjuſt Prerogative of faithleſs Man,
Abuſing Pow'r which partial Heaven has granted!
In former Ages, Love and Honour ſtood
As Props and Beauties to the Female Cauſe;
But now lie proſtitute to Scorn and Sport.
Man, made our Monarch, is a Tyrant grown,
And Woman-kind muſt bear a ſecond Fall.

Roeb.

Roeb. [*Aſide.*] Ah, and a third too, or I'm miſtaken——I muſt divert this plaguy Romantick Humour.

Luc. While Virtue guided Peace, and Honour War,
Their Fruits and Spoils were Offrings made to Love.

Roeb. And 'tis ſo ſtill, for [*raiſing his Voice.*]
Beau with earlieſt Cherries Miſs does grace,
And Soldier offers Spoils of *Flanders* Lace.

Luc. Ha!——Protect me Heav'ns! what art thou?

Roeb. A Man, Madam.

Luc. What accurſed Spirit has driven you hither?

Roeb. The Spirit of Fleſh and Blood, Madam.

Luc. Sir, what Encouragement have you ever received to prompt you to this Impudence?

Roeb. Umph? I muſt not own the Reception of a Note from her. [*Aſide.*] Faith, Madam, I know not whether to attribute it to Chance, Fortune, my good Stars, my Fate, or my Deſtiny: But here I am, Madam, and here I will be. [*Taking her by the Hand.*

Luc. [*Pulling her Hand away.*] If a Gentleman, my Commands may cauſe you to withdraw; if a Ruffian, my Footman ſhall diſpoſe of you.

Roeb. Madam, I'm a Gentleman; I know how to oblige a Lady, and how to ſave her Reputation. My Love and Honour go link'd together; they are my Principles; and if you'll be my Second, we'll engage immediately.

Luc. Stand off, Sir; the Name of Love and Honour are burleſqu'd by thy profeſſing 'em. Thy Love is Impudence, and thy Honour a Cheat. Thy Mein and Habit ſhew thee a Gentleman; but thy Behaviour is brutal. Thou art a *Centaur*; only one part Man, and the other Beaſt.

Roeb. Philoſophy in Petticoats! No wonder Women wear the Breeches; [*Aſide.*] and, Madam, you are a Demi-Goddeſs; only one part Woman, t'other Angel; and thus divided, claim my Love and Adoration.

Luc.

Luc. Honourable Love is the Parent of Mankind; but thine is the Corrupter and Debaſer of it. — The Paſſion of you Libertines, is like your Drunkenneſs, heat of Luſt, as t'other is of Wine, and off with the next Sleep.

Roeb. No, Madam; an Hair of the ſame —— is my Receipt. — Come, come, Madam, all things are laid to reſt that will diſturb our Pleaſure; whole Nature favours us; the kind indulgent Stars that directed me hither, wink at what we are about —— 'Twere jilting of Fortune to be now idle; and ſhe, like a true Woman, once baulk'd, never affords a ſecond Opportunity. —— I'll put out the Candle, the Torch of Love ſhall light us to Bed.

Luc. To Bed, Sir! —— Thou haſt Impudence enough to draw thy Rationality in Queſtion. Whence proceeds it? From a vain Thought of thy own Graces, or an Opinion of my Virtue; —— If from the latter, know that I am a Woman, whoſe Modeſty dare not doubt my Virtue; yet have ſo much Pride to ſupport it, that the dying Groans of thy whole Sex at my Feet, ſhould not extort an immodeſt Thought from me.

Roeb. Your Thoughts may be as modeſt as you pleaſe, Madam. —— You ſhall be as virtuous to morrow Morning as e'er a Nun in *Europe*; the Opinion of the World ſhall proclaim you ſuch, and that's the ſureſt Charter the moſt rigid Virtue in *England* is held by. The Night has no Eyes to ſee, nor have I a Tongue to tell: One Kiſs ſhall ſeal up my Lips for ever.

Luc. That uncharitable Cenſure of Women, argues the Meanneſs of thy Converſation.

Roeb. Her ſuperior Virtue awes me into Coldneſs. —— 'Slife! it can't be twelve ſure. —— Night's a Lyar. [*Draws out his Watch.*

Luc. Sir, if you won't be gone, I muſt fetch thoſe ſhall conduct you hence. —— My Eyes are dazled ſure. [*Paſſing by him towards the Door, ſhe perceives the Jewel ty'd to the Watch.*

Pray,

[illegible], Sir, let me ſee that Jewel.

Roeb. By Heavens, ſhe has a mind to't!—Oh, 'tis at your Service with all my Soul.

Luc. Wrong not my Virtue by ſo poor a Thought.—But anſwer directly, as you are a Gentleman, to what I now ſhall ask: Whence had you that Jewel?

Roeb. I exchanged Watches with a Gentleman, and had this Jewel into the Bargain. He valu'd it not, 'twas a Trifle from a Miſtreſs.

Luc. A Trifle! ſaid he:——Oh Indignation, am I ſlighted thus!——I'll put a Jewel out of his Power, that he wou'd pawn his Soul to retrieve.——If you be a Gentleman, Sir, whom Gratitude can work up to Love, or a virtuous Wife reclaim, I'll make you a large Return for that Trifle.

Roeb. Hey-day! a Wife, ſaid ſhe.

Luc. What's your Name, Sir, and of what Country?

Roeb. My Name's *Roebuck*, Madam.

Luc. Roebuck

Roeb. 'Sdeath! I forgot my Inſtructions,——*Mockmode*, Madam.——*Roebuck Mockmode*, my Name, and Sur-Name.

Luc. Mockmode, my 'Squire! it can't be! But if it ſhou'd, I've made the better Exchange.——Of what Family are you, Sir?

Roeb. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropſhire*, Madam: My Father's lately dead; I came lately from the Univerſity; I have Fifteen hundred Acres of as good fighting Ground as any in *England*.——'Twas lucky I met that Blockhead to Day. [*Aſide.*

Luc. The very ſame.——And had you any Directions to court a Lady in *London?*

Roeb. Umph!——How ſhou'd I have found the way hither elſe, Madam? What the Devil will this come to? [*Aſide.*

Luc. My Fool that I dreamt of, I find a pretty Gentleman.——Dreams go by Contraries——Well. Sir, I am the Lady; and if your Deſigns are honourable, I'm yours; take a turn in the Garden, 'till I ſend for my

my Chaplain: You muſt take me immediately, for I cool, I'm loſt for ever. [*Exit.*

Roeb. I think I am become a very ſober *Shropſhire* Gentleman in good earneſt; I don't ſtart at the Name of the Parſon.——Oh Fortune! Fortune! what art thou doing? If thou and my Friend will throw me into the Arms of a fine Lady, and a great Fortune, how the Devil can I help it! Oh but, Zoons, there's Marriage! Ay, but there's Money.—— Oh but there are Children, ſquawling Children! Ay, but then there are *Rickets* and *Small-Pox*, which perhaps may carry them all away.——Oh but there's Horns! Horns! Ay, but then I ſhall go to Heaven; for 'tis but reaſonable, ſince all Marriages are made in Heaven, that all Cuckolds ſhould go thither.——But then, there's *Leanthe!* that ſticks. I love her, witneſs, Heaven, I love her to that Degree.—— Pſhaw, I ſhall whine preſently. I love her as well as any Woman, and what can ſhe expect more? I can't drag a Lover's Chain a hundred Miles by Land, and a hundred Leagues by Water.——Fortune has decreed it otherwiſe——So lead on, blind Guide, I'll follow thee; and when the blind leads the blind, no wonder they both fall into ——Matrimony. [*Going out, meets* Leanthe.] Oh my dear auſpicious little *Mercury!* let me kiſs thee—— Go tell thy charming Miſtreſs, I obey her Commands. [*Exit.*

Enter Leanthe.

Lean. Her Commands! Oh Heavens! I muſt follow him. [*Going.*

Luc. Page, Page.

Lean. Oh my curs'd Fortune! haunk'd again!—— Madam.

Luc. Call my Chaplain; I'm to be marry'd preſently.

Lean. Marry'd ſo ſuddenly! To whom, pray Madam?

Luc. To the Gentleman you met going hence juſt now.

Lean.

Lean. Oh Heavens! your Ladyſhip is not in earneſt, Madam?

Luc. What, is Matrimony to be made a Jeſt of? Don't be impertinent, Boy; call him inſtantly.

Lean. What ſhall I do? ——Oh, Madam, ſuſpend it till the Morning, for Heav'ns ſake. Mr. *Lovewell*'s in the Houſe; I met him not half an Hour ago; and he will certainly kill the Gentleman, and perhaps harm your Ladyſhip.

Luc. Lovewell in my Houſe! how came he hither?

Lean. I know not, Madam. I ſaw him, and talk'd to him; he had his Sword drawn, and he threaten'd every body. Pray delay it to Night, Madam.

Luc. No, I'm reſolv'd; and I'll prevent his diſcovering us; I'll put on a Suit of your Cloaths, and order *Pindreſs* to carry her Night-Gown to the Gentleman in the Garden, and bid him meet me in the lower Arbour, in the Weſt Corner, and ſend the Chaplain thither inſtantly. [*Exit.*

Lean. Hold, Fortune, hold; thou haſt entirely won!
For I am loſt. Thus long I have been rack'd
On thy tormenting Wheel, and now my Heart-ſtrings break.
Diſcovering who I am, expoſes me to Shame.
Then what on Earth can help me?

Enter Pindreſs.

Pin. Oh Lord, Page, what's the matter? Here's old doings, or rather new doings. Prithee, let you and I throw in our Two-pence a-piece into this Marriage-Lottery.

Lean. You'll draw nothing but Blanks, I'll aſſure you, from me. ——But ſtay, let me conſider o'th' Buſineſs.

Pind. No Conſideration; the Bus'neſs muſt be done hand over-head.

Lean. Well, I have one Card to play ſtill; and with you, *Pindreſs.* [*Takes her Hand.*

Pind.

Pind. You expect tho' that I ſhould turn up Trump?

Lean. No, not if I ſhuffle right. [*Aſide.*] — Well *Pindreſs*, 'tis a Match. Be gone to the lower Arbour at the Weſt-corner of the Garden, and I'll come to thee immediately with the Chaplain. You muſt not whiſper, for we muſt paſs upon the Chaplain for my Lady and the Gentleman. ——— Haſte.

Pind. Sha'n't I put on my new Gown firſt?

Lean. No, no, you ſhall have a Green-Gown for your Wedding in the Arbour.

Pind. A Green-Gown! — Well, all Fleſh is Graſs.

Lean. Make haſte, my Spouſe, fly.

Pind. And will you come? will you be ſure to come? ——— Good my little Green Gooſebery, my Teeth waters at ye. ———

Lean. Now Chance. ——— No, thou'rt blind.

Then Love, be thou my Guide, and ſet me right;
Tho' blind, like Chance, you have beſt Eyes by Night.

Exit.

SCENE Bulfinch's *Houſe.*

Enter Lovewell, Bruſh *and* Servant.

Love. Mr. *Lyrick* abroad, ſay'ſt thou! and *Mockmode* with him!

Serv. All abroad, my Miſtreſs and all.

Love. I don't underſtand this. —— *Bruſh*, run to *Lucinda*'s Lodgings, and obſerve what's doing there: I ſpy'd ſome haſty Lights glancing thro' the Rooms; I'll follow you preſently. [*Exit* Bruſh. ——— Can't you inform me which way they went?

Serv. Perhaps Mr. *Mockmode*'s Man can inform ye.

Love. Pray call him.

Serv. Mr. *Club*, Mr. *Club*.

Love. What, is the Fellow deaf?

Serv. No, Sir, but he's aſleep, and in Bed. ——— Mr. *Club*, Mr. *Club*.

Club. Augh ——— [*Yawning.*] I'm aſleep, I'm aſleep; don't wake me. ——— Augh.

Serv.

Serv. Here's a Gentleman wants ye.

Enter Club, *with his Coat unbutton'd, his Garters unty'd, ſcratching and yawning, as newly waken'd from Bed.*

Club. Pox o'your *London* Breeding; what makes you waken a Man out of his Sleep that way?

Love. Where's your Maſter, pray Sir?

Club. Augh ——— 'Tis a ſad thing to be broken of one's Reſt this way.

Love. Can you inform me where your Maſter's gone?

Club. My Maſter! ——— Augh ——— [*Stretching and yawning.*

Love. Yes, Sir, your Maſter.

Club. My Maſter! ——— Augh ——— What a Clock is it, Sir? I believe 'tis paſt Midnight, for I have gotten my firſt Sleep. ——— Augh ———

Love. Thou'rt aſleep ſtill, Blockhead. Anſwer me, or ——— Where's your Maſter?

Club. Augh ——— I had the pleaſanteſt Dream when you call'd me ——— Augh. ——— I thought my Maſter's great black Stone horſe had broke looſe among the Mares. ——— Augh. ——— And ſo, Sir, you call'd me. ——— Augh. ——— And ſo I awaken'd.

Love. Sirrah, [*Strikes him.*] ——— Now your Dream's out, I hope.

Club. Zauns, Sir! what d'ye mean, Sir? My Maſter's as good a Man as you, Sir; Dem me, Sir.

Love. Tell me preſently where your Maſter is, Sirrah, or I'll duſt the Secret out of your Jacket.

Club. Oh Sir, your Name's *Lovewell*, Sir!

Love. What then, Sir?

Club. Why then my Maſter is ——— where you are not, Sir. ——— My Maſter's in a fine Lady's Arms, and you are ——— here, I take it. [*Shrugging.*

Love. Has he got a Whore a Bed with him?

Club. He may be Father to the Son of a Whore by this time, if your Miſtreſs *Lucinda* be one. Mr. *Lyrick* did his Buſineſs, and my Maſter will do her Buſineſs. I warrant him, if o'th' right *Shropſhire* Breed,

which I'm ſure he is, for my Mother nurs'd him on my Milk.

Love. Two Calves ſuckl'd on the ſame Cow——Ha, ha, ha. Gramercy Poet; has he brought the Play to a Cataſtrophe ſo ſoon? A rare Execution! to clap him in the Female Pillory already! ha, ha, ha.

Club. Ay, Sir; and a Pillory, that you wou'd give your Ears for; I warrant, you think my Maſter's over Head and Ears in the *Iriſh* Quagmire you wou'd have drown'd him in. But, Sir, we have found the bottom on't.

Love. He may paſs over the Quagmire, Sirrah; for there were ſtepping Stones laid in his Way.

Club. He has got over dry-ſhod, I'll aſſure you.—— Pray, Sir, did not you receive a Note from *Lucinda*, the true *Lucinda*, to meet her at Ten in her Garden, to Night;——Why don't you laugh now? Ha, ha, ha.

Love. 'Sdeath, Raſcal, What Intelligence cou'd you have of that?

Club. Hold, Sir, I have more Intelligence. You threw Mr. *Lyrick* his Poem, in a hurry, in the *Park*, and juſtled that ſweet Letter out of your Pocket, Sir. This Letter fell into my Maſter's Hands, Sir, and diſcover'd your Sham, Sir, your Trick, Sir. Now, Sir, I think you are as deep in the Mud as he is in the Mire.

Love. Curs'd Misfortune!——And where are they gone, Sir? Quickly, the Truth, the whole Truth, Dog, or I'll ſpit you like a Sparrow.

Club. I deſign to tell you, Sir. Mr. *Lyrick*, Sir, being my Maſter's intimate Friend, or ſo, upon a Bribe of a Hundred Pounds, or ſo, has ſided with him, taken him to *Lucinda*'s Garden in your ſtead, and there's a Parſon, and all, and ſo forth——Now, Sir, I hope the Poet has brought the Play to a very good Cata——Cata——what d'ye call him, Sir?

Love.

Love. 'Twas he I encounter'd in the Garden.——— Sdeath! Trick'd by the Poet; I'll cut off one of his Limbs, I'll make a Synalœpha of him, I'll ———

Club. He, he, he! —Two Calves ſuckl'd on the ſame Cow! ——— He, he, he!

Love. Nay, then I begin with you. (*Drubs him.*

Club. Zauns! Murder! Demme! Zauns! Murder! Zauns! (*Runs off,* Lovewell *after him.*

SCENE *changes to the Anti-Chamber in* Lucinda's *Houſe; a Hat and a Sword on the Table.*

Enter Bruſh.

Bruſh. I have been peeping and crouching about like a Cat a mouſing. Ha! I ſmell a Rat—a Sword and a Hat!—There are certainly a pair of Breeches appertaining to theſe, and may be lap'd up in my Lady's Lavender, who knows? (*Liſtens.*

Enter Lovewell *in a hurry.*

Love. What, Sir? What are you doing; I'm ruin'd, trick'd.———

Bruſh. I believe ſo too, Sir.—See here! ——— (*Shews the Hat and Sword.*

Love. By all my hopes, *Roebuck*'s Hat and Sword. This is Miſchief upon Miſchief. Run you to the Garden, Sirrah; and if you find any Body, ſecure 'em, I'll ſearch the Houſe——— I'm ruin'd! ——— Fly, *Roebuck?* ——What hoa ——— *Roebuck?* ——hoa?

Enter Roebuck *unbutton'd; runs to* Lovewell *and embraces him.*

Roeb. Dear, dear *Lovewell*, wiſh me Joy, wiſh me Joy, my Friend.

Love. Of what, Sir?

Roeb. Of the deareſt, tender'ſt, whiteſt, ſofteſt Bride, that ever bleſt Man's Arms. I'm all Air, all a *Cupid*, all Wings, and muſt fly again to her Embraces. Detain me not, my Friend.

Love. Hold Sir, I hope you mock me! tho' that it ſelf's unkind.

Roeb. Mock you! ——— By Heaven's, no, She's more than Senſe can bear, or Tongue expreſs ——— O *Lucinda*! Shou'd Heaven ———

Love. Hold, Sir, no more.

Roeb. I'm on the Rack of Pleaſure, and muſt confeſs all.

When her ſoft melting, white, and yielding Waſte,
Within my preſſing Arms was folded faſt,
Our Lips were melted down by Heat of Love,
And lay incorporate in liquid Kiſſes.
Whilſt in ſoft-broken Sighs, we catch'd each other's Souls.

Love. Come, come, *Roebuck*, no more of this Extravagance ——— By Heav'n I ſwear you ſha'n't marry her.

Roeb. By Heav'n I ſwear ſo too; for I'm marry'd already.

Love. Then thou'rt a Villain.

Roeb. A Villain, Man! —— Pſhaw, that's Nonſenſe. A poor Fellow can no ſooner get marry'd, than you imagine he may be call'd a Villain preſently ——— You may call me a Fool, a Blockhead, or an Aſs, by the Authority of Cuſtom: But why a Villain, for God's ſake?

Love. Did not you engage to meet, and fight a Gentleman for me in *Moorfields*.

Roeb. Did not you promiſe to engage a Lady for me at the Fountain, Sir?

Love. This *Lucinda* is my Miſtreſs, Sir.

Roeb. This *Lucinda*, Sir, is my Wife.

Love. Then this decides the matter. ——— Draw.

(*Throws* Roebuck *his Sword and draws his own.*

Roeb. Prithee be quiet, Man, I've other Buſineſs to mind on my Wedding-night. I muſt in to my Bride. (*Going.*

Love. Hold, Sir; move a ſtep, and by Heave I'll ſtab thee.

Roeb. Put up, put up; 'Pſhaw, I a'n't prepar'd to die; I an't, Devil take me.

Love. Do you dally with me, Sir?

Roeb. Why, you won't be ſo unconſcionable as to kill a Man ſo ſuddenly; I han't made my Will yet. Perhaps I may leave you a Legacy.

Love. Pardon me, Heavens, if preſs'd by ſtinging Taunts, my Paſſion urge my Arm to act what's foul. (*Offers to puſh at him.*

Roeb. Hold. (*Taking up his Sword.*) 'Tis ſafeſt making Peace, they ſay, with Sword in Hand. ——I'll tell thee what, *Ned*, I would not loſe this Night's Pleaſure for the Honour of fighting and vanquiſhing the Seven Champions of *Chriſtendom*, Tremit me then but this Night to return to the Arms of my dear Bride, and Faith and Troth I'll take a fair Thruſt with you to morrow Morning.

Love. What! beg a poor Reprieve for Life?—— Then thou art a Coward.

Roeb. You imagined the contrary, when you employed me to fight for you in *Moorfields*.

Love. Will nothing move thy Gall?——Thou'rt baſe, ungrateful.

Roeb. Ungrateful! I love thee, *Ned*; by Heavens, my Friend, I love thee; Therefore name not that Word again, for ſuch a Repetition would over pay all thy Favours.

Love. A cheap, a very cheap way of making Acknowledgment, and therefore thou haſt catched it, which makes thee more ungrateful.

Roeb. My Friendſhip even yet does balance Paſſion; but throw in the leaſt Grain more of an Affront, and by Heaven you turn the Scale.

Love. (*Pauſing*) No, I've thought better; my Reaſon clears: She's not worth my Sword; a Bully only ſhou'd draw in her Defence, for ſhe's falſe, a Proſtitute. (*Puts up his Sword.*

Roeb. A Proſtitute! by Heavens thou ly'ſt. (*Draws.* ——Thou haſt blaſphemed. Her Virtue anſwers the corrupted State of Woman; ſo much above Mo-

deſty, that it mocks Temptation. She has convinc'd me of the bright Honour of our Sex, and I ſtand Champion now for the fair Female Cauſe.

Love. Then I have loſt what ought on Earth can pay. Curſe on all Doubts, all Jealouſies, that deſtroy our preſent Happineſs by miſtruſting the future. Thus Misbelievers making their Heaven uncertain, find a certain Hell — And is ſhe virtuous? ſound the bold Charge aloud, which does proclaim me guilty.

Roeb. By Heavens, as virtuous as thy Siſter.

Love. My Siſter! — Ha! — I fear, Sir, your Marriage with *Lucinda* has wrong'd my Siſter; for her you courted, and I heard ſhe lov'd you.

Roeb. I courted her, 'tis true, and lov'd her alſo: nay, my Love to her rival'd my Friendſhip tow'rds ——— and had my Fate allow'd me time for Thought, her dear Remembrance might have ſtop'd the Marriage. But ſince 'tis paſt, I muſt own to you, to her, and all the World, that I caſt of all former Paſſion, and ſhall henceforth confine my Love to the dear Circle of her charming Arms from whom I juſt now parted.

Enter Leanthe *in Woman's looſe Apparel.*

Lean. I take you at your Word. Theſe are the Arms that held you.

Roeb. Oh Gods and Happineſs! *Leanthe!*

Love. My Siſter! Heavens! It cannot be.

Roeb. By Heavens it can, it ſhall, it muſt be ſo. — For none on Earth cou'd give ſuch Joys but ſhe. — Who would have thought my Joys cou'd bear Increaſe? *Lovewell,* my Friend! This is thy Siſter! 'Tis *Leanthe!* My Miſtreſs, my Bride, my Wife.

Lean. I am your Siſter, Sir, as ſuch I beg you to pardon the Effect of violent Paſſion, which has driven me into ſome imprudent Actions: But none ſuch as may blot the Honour of my Virtue, or Family. To hold you no longer in ſuſpence, 'twas I brought the Letter from *Leanthe*; 'twas I manag'd the In-

trigue

trigue with *Lucinda*; I ſent the Note to Mr *Roebuck* this Afternoon; and I ———

Roeb. That was the Bride of happy me.

Love. Thou art my Siſter and Guardian-Angel; for thou haſt bleſs'd thy ſelf, and bleſs'd thy Brother. *Lucinda* ſtill is ſafe, and may be mine.

Roeb. May! ——— She ſhall be thine, my Friend.

Love. Where is *Lucinda?*

Enter Mockmode.

Mock. Not far off; tho' far enough from you, by the Univerſe.

Lean. You muſt give me leave not to believe you, Sir.

Mock. Oh, Madam! I crave you ten thouſand Pardons, by the Univerſe, Madam, Zauns, Madam, Dem me, Madam. [*Offers to ſalute her awkwardly.*

Love. By your leave, Sir. ——— (*Thruſts him back.*

Roeb. Ah, Couſin *Mockmode!* ——— How do all our Friends in *Shropſhire?* ———

Mock. Now, Gentlemen, I thank you all for your Trick, your Sham. You imagine I have got your Whore, Couſin, your Crack. But Gentleman, by the Aſſiſtance of a Poet, your *Sheely* is metamorphos'd into the real *Lucinda*; which your Eyes ſhall teſtifie. Bring in the Jury there. —— Guilty or not Guilty?

Enter Lyrick *and* Trudge.

Trud. Oh my dear *Roebuck*! (Trudge *ſeeing* Roebuck, *throws off her Maſque, flies to him, takes him about the Neck and kiſſes him.*) And Faith is it you, dear Joy? And where have you been theſe ſeven long Years?

Mock Zauns!

Roeb. Hold of, ſtale Iniquity. ——— Madam, you'll pardon this? (*To* Leanthe.

Trud. Indeed I won't live with that Stranger. You promis'd to marry me; ſo you did. ——— Ah Sir, *Ned.* is a brave Boy. God bleſs him; he's a whole Armful; Lord knows, I had a heavy Load of him.

Love. Guilty or not Guilty, Mr. *Mockmode?*

Mock. 'Tis paſt that; I am condemned; I'm hang'd in the Marriage Nooſe.—Hark ye, Madam, was this the Doctor that let you Blood under the Tongue for the Quinſey.

Trud. Yes, that it was, Sir.

Mock. Then he may do ſo again; for the Devil take me if ever I breath a Vein for ye. ——Mr. *Lyrick*, is this your Poetical Friendſhip?

Lyr. I had only a mind to convince you of your 'Squireſhip.

Love. Now, Siſter, my Fears are over. ——But where's *Lucinda?* How is ſhe diſpos'd of?

Lean. The E[illegible] ſhe lay under of being diſcover'd by you, gave me an Opportunity of impoſing *Pindreſs* upon her inſtead of this Gentlewoman, whom ſhe expected to wear one of *Pindreſs*'s Night-Gowns as a Diſguiſe. To make the Cheat more current, ſhe diſguis'd her ſelf in my Cloaths, which has made her paſs on her Maid for me; and I by that Opportunity putting on a Suit of her's, paſt upon this Gentleman for *Lucinda:* My next Buſineſs is to find her out, and beg her Pardon, endeavour her Reconcilement to you, which the Diſcovery of the Miſtakes between both will eaſily effect.

Roeb. Well, Sir, (*To* Lyrick,) how was your Plot carried on?

Lyr. Why this 'Squire (will you give me leave to call you ſo now?) this 'Squire had a mind to perſonate *Lovewell*, to catch *Lucinda.* ——So I made *Trudge* to perſonate *Lucinda*, and ſnap him in this very Garden. —Now, Sir, you'll give me leave to write our *Epithalamium?*

Mock. My *Epithalamium!* my *Epitaph*, Screech-Owl, for I'm buried alive. But I hope you'll return my hundred pound I gave you for marrying me.

Lyr. No; but for five hundred more I'll unmarry you. Theſe are hard Times, and Men of Induſtry muſt make Money.

Mock.

Mock. Here's the Money, by the Univerſe, Sir; a Bill of five hundred Pound Sterling upon Mr. *Ditto* the Mercer in *Cheapſide*. Bring me a Reprieve, and 'tis yours.

Lyr. Lay it in that Gentleman's Hands.

Gives Roebuck *the Bill.*

The Executioner ſhall cut the Rope.

[*Goes to the Door and brings in* Bulfinch *dreſs'd like a Parſon.*

Here's Revelation for you! —— [*Pulls open the Gown.*

Mock. Oh thou damn'd Whore of *Babylon*!

Love. What, Pope *Joan* the Second! Were you the Prieſt?

Bull. Of the Poet's Ordination.

Lyr. Ay, ay, before the time of Chriſtianity the Poets were Prieſts.

Mock. No wonder then that all the World were Heathens.

Lyr. How d'ye like the Plot? Wou'd it not do well for a Play? — My Money, Sir——

[*To* Roebuck.

Roeb. No, Sir; it belongs to this Gentlewoman. — [*Gives it to* Trudge.] you have divorc'd her, and muſt give her ſeparate Maintenance.——There's another turn of Plot you were not aware of, Mr. *Lyrick.*

Enter Lucinda, Leanthe, *and* Pindreſs.

Luc. You have told me Wonders.

Lean. Here are theſe can teſtifie the Truth. This Gentleman is the real Mr. *Mockmode*, and much ſuch another Perſon as your Dream repreſented.

Roeb. I hope, Madam, you'll pardon my diſſembling, ſince only the Hopes of ſo great a Purchaſe wou'd cauſe it.

Luc. Let my wiſhing you much Joy and Happineſs in your Bride, teſtify my Reconciliation; and at the Requeſt of your Siſter, Mr. *Lovewell*, I pardon your paſt Jealouſies. You threatned me, Mr. *Lovewell*, with an *Iriſh* Entertainment at my Wedding. I wiſh a preſent now, to aſſiſt at your Siſter's Nuptials.

Lean. At my laſt going hence, I ſent for 'em, and they're ready.

Love. Call 'em in then.

An Iriſh *Entertainment of three Men and three Women, dreſs'd after the* Fingallian *Faſhion.*

Luc. I muſt reward your Siſter, Mr. *Lovewell*, for the many Services done me as my Page. I therefore ſettle my Fortune and my ſelf on you, on this Condition, That you make over your Eſtate in *Ireland* to your Siſter, and that Gentleman.

Love. 'Tis done, only with this Proviſo, Brother, That you forſake your Extravagances.

Roeb. Brother, you know I always ſlighted Gold, But moſt when offer'd as a ſordid Bribe. I ſcorn to be brib'd even to Virtue, But for bright Virtue's ſake, I here embrace it.

[*Embracing* Leanthe.

I have eſpous'd all Goodneſs with *Leanthe*, And am divorc'd from all my former Follies.

Woman's our Fate. Wild and unlawful Flames
Debauch us firſt, and ſofter Love reclaims.
Thus Paradiſe was loſt by Woman's Fall,
But virtuous Woman thus reſtores it all.

[Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

Written and ſpoke by *Jo. Haynes* in Mourning.

I Come not here, your Poet's Fate to ſee,
He and his Play both be damn'd for me:
No, Royal Theatre, I come to Mourn *for thee.*
And muſt thoſe Structures then untimely fall,
Whilſt th' other Houſe ſtands, and gets the Devil and all?
Muſt ſtill kind Fortune through all Weathers ſteer 'em?
And Beauties bloom, in ſpight of Edax Rerum.
Vivitur Ingenio, *that damn'd Motto there,*
[Looking up at it.
Seduc'd me firſt to be a wicked Player.
Hard Times indeed; Oh Tempora! *Oh* Mores!
I know that Stage muſt down, where not one Whore is.

But can you have the Hearts, tho'—(Pray now ſpeak,)
After all our Services, to let us break?
You cannot do't, unleſs the Devil's in ye,
What Arts, what Merit, ha'n't we us'd to win ye?
Firſt, to divert ye with ſome new French *Strowlers;*
We brought ye Bona Sere's, Barba Colars.
[Mocking the late Singers.
When their Male Throats no longer drew your Money;
We got you an Eunuch's Pipe, Seignior Rampony.
That Beardleſs Songſter we cou'd ne'er make much on;
The Females damn'd Blotch in his Scutcheon.
An Italian *now we've got of mighty Fame,*
Don Sigiſmondo Fideli.—*There's Muſick in his Name:*

Hi

EPILOGUE.

His Voice is like the Muſick of the Spheres,
It ſhou'd be Heavenly for the Price it bears. [20 l. a time.
He's a handſome Fellow too, looks brisk and trim:
If he don't take ye, then the De'el take him.
Beſides, leſt our white Faces always mayn't delight ye,
We've Pickt up Gipſies now to pleaſe or fright ye.

Laſtly, to make our Houſe more Courtly ſhine,
As Travel does the Men of Mode refine,
So our Stage-Hero's *did their* Tour *deſign.*
To mend their Manners, *and coarſe* Engliſh *Feeding,*
They went to Ireland, *to improve their* Breeding;
Yet, for all this, we ſtill are at a loſs,
Oh Collier! Collier! *thou'ſt frighted away Miſs* G- s:
She, to return our Foreigner's Complaiſance,
At Cupid's *call, has made a* Trip *to* France.
Love's Fire Arms *here, are ſince not worth a Sous:*
We've loſt the only Touch-hole *of our* Houſe.

Loſing that Jewel, gave us a fatal Blow:
Well, if thin Audience muſt Jo. Haynes *undo,*
Well, if 'tis decreed, nor can thy Fate, *O Stage!*
Reſiſt the Vows of this obdurate Age,
I'll then grow wiſer, leave off playing the Fool,
And hire this Play-houſe for a Boarding School.
D'ye think the Maids *won't be in a ſweet Condition,*
When they are under Jo. Haynes's *grave Tuition?*
They'll have no occaſion then, I'm ſure, to Play,
They'll have ſuch Comings in *another way.*

THE

THE CONSTANT COUPLE; OR, A *Trip to the Jubilee.*

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Sive favore tuli, sive hanc ego Carmine famam;
Jure tibi grates, candide lector, ago.
Ovid. Triſt. lib. iv. Eleg. 10.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN CLARKE. 1742.

To the HONOURABLE

Sir *Roger Moſtyn*, Bart.

OF

Moſtyn-Hall in *Flintſhire*.

SIR,

'TIS no ſmall Reflection on Pieces of this Nature, that Panegyrick is ſo much improv'd, and that Dedication is grown more an Art than Poetry; that Authors, to make their Patrons more than Men, make themſelves leſs; and that Perſons of Honour are forc'd to decline Patronizing Wit, becauſe their Modeſty cannot bear the groſs Strokes of Adulation.

But give me leave to ſay, Sir, that I am too young an Author to have learnt the Art of Flattery; and, I hope, the ſame Modeſty which recommended this Play *to the World, will alſo reconcile my Addreſſes to you, of whom I can ſay nothing but what your* Merits *may warrant, and all that have the Honour of your Acquaintance will be proud to vindicate.*

The greateſt Panegyrick *upon you, Sir, is the unprejudic'd and bare Truth of your Character, the Fire of Youth, with the* Sedateneſs *of a* Senator, *and the* Modern Gaiety *of a fine* Engliſh *Gentleman, with the Noble* Solidity *of the Ancient* Briton.

This is the Character, Sir, which all Men, but your ſelf, are proud to publiſh of You, and which more celebrated Pens *than mine ſhould tranſmit to Poſterity.*

The Play *has had ſome noble Appearances to honour its* Repreſentation; *and to Complete the* Succeſs, *I have preſum'd to prefix ſo Noble a Name to uſher it into the World. A ſtately* Frontiſpiece *is the Beauty of a Building. But here I muſt tranſverſe* Ovid:

Materia ſuperabit Opus.

I am, Honourable Sir,

Your moſt Devoted,

and Humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

AN affected Modeſty is very often the greateſt Vanity, and Authors are ſometimes prouder of their Bluſhes than of the Praiſes that occaſion'd them. I ſha'n't therefore, like a fooliſh Virgin, fly to be purſu'd, and deny what I chiefly wiſh for. I am very willing to acknowledge the Beauties of this Play, eſpecially thoſe of the third Night, which not to be proud of, were the Height of Impudence: Who is aſham'd to value himſelf upon ſuch Favours, undervalues thoſe who conferr'd them.

As I freely ſubmit to the Criticiſms of the Judicious, ſo I cannot allow this an ill Play, ſince the Town has allow'd it ſuch Succeſs. When they have pardon'd my Faults, 'twere very ill Manners to condemn their Indulgence. Some may think (my Acquaintance in Town being too ſlender to make a Party for the Play) that the Succeſs muſt be deriv'd from the pure Merits of the Cauſe. I am of another Opinion; I have not been long enough in Town to raiſe Enemies againſt me; and the *Engliſh* are ſtill kind to Strangers. I am below the Envy of great Wits, and above the Malice of little ones. I have not diſpleaſed the Ladies, nor offended the Clergy; both which are now pleas'd to ſay, that a Comedy may be diverting without Smut and Profaneneſs.

Next

Next to thoſe Advantages, the Beauties of Action gave the greateſt Life to the Play, of which the Town is ſo ſenſible, that all will join with me in Commendation of the Actors, and allow, (without detracting from the Merit of others) that the *Theatre Royal* affords an excellent and compleat Set of Comedians. Mr. *Wilks*'s Performance has ſet him ſo far above Competition in the Part of *Wildair*, that none can pretend to envy the Praiſe due to his Merit. That he made the Part, will appear from hence, that whenever the Stage has the Misfortune to loſe him, Sir *Harry Wildair* may go to the Jubilee.

A great many quarrel at the *Trip to the Jubilee* for a *Miſnomer*: I muſt tell them, that perhaps there are greater Trips in the Play; and when I find that more exact Plays have had better Succeſs, I'll talk with the Criticks about *Decorums*, &c. However, if I ever commit another Fault of this Nature, I'll endeavour to make it more excuſable.

PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

POETS will think nothing ſo checks their Fury
As Wit, Cits, Beaux, and Women for their Jury.
Our Spark's half dead to think what Medley's come,
With blended Judgments to pronounce his Doom.
'Tis all falſe Fear; for in a mingled Pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
His Neighbour i'th' great Wig may take for Wit.
Some Authors court the Few, the Wiſe, if any;
Our Youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like Ends to Church and Play,
Not to obſerve what Prieſts or Poets ſay,
No! no! your Thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another (way.
The Ladies ſafe may ſmile for here's no Slander,
No Smut, no lewd-tongu'd Beau, no double Entendre.
'Tis true, he has a Spark juſt come from France,
But then ſo far from Beau—why, he talks Senſe!
Like Coin oft carry'd out, but —— ſeldom brought (from thence.
There's yet a Gang to whom our Spark ſubmits,
Your Elbow ſhaking Fool, that lives by's Wits;
That's only witty tho', juſt as he lives, by fits,
Who, Lion-like, through Bailiffs, ſcours away,
Hunts, in the Face, a Dinner all the Day,
At Night with empty Bowels grumbles o'r the Play.
And now the modiſh 'Prentice, new explores,
Who, with his Maſter's Caſh, ſtol'n out of Doors,
Employs it on a Brace of —— Honourable Whores:

Wh

PROLOGUE.

While their good bulky Mother pleas'd, ſits by,
Bawd Regent of the Bubble Gallery.
Next to our mounted Friends, we humbly move,
Who all your Side-box Tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us with your Love.
Ah Friends! poor Dorſet Garden-houſe is gone;
Our merry Meetings there are all undone:
Quite loſt to us, ſure for ſome ſtrange Miſdeeds,
That ſtrong Dog Sampſon's pull'd it o'er our Heads,
Snaps Rope like Thread; but when his Fortune's told him,
He'll hear perhaps of Rope will one Day hold him:
At leaſt, I hope, that our good-natur'd Town
Will find a way to pull his Prices down.
Well, That's all! Now Gentlemen for the Play,
On ſecond Thoughts, I've but two Words to ſay;
Such as it is for your Delight deſign'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and ſpeak as you find.

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir *Harry Wildair*,	An airy Gentleman, affecting humorous Gaiety and Freedom in his Behaviour.	Mr. *Wilks*.
Standard,	A disbanded Colonel, brave and generous.	Mr. *Powel*.
Vizard,	Outwardly Pious, otherwiſe a great Debauchee, and Villain.	Mr. *Mills*.
Smuggler,	An old Merchant.	Mr. *Johnſon*.
Clincher,	A pert *London*-Prentice turn'd Beau, and affecting Travel.	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Clincher jun.	His Brother, educated in the Country.	Mr. *Bullock*.
Dicky,	His Man,	Mr. *Norris*.
Tom Errand,	A Porter,	Mr. *Haynes*.

WOMEN.

Lurewell,	A Lady of a jilting Temper, proceeding from a Reſentment of her Wrongs from Men.	Mrs. *Verbruggen*.
Lady *Darling*,	An old Lady, Mother to *Angelica*.	Mrs. *Powel*.
Angelica,	A Woman of Honour.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Parly,	Maid to *Lurewell*,	Mrs. *Moor*.

Conſtable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, &c.

SCENE, *LONDON*.

THE

THE
Conſtant Couple.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Vizard *with a Letter, a Servant following.*

VIZARD.

Angelica, ſend it back unopen'd! ſay you?

Serv. As you ſee, Sir.

Viz. The Pride of theſe virtuous Women is more inſufferable than the Immodeſty of Proſtitutes—After all my Incouragement to ſlight me thus!

Serv. She ſaid, Sir, that imagining your Morals ſincere, ſhe gave you Acceſs to her Converſation; but that your late Behaviour in her Company has convinc'd her, that your Love and Religion are both Hypo-

Hypocriſy, and that ſhe believes your Letter like your ſelf, fair on the Outſide, foul within; ſo ſent it back unopen'd.

Viz. May Obſtinacy guard her Beauty till Wrinkles bury it; then may Deſire prevail to make her cure that untimely Pride her diſappointed Age repents — I'll be reveng'd the very firſt Opportunity —— Saw you the old Lady *Darling*, her Mother?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and ſhe was pleas'd to ſay much in your Commendation.

Viz. That's my Cue —— An Eſteem grafted in Old Age is hardly rooted out; Years ſtiffen their Opinions with their Bodies, and old Zeal is only to be cozen'd by young Hypocriſy. —— [*Aſide.*

Run to the Lady *Lurewell*'s, and know of her Maid, whether her Ladyſhip will be at home this Evening. Her Beauty is ſufficient Cure for *Angelica*'s Scorn.

[*Exit Serv.* [Viz. *pulls out a Book, reads, and walks about.*

Enter Smugler.

Smug. Ay, there's a Pattern for the young Men o'th' Times, at his Meditation ſo early, ſome Book of pious Ejaculations, I'm ſure.

Viz. This *Hobs* is an excellent Fellow! [*Aſide*] O Uncle *Smuggler!* To find you at this End o'th' Town is a Miracle.

Smug. I have ſeen a Miracle this Morning indeed, Couſin *Vizard.*

Viz. What is it, pray, Sir?

Smug. A Man at his Devotion ſo near the Court —— I'm very glad, Boy, that you keep your Sanctity untainted in this infectious Place; the very Air of this Park is Heatheniſh, and every Man's Breath I meet ſcents of Atheiſm.

Viz. Surely, Sir, ſome great Concern muſt bring you to this unſanctify'd End of the Town.

Smug. A very unſanctify'd Concern, truly Couſin.

Viz. What is't?

Smug.

Smug. A Law-Suit, Boy—Shall I tell you?—— My Ship the *Swan* is newly arriv'd from St. *Sebaſtian*, laden with *Portugal* Wines: Now the impudent Rogue of a Tide-waiter has the Face to affirm 'tis *French* Wines in *Spaniſh* Casks, and has indicted me upon the Statute——O Conſcience! Conſcience! Theſe Tide-waiters and Surveyors plague us more with their *French* Wines, than the War did with *French* Privateers ——Ay, there's another Plague of the Nation.——

Enter Colonel Standard.

A red Coat and Feather.

Viz. Col. *Standard*, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. May be not, Sir.

Viz. Why ſo?

Stand. Becauſe —— I'm disbanded.

Viz. How? Broke!

Stand. This very Morning, in *Hide-Park*, my brave Regiment, a thouſand Men that look'd like Lions Yeſterday, were ſcatter'd, and look'd as poor and ſimple as the Herd of Deer that graz'd beſide 'em.

Smug. Tal, al, deral [*Singing.*] I'll have a Bonfire this Night as high as the Monument.

Stand. A Bonfire! Thou dry, wither'd, ill Nature; had not thoſe brave Fellow's Swords defended you, your Houſe had been a Bonfire ere this about your Ears —— Did we not venture our Lives, Sir?

Smug. And did we not pay for your Lives, Sir?—— Venture your Lives! I'm ſure we ventur'd our Money, and that's Life and Soul to me——Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

Stand. Then your Wives ſhall, old *Actæon*; There are five and thirty ſtrapping Officers gone this Morning to live upon free Quarter in the City.

Smug. O Lord! O Lord! I ſhall have a Son within theſe nine Months born with a leading Staff in his Hand ——Sir, you are——

Stand.

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Sir, I ſay that you are——

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Disbanded, Sir, that's all——I ſee my Lawyer yonder. [*Exit.*

Viz. Sir, I'm very ſorry for your Misfortune.

Stand. Why ſo? I don't come to borrow Money of you; if you're my Friend, meet me this Evening at the *Rummer*, I'll pay my Foy, drink a Health to my King, Proſperity to my Country; and away for *Hungary* To-morrow Morning.

Viz. What! you won't leave us?

Stand. What! A Soldier ſtay here! To look like an old Pair of Colours in *Weſtminſter-hall*, ragged and ruſty? No, no——I met Yeſterday a broken Lieutenant, he was aſham'd to own that he wanted a Dinner, but begg'd Eighteen-pence of me to buy a new Scabbard for his Sword.

Viz. O, but you have good Friends, Colonel!

Stand. O, very good Friends! My Father's a Lord, and my elder Brother a Beau; mighty good Friends indeed!

Viz. But your Country may perhaps want your Sword agen.

Stand. Nay, for that Matter, let but a ſingle Drum beat up for Volunteers between *Ludgate* and *Charing-Croſs*, and I ſhall undoubtedly hear it at the Walls of *Buda*.

Viz. Come, come, Colonel, there are Ways of making your Fortune at home——Make your Addreſſes to the Fair, you're a Man of Honour and Courage.

Stand. Ay, my Courage is like to do me wondrous Service with the Fair: This pretty croſs Cut over my Eye will attract a Dutcheſs——I warrant 'twill be a mighty Grace to my Ogling——Had I us'd the Stratagem of a certain Brother Colonel of mine, I might ſucceed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand.

Stand. Why, to ſave his pretty Face for the Women, he always turn'd his Back upon the Enemy.—He was a Man of Honour for the Ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus* will never fail, you muſt get a Miſtreſs.

Stand. Prithee, no more on't———You have awaken'd a Thought; from which, and the Kingdom, I wou'd have ſtoln away at once.——To be plain, I have a Miſtreſs.

Viz. And ſhe's cruel.

Stand. No.

Viz. Her Parents prevent your Happineſs.

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then ſhe has no Fortune.

Stand. A large one; Beauty to tempt all Mankind, and Virtue to beat off their Aſſaults. O *Vizard!* ſuch a Creature!

Enter Sir Harry Wildair, *croſſes the Stage ſinging, with Footmen after him.*

Hey-day! Who the Devil have we here?

Viz. The Joy of the Play-houſe, and Life of the Park;

Sir *Harry Wildair* newly come from *Paris.*

Stand. Sir *Harry Wildair!* Did not he make a Campaign in *Flanders* ſome three or four Years ago?

Viz. The ſame.

Stand. Why, he behaved himſelf very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Do'ſt think Bravery and Gaiety are inconſiſtent? He's a Gentleman of moſt happy Circumſtances, born to a plentiful Eſtate; has had a genteel and eaſy Education, free from the Rigidneſs of Teachers, and Pedantry of Schools. His florid Conſtitution being never ruffled by Misfortune, nor ſtinted in its Pleaſures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and eaſy to himſelf.———Turning all Paſſion into Gaiety of Humour, by which he chuſes rather to rejoice with his Friends, than be hated by any; as you ſhall ſee.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, *Vizard!*

Viz. Sir *Harry!*

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the *Rubrick* ſo long? I thought thy Hypocriſy had been wedded to a Pulpit-Cuſhion long ago—— Sir, if I miſtake not your Face, your Name is *Standard.*

Stand. Sir *Harry,* I'm your humble Servant.

Wild. Come, Gentlemen, the News, the News o'th' Town, for I'm juſt arriv'd.

Viz. Why, in the City-end o'th' Town we're playing the Knave, to get Eſtates.

Stand. And in the Court-end playing the Fool, in ſpending 'em.

Wild. Juſt ſo in *Paris*; I'm glad we're grown ſo modiſh.

Viz. We are ſo reform'd, that Gallantry is taken for Vice.

Stand. And Hypocriſy for Religion.

Wild. Alamode de Paris, agen.

Viz. Not one Whore between *Ludgate* and *Aldgate.*

Stand. But ten Times more Cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an Oath in the City.

Stand. That's a Miſtake; for my Major ſwore a hundred and fifty laſt Night to a Merchant's Wife in her Bed-chamber.

Wild. 'Pſhaw, this is trifling; tell me News, Gentlemen. What Lord has lately broke his Fortune at the Groom-Porter's? or his Heart at *New-Market,* for the Loſs of a Race? What Wife has been lately ſuing in *Doctors-Commons* for Alimony? or, what Daughter run away with her Father's *Valet?* What Beau gave the nobleſt Ball at the *Bath,* or had the fineſt Coach in the Ring? I want News, Gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, Sir, theſe are no News at all.

Viz. But pray, Sir *Harry,* tell us ſome News of your Travels.

Wild. With all my Heart—You muſt know then, I went over to *Amſterdam* in a *Dutch* Ship: There I had a *Dutch* Whore for five Stivers: I went from thence to *Lauden,* where I was heartily drub'd in the Battle with the But-end of a *Swiſs* Musket. I thence went to *Paris,* where I had half a Dozen Intrigues bought

bought half a Dozen new Suits, fought a Couple of Duels, and here I am again *in ſtatu quo.*

Viz. But we heard that you deſign'd to make the Tour of *Italy*; What brought you back ſo ſoon?

Wild. That which brought you into the World, and may perhaps carry you out of it; a Woman.

Stand. What! quit the Pleaſures of Travel for a Woman?

Wild. Ay, Colonel, for ſuch a Woman! I had rather ſee her *Ruell* than the Palace of *Lewis le Grand*: There's more Glory in her Smile, than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*; and I wou'd rather kiſs her Hand than the Pope's Toe.

Viz. You, Colonel, have been very laviſh in the Beauty and Virtue of your Miſtreſs; and Sir *Harry* here, has been no leſs eloquent in the Praiſe of his. Now will I lay you both ten Guineas a-piece, that neither of them is ſo pretty, ſo witty, or ſo virtuous, as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the Stakes ——— But, Gentlemen, now I think on't, how ſhall we be reſolv'd? For I know not where my Miſtreſs may be found; ſhe left *Paris* about a Month before me, and I had an Account ———

Stand How, Sir! left *Paris* about a Month before you?

Wild. Yes, Sir, and I had an Account that ſhe lodg'd ſomewhere in St. *James's*.

Viz. How! ſomewhere in St. *James's*, ſay you?

Wild. Ay, Sir, but I know not where, and perhaps may'n't find her this Fortnight.

Stand. Her Name, pray, Sir *Harry*.

Viz. Ay, ay, her Name, perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her Name! Ay, —— ſhe has the ſofteſt, whiteſt Hand that e'er was made of Fleſh and Blood, her Lips ſo balmy ſweet ———

Stand. But her Name, Sir.

Wild. Then her Neck and Breaſt; — her Breaſts ſo heave, ſo heave. [*Singing.*

Viz. But her Name, Sir, her Quality.

Wild. Then her Shape, Colonel.

Stand. But her Name I want, Sir.

Wild. Then her Eyes, *Vizard!*

Stand. 'Pſhaw, Sir *Harry*, her Name, or nothing.

Wild. Then if you muſt have it, ſhe's call'd the Lady ——— But then her Foot, Gentlemen, ſhe dances to a Miracle. *Vizard*, you have certainly loſt your Wager.

Viz. Why, you have certainly loſt your Senſes; we ſhall never diſcover the Picture, unleſs you ſubſcribe the Name.

Wild. Then her Name is *Lurewell.*

Stand. 'Sdeath, my Miſtreſs. [*Aſide.*

Viz. My Miſtreſs, by *Jupiter.* [*Aſide.*

Wild. Do you know her, Gentlemen?

Stand. I have ſeen her, Sir.

Wild. Can'ſt tell where ſhe lodges? Tell me, dear Colonel.

Stand. Your humble Servant, Sir. [*Exit* Stand.

Wild. Nay, hold Colonel, I'll follow you, and will know. [*Runs out.*

Viz. The Lady *Lurewell*, his Miſtreſs! He loves her. But ſhe loves me, — but he's a Baronet, and I plain *Vizard*; he has a Coach and Six, and I walk a Foot; I was bred in *London*, and he in *Paris*; ——— That every Circumſtance has murder'd me —— Then ſome Stratagem muſt be laid to divert his Pretenſions.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Prithee, *Dick*, what makes the Colonel ſo out of Humour?

Viz. Becauſe he's out of Pay, I ſuppoſe.

Wild. 'Slife that's true; I was beginning to miſtruſt ſome Rivalſhip in the Caſe.

Viz. And ſuppoſe there were, you know the Colonel can fight, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Fight! 'Pſhaw! but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a Woman, *Vizard*! 'Slife, Man, if Ladies were to be gain'd by Sword and Piſtol only, what the Devil ſhould all we Beaux do?

Viz. I'll try him farther. [*Aſide.*] But wou'd not you, Sir *Harry*, fight for this Woman you ſo much admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me conſider. I love her—that's true; —but then I love honeſt Sir *Harry Wildair* better. The Lady *Lurewell* is divinely charming—— right——but then a Thruſt i'th' Guts, or a *Middleſex Jury*, is as ugly as the Devil.

Viz. Ay, Sir *Harry*, 'twere a dangerous Caſt for a Beau Baronet to be tried by a Parcel of greaſy, grumbling, battering Boobies, who wou'd hang you purely becauſe you're a Gentleman.

Wild. Ay, but on t'other Hand, I have Money enough to bribe the Rogues with: So upon mature Deliberation, I wou'd fight for her. —— But no more of her. Prithee, *Vizard*, can't you recommend a Friend to a pretty Miſtreſs by the by, till I can find my own? You have Store, I'm ſure; you cunning poaching Dogs make ſurer Game, than we that hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good *Vizard*.

Viz. Let me conſider a little. —— Now Love and Revenge inſpire my Politicks. [*Aſide.*

[*Pauſes whilſt Sir* Harry *walks ſinging.*

Wild. 'Pſhaw! thou'rt as long ſtudying for a new Miſtreſs, as a Drawer is piercing a new Pipe.

Viz. I deſign a new Pipe for you, and wholſome Wine; you'll therefore bear a little Expectation.

Wild. Ha! ſay'ſt thou, dear *Vizard*.

Viz. A Girl of Sixteen, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Now ſixteen thouſand Bleſſings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and witty.

Wild. Ay, ay, but her Name, *Vizard*.

Viz. Her Name! yes, —— ſhe has the ſofteſt whiteſt Hand that e'er was made of Fleſh and Blood, her Lips ſo balmy ſweet ——

Wild. Well, well, but where ſhall I find her, Man?

Viz. Find her! —— but then her Foot, Sir *Harry*; ſhe dances to a Miracle.

Wild. Prithee don't diſtract me.

Viz. Well then, you muſt know, that this Lady is the greateſt Beauty in Town; her Name's *Angelica*: She that paſſes for her Mother is a private Bawd, and call'd the Lady *Darling*; ſhe goes for a Baronet's Lady, (no Diſparagement to your Honour, Sir *Harry*) I aſſure you.

Wild. 'Pſhaw, hang my Honour; but what Street, what Houſe?

Viz. Not ſo faſt, Sir *Harry*; you muſt have my Paſport for your Admittance, and you'll find my Recommendation in a Line or two will procure you very civil Entertainment; I ſuppoſe 20 or 30 Pieces handſomely plac'd, will gain the Point; I'll enſure her ſound.

Wild. Thou deareſt Friend to a Man in Neceſſity. —— Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*; I'll walk acroſs the Park. [*To his Servant.*

Enter Clincher *Senior.*

Clinch. Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*, I'll walk acroſs the Park too ——

Mr. *Vizard*, your moſt devoted ——

Sir, [*to* Wildair] I admire the Mode of your Shoulderknot.

Methinks it hangs very emphatically, and carries an Air of Travel in it;

Your Sword-knot too is moſt ornamentally modiſh,
And bears a foreign Mien.

Gentlemen, My Brother is juſt arriv'd in Town,
So that being upon the Wing to kiſs his Hands,
I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Departure, of
Gentlemen, your moſt devoted, and moſt faithful humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Wild. Prithee doſt know him?

Viz. Know him! why 'tis *Clincher*, who was Apprentice to my Uncle *Smuggler*, the Merchant in the City.

Wild. What makes him ſo gay?

Viz. Why he's in Mourning.

Wild. In Mourning!

Vix. Yes, for his Father, the kind old Man in *Hertfordſhire* t'other Day broke his Neck a Foxhunting;
The Son upon the News has broke his Indentures;
Whip'd from behind the Counter into the Side-Box,
Forſwears Merchandiſe, where he muſt live by Cheating,
And uſurps Gentility, where he may die by Raking.
He keeps his Coach and Liveries, *Brace of Geldings*, *Leaſh of Miſtreſſes*, talks of nothing but Wines,
Intrigues, Plays, Faſhions, and *going to the Jubilee*.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, how many Pound of Pulvil muſt the Fellow uſe in ſweetning himſelf from the Smell of Hops and Tobacco?
Faugh!—I'my Conſcience methought,
Like *Olivia*'s Lover, he ſtunk of *Thames-ſtreet*.
But now for *Angelica*, that's her Name:
We'll to the Prince's Chocolate-houſe,
Where you ſhall write my Paſport, *Allons*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Lady* Lurewell's *Lodgings*.

Lurewell *and her Maid* Parly.

Lure. Parly, my Pocket-Book—let me ſee—*Madrid*, *Venice*, *Paris*, *London!*—Ay, *London!* They may talk
What they will of the hot Countries, but I find Love
Moſt fruitful under this Climate—In a Month's Space,
Have I gain'd—let me ſee, *Imprimis*, Colonel *Standard*.

Par. And how will your Ladyſhip manage him?

Lure. As all Soldiers ſhould be manag'd, he ſhall ſerve me till I gain my Ends, then I'll diſband him.

Par. But he loves you, Madam.

Lure. Therefore I ſcorn him;
I hate all that don't love me, and ſlight all that do:
Would his whole deluding Sex admir'd me.
Thus wou'd I ſlight them all;
My Virgin and unwary Innocence
Was wrong'd by faithleſs Man,
But now glance Eyes, plot Brain, diſſemble Face,
Lye Tongue, and be a ſecond *Eve* to tempt, ſeduce, and

Damn the treacherous Kind.——
Let me ſurvey my Captives.——
The *Colonel* leads the Van; next Mr. *Vizard*,
He courts me out of the Practice of Piety,
Therefore is a Hypocrite:
Then *Clincher*, he adores me with Orangeree,
And is conſequently a Fool;
Then my old Merchant, Alderman *Smuggler*,
He's a Compound of both;——out of ſuch Medley of Lovers, if I don't make good Diverſion,——What d'ye think, *Parly*?

Par. I think, Madam, I'm like to be very virtuous in your Service,
If you teach me all thoſe Tricks that you uſe to your Lovers.

Lure. You're a Fool, Child! obſerve this, that tho' a Woman ſwear, forſwear, lie, diſſemble, backbite, be proud, vain, malicious, any Thing, if ſhe ſecures the main Chance, ſhe's ſtill virtuous; that's a Maxim.

Par. I can't be perſuaded tho', Madam, but that you really lov'd Sir *Harry Wildair* in *Paris*.

Lure. Of all the Lovers I ever had, he was my greateſt Plague, for I could never make him uneaſy; I left him involv'd in a Duel upon my Account; I long to know whether the Fop be kill'd or not.

Enter Standard.

O Lord! no ſooner talk of killing, but the Soldier is conjur'd up; you're upon hard Duty, Colonel, to ſerve your King, your Country, and a Miſtreſs too.

Stand. The latter, I muſt confeſs, is the hardeſt; for in War, Madam, we can be reliev'd in our Duty; but in Love, who wou'd take our Poſt, is our Enemy; Emulation in Glory is tranſporting, but Rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Thoſe that bear away the Prize in the Field ſhould boaſt the ſame Succeſs in the Bed-chamber: and I think, conſidering the Weakneſs of our Sex, we

ſhou'd make thoſe our Companions who can be our Champions.

Stand. I once, Madam, hop'd the Honour of defending you from all Injuries thro' a Title to your lovely Perſon, but now my love muſt attend my Fortune. My Commiſſion, Madam, was my Paſport to the Fair; adding Nobleneſs to my Paſſion, it ſtampt a Value in my Love; 'twas once the Life of Honour, but now its Winding-Sheet, and with it muſt my Love be buried.

Par. What, disbanded Colonel?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. *Parly.*

Par. Faugh, the nauſeous Fellow! he ſtinks of Poverty already. [*Aſide.*

Lure. His Misfortune troubles me, 'cauſe it may prevent my Deſigns. (*Aſide.*

Stand. I'll chuſe, Madam, rather to deſtroy my Paſſion by abſence abroad, then have it ſtarv'd at home.

Lure. I'm ſorry, Sir, you have ſo mean an Opinion of my Affection, as to imagine it founded upon your Fortune. And to convince you of your Miſtake, here I vow by all that's ſacred, I own the ſame Affection now as before. Let it ſuffice, my Fortune is conſiderable.

Stand. No, Madam, no; I'll never be a Charge to her I love! The Man that ſells himſelf for Gold, is the worſt of Proſtitutes.

Lure. Now were he any other Creature but a Man, I cou'd love him. (*Aſide.*

Stand. This only laſt Requeſt I make, that no Title recommend a Fool, no Office introduce a Knave, nor Coat a Coward to my Place in your Affections; ſo farewell my Country, and adieu my Love. [*Exit.*

Lure. Now the Devil take thee for being ſo honourable; Here, *Parly*, call him back, I ſhall loſe half my Diverſion elſe. Now for a trial of Skill. [*Re-enter* Colonel. Sir, I hope you'll Pardon my Curioſity: When do you take your Journey?

Stand. To morrow morning, early, Madam.

Lure. So ſuddenly! which way are you deſign'd to travel?

Stand. That I can't yet reſolve on.

Lure. Pray Sir, tell me, Pray Sir; I intreat you; Why are you ſo obſtinate?

Stand. Why are you ſo curious, Madam?

Lure. Becauſe ——

Stand. What!

Lure Becauſe, I, I, ——

Stand. Becauſe! What Madam? — pray tell me.

Lure. Becauſe I deſign to follow you. [*Crying.*

Stand. Follow me! By all that's [illegible], I ne'er was proud before.

But ſuch Love from ſuch a Creature
Might ſwell the Vanity of the proudeſt Prince.
Follow me! By Heaven's thou ſhalt not.
What! expoſe thee to the Hazards of a Camp——
Rather I'll ſtay, and here
Bear the Contempt of Fools, and worſt of Fortune.

Lure. You need not, ſhall not, my Eſtate for both is ſufficient.

Stand. Thy Eſtate! No, I'll turn a Knave, and purchaſe one my ſelf; I'll cringe to the proud Man undermine, and fawn on him that I wou'd bite to Death; I'll tip my Tongue with Flattery, and ſmooth my Face with Smiles; I'll turn Pimp, Informer, Office-broker, nay Coward, to be great; and ſacrifice it all to thee, my generous Fair.

Lure. And I'll diſſemble, lye, ſwear, jilt, any thing, but I'll reward thy Love, and recompenſe thy noble Paſſion.

Stand. Sir *Harry*, ha, ha, ha; poor Sir *Harry*, ha, ha, ha. Rather kiſs her Hand than the Pope's Toe, ha, ha, ha.

Lure. What Sir *Harry*, Colonel, What Sir *Harry*!

Stand. Sir *Harry Wildair*, Madam.

Lure. What? Is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me—but I don't believe a Syllable on't.

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only called you his Miſtreſs, and pretending to be extravagant in your Commendation, would vainly inſinuate the Praiſe of his own Judgment and good Fortune in a Choice. ———

Lure. How eaſily is the Vanity of Fops tickled by our Sex!

Stand. Why, you ſee 'tis the Vanity of Fops.

Lure. O my Conſcience, I believe ſo; this Gentleman, becauſe he Danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a Partner at a Ball in *Paris*, and ever ſince he has ſo perſecuted me with Letters, Songs, Dances, Serenading, Flattery, Foppery, and Noiſe, that I was forc'd to fly the Kingdom —— And I warrant you he made you jealous.

Stand. Faith, Madam, I was a little uneaſie.

Lure. You ſhall have a plentiful Revenge; I'll ſend him back all his fooliſh Letters, Songs and Verſes, and you your ſelf ſhall carry 'em; 'twill afford you Opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther Impertinence; for of all Men he's my Averſion. I'll run and fetch them inſtantly.

Stand. Dear Madam, a rare Project! How ſhall I bait him like *Actæon* with his own Dogs? —— Well, Mrs. *Parly*, 'tis order'd by *Act of Parliament* that you receive no more Pieces, Mrs. *Parly*. ———

Par. 'Tis provided by the ſame Act, that you ſend no more Meſſages by me, good Colonel; you muſt not pretend to ſend any more Letters, unleſs you can pay the Poſtage.

Stand. Come, come, don't be mercenary; take Example by your Lady, be honourable.

Par. A lack a day, Sir, it ſhews as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitatate our Betters in their Honour, as in their Finery; leave Honour to Nobility that can ſupport it: We poor Folks, Colonel, have no pretence to't; and truly, I think, Sir, that your Honour ſhou'd be caſhier'd with your Leading-ſtaff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greateſt Curſes of Poverty, to be the Jeſt of Chambermaids!

Enter

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Here's the Packet, Colonel; the whole Magazine of Love's Artillery. [*Gives him the Packet.*

Stand. Which ſince I have gain'd, I will turn upon the Enemy; Madam, I'll bring you the News of my Victory this Evening. Poor Sir *Harry*, ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*

Lure. To the right about as you were, march, Collonel! Ha, ha, ha.

Vain Man, who boaſts of ſtudy'd Arts and Wiles!
Nature in us, your deepeſt Art beguiles.
Stamping deep Cunning in our Frowns and Smiles.
You toil for Art, your Intellects you trade;
Woman, without a thought, bears Policy in her Face.

The End of the firſt ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, Clincher *Junior*'s *Lodgings.*

Enter Clincher *opening a Letter, Servant following.*

Clin.—reads. Dear Brother,
I Will ſee you preſently; I have ſent this Lad to wait on you, he can inſtruct you in the Faſhions of the Town; I am your affectionate Brother,

Clincher.

Very well, and what's your Name, Sir?

Dick. My Name is *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin. Dicky!

Dick. Ay, *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin.

Clin. Very well, a pretty Name! And what can you do, Mr. *Dicky?*

Dick. Why, Sir, I can powder a Wig, and pick up a Whore.

Clin. O Lord! O Lord! A Whore! Why are there many Whores in this Town?

Dick. Ha, ha, ha, many Whores? There's a Queſtion indeed; why Sir, there are above five hundred Surgeons in Town.—Hark'e, Sir, do you ſee that Woman there in the Velvet Scarf, and red Knots?

Clin. Ay, Sir, what then?

Dick. Why, ſhe ſhall be at your Service in three Minutes, as I'm a Pimp.

Clin. O *Jupiter Ammon*? Why ſhe's a Gentlewoman.

Dick. A Gentlewoman! Why ſo are all the Whores in Town, Sir.

Enter Clincher *Senior.*

Clin. ſen. Brother, you're welcome to *London*!

Clin. jun. I thought, Brother you ow'd ſo much to the Memory of my Father, as to wear mourning for his Death.

Clin. ſen. Why ſo I do, Fool; I wear this becauſe I have the Eſtate, and you wear that, becauſe you have not the Eſtate. You have cauſe to mourn indeed, Brother. Well, Brother, I'm glad, to ſee you, fare you well. [*Going.*

Clin. jun. Stay, ſtay, Brother, where are you going?

Clin. ſen. How natural 'tis for a Country-Booby to aſk impertinent Queſtions. Hark'e, Sir, is not *my* Father dead?

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my Sorrow.

Clin. ſen. No matter for that, he's dead; and am not I a young powder'd extravagant *Engliſh* Heir?

Clin. jun. Very Right, Sir.

Clin. ſen. Why then, Sir, you may be ſure that I am going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Clin. jun. *Jubilee*! What's that

Clin.

Clinch. ſen. *Jubilee*! Why the *Jubilee* is—faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why, the *Jubilee* is the ſame thing with our *Lord Mayor*'s Day in the City; there will be *Pageants*, and *Squibbs*, and *Raree Shows*, and all that, Sir.

Clin. jun. And muſt you go ſo ſoon, Brother?

Clin. ſen. Yes, Sir, for I muſt ſtay a Month in *Amſterdam*, to ſtudy Poetry.

Clin. jun. Then I ſuppoſe, Brother, you travel through *Muſcovy* to learn Faſhions, don't you, Brother?

Clin. ſen. Brother! Prithee, *Robin*, don't call me Brother; Sir will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. O *Jupiter Ammon*! Why ſo?

Clin. ſen. Becauſe People will imagine that you have a ſpight at me—But have you ſeen your Couſin *Angelica* yet, and her Mother the Lady *Darling*?

Clin. jun. No, my Dancing-Maſter has not been with me yet: How ſhall I ſalute them Brother?

Clin. ſen. 'Pſhaw, that's eaſie, 'tis only two Scrapes, a Kiſs, and your humble Servant; I'll tell you more when I come from the. *Jubilee*: Come along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

Enter Wildair *with a Letter.*

Wild. *Like light and Heat incorporate we lay,*
We bleſt the Night, and curſt the coming Day.

Well, if this Paper-kite flies ſure, I'm ſecure of my Game—Humph! The pretty'ſt *Bordel* I have ſeen, a very ſtately genteel one. [*Footmen croſs the Stage.*] Hey day! Equipage too! Now for a Bawd by the *Curteſy*, and a Whore with a *Coat of Arms*.—'Sdeath, I'm afraid I've miſtaken the Houſe.

Enter

Enter Lady Darling.

No, this muſt be the Bawd by her Bulk.

Darl. Your Buſineſs, pray Sir?

Wild. Pleaſure, Madam.

Darl. Then, Sir, you have no Buſineſs here.

Wild. This Letter, Madam, will inform you farther; Mr. *Vizard* ſent it, with his humble Service to your Ladyſhip.

Darl. How does my Couſin, Sir?

Wild. Ay, her Couſin too, that's right Procureſs again.

Darl. reads. Madam,

Earneſt Inclination to ſerve — Sir Harry — Madam — Court my Couſin — Gentleman — Fortune —

Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant.

VIZARD.

Sir, Your Fortune and Quality are ſufficient to recommend you any where; but what goes farther with me, is the Recommendation of ſo ſober and [illegible] young Gentleman as my Couſin *Vizard*.

Wild. A right ſanctify'd Bawd o' my Word.

Darl. Sir *Harry*, your Converſation with Mr. *Vizard* argues you a Gentleman, free from the looſe and vicious Carriage of the Town; I'll therefore call my Daughter. [*Exit.*

Wild. Now go thy way for an illuſtrious Bawd of *Babylon* — She dreſſes up a Sin ſo religiouſly, that the Devil wou'd hardly know it of his making.

Re-enter Darling *with* Angelica.

Darl. Pray Daughter uſe him civilly, ſuch Matches won't offer every Day. [*Exit.*

Wild. O all ye Powers of Love! An Angel! 'Sdeath, what Money have I got in my Pocket! I can't offer her

her leſs than twenty Guineas ——— and by *Jupiter* ſhe's worth a hundred.

Angel. 'Tis he! The very ſame! And his Perſon as agreeable as his Character of good Humour ——— Pray Heav'n his Silence proceed from Reſpect.

Wild. How innocent ſhe looks! How would that Modeſty adorn Virtue, when it makes even Vice look ſo charming! ——— By Heav'n there's ſuch a commanding Innocence in her Looks, that I dare not ask the Queſtion.

Angel. Now all the Charms of real Love and feign'd Indifference aſſiſt me to engage his Heart, for mine is loſt already.

Wild. Madam — I, I — Zoons, I cannot ſpeak to her — But ſhe's a Whore, and I will ——— Madam; in ſhort, I, I ——— O Hypocriſy, Hypocriſy, What a charming Sin art thou?

Angel. He is caught; now to ſecure my Conqueſt — I thought, Sir, you had Buſineſs to communicate.

Wild. Buſineſs to communicate! How nicely ſhe words it! Yes, Madam I have a little Buſineſs to communicate. Don't you love ſinging Birds, Madam?

Angel. That's an odd Queſtion for a Lover ——— Yes, Sir.

Wild. Why then, Madam, here is a Neſt of the prettieſt Goldfinches that ever chirp'd in a Cage; twenty young ones, I aſſure you, Madam.

Angel. Twenty young ones! What then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, there are — twenty young ones ——— 'Slife, I think twenty is pretty fair.

Angel. He's mad, ſure ——— Sir *Harry*, when you have learn'd more Wit and Manners, you ſhall be welcome here agen.

Wild. Wit and Manners! Gad now I conceive there is a great deal of Wit and Manners in twenty Guineas ——— I'm ſure 'tis all the Wit and Manners I have about me at preſent. What ſhall I do?

Enter

Enter Clincher *junior and* Dicky.

What the Devil's here? Another Couſin, I warrant ye! Hark'e, Sir, can you lend me ten or a dozen Guineas inſtantly? I'll pay you fifteen for them in three Hours upon my Honour.

Clin. jun. Theſe *London* Sparks are plaguy impudent! This Fellow, by his Wig and Aſſurance, can be no leſs than a Courtier.

Dick. He's rather a Courtier by his borrowing.

Clinch. jun. Faith, Sir, I han't above five Guineas about me.

Wild. What Buſineſs have you here then, Sir? For to my Knowledge twenty won't be ſufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient! For what, Sir?

Wild. What Sir! Why, for that Sir, what the Devil ſhould it be, Sir; I know your Buſineſs notwithſtanding all your Gravity, Sir.

Clin. jun. My Buſineſs! Why my Couſin lives here.

Wild. I know your Couſin does live here, and *Lizard*'s Couſin, and every Body's Couſin ——— Hark'e, Sir, I ſhall return immediately; and if you offer to touch her till I come back, I ſhall cut your Throat, Raſcal. [Exit.

Clin. jun. Why the Man's mad, ſure!

Dick. Mad, Sir, ay; why he's a Beau.

Clin. jun. A Beau! What's that? are all Madmen Beaux?

Dick. No, Sir; but moſt Beaux are Madmen. But now for your Couſin: Remember your three Scrapes, a Kiſs, and you humble Servant.

[Exeunt, *as into the Houſe.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Wildair, *Colonel following.*

Stand. Sir *Harry*, Sir *Harry*.

Wild.

Wild. I'm in haſte, Colonel; beſides, if you're in no better Humour than when I parted with you in the Park this Morning, your Company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy Man, Sir *Harry*, who are never out of Humour: Can nothing move your Gall, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Nothing but Impoſſibilities, which are the ſame as nothing.

Stand. What Impoſſibilities?

Wild. The Reſurrection of my Father, to diſinherit me, or an Act of Parliament againſt Wenching; A Man of Eight thouſand Pound *per Annum* to be vext? No, no, Anger and Spleen are Companions for younger Brothers.

Stand. Suppoſe one call'd you Son of a Whore behind your Back.

Wild. Why, then wou'd I call him Raſcal behind his Back, ſo we're even.

Stand. But ſuppoſe you had loſt a Miſtreſs.

Wild. Why, then I wou'd get another.

Stand. But ſuppoſe you were diſcarded by the Woman you love, that wou'd ſurely trouble you.

Wild. You're miſtaken, Colonel; my Love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary; 'tis only a Pitch of Gratitude; while ſhe loves me, I love her; when ſhe deſiſts, the Obligation's void.

Stand. But to be miſtaken in your Opinion, Sir; if the Lady *Lurewell* (only ſuppoſe it) had diſcarded you —— I ſay, only ſuppoſe it —— and had ſent your Diſcharge by me.

Wild. 'Pſhaw! that's another Impoſſibility.

Stand. Are you ſure of that?

Wild. Why, 'twere a Soleciſm in Nature. Why ſhe's a Rib of me, Sir. She dances with me, ſings with me, plays with me, ſwears with me, lies with me.

Stand. How, Sir?

Wild.

Wild. I mean in an honourable Way; that is, ſhe lies for me. In ſhort, we are as like one another as a couple of Guineas.

Stand. Now that I have rais'd you to the higheſt Pinnacle of Vanity, will I give you ſo mortifying a Fall, as ſhall daſh your Hopes to pieces. ——I pray your Honour to peruſe theſe Papers.

[*Gives him the Packet.*

Wild. What is't, the Muſter-Roll of your Regiment, Colonel?

Stand. No, no, 'tis a Liſt of your Forces in your laſt Love Campaign; and, for your Comfort, all diſbanded.

Wild. Prithee, good Metaphorical Colonel, what d'ye mean?

Stand. Read, Sir, read; theſe are the *Sibyls* Leaves that will unfold your Deſtiny.

Wild. So it be not a falſe Deed to cheat me of my Eſtate, what care I. — [*Opening the Packet.*] Humph! my Hand! To the Lady *Lurewell*, ——To the Lady *Lurewell*, ——To the Lady *Lurewell*, —— What the Devil haſt thou been tampering with, to conjure up theſe Spirits?

Stand. A certain familiar of your Acquaintance, Sir, read, read.

Wild. [*Reading.*] —— Madam, my Paſſion — ſo natural —— your Beauty contending —— Force of Charms —— Mankind —— Eternal Admirer *Wildair!* I ne'er was aſham'd of my Name before.

Stand. What, Sir *Harry Wildair* out of Humour! ha, ha, ha, poor Sir *Harry*; more Glory in her Smile than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*, ha, ha, ha! But then her Foot, Sir *Harry*, ſhe dances to a Miracle! ha, ha, ha! Fie, Sir *Harry*, a Man of your Parts write Letters not worth keeping! What ſay'ſt thou, my dear Knight Errant? ha, ha, ha! you may ſeek Adventures now indeed.

Wild. [*ſings.*] No, no, let her wander, &c.

Stand.

Stand. You are jilted to ſome Tune, Sir, blown up with falſe Muſick, that's all.

Wild. Now, why ſhould I be angry that a Woman is a Woman? Since Inconſtancy and Falſhood are grounded in their Natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they muſt be grounded in your Nature; for She's a Rib of your's Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Here's a Copy of Verſes too; I muſt turn Poet in the Devil's Name.—Stay —— odeath, what's here? This is her Hand —— O the charming Characters! *My dear* Wildair. [*Reading.*] That's I egad! *this huff bluff Colonel* – that's he — *is the rareſt Fool in Nature* —— the Devil he is! —— *and as ſuch have I us'd him* —— with all my Heart, Faith, —— *I had no better Way of letting you know that I lodge in St.* James's *near the* Holy Lamb. *Lurewell.* Colonel, I'm your moſt humble Servant.

Stand. Hold, Sir, you ſha'n't go yet; I ha'n't deliver'd half my Meſſage.

Wild. Upon my Faith but you have, Colonel.

Stand. Well, well, own your Spleen; out with it, I know you're like to burſt.

Wild. I am ſo, 'e Gad, ha, ha, ha.

[*Laugh and point at one another.*

Stand. Ay, with all my Heart, ha, ha. Well, well, that's forc'd Sir *Harry*.

Wild. I was never better pleas'd in all my Life, by *Jupiter*.

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, 'tis Prudence to hide your Concern, when there's no help for't ——: But to be ſerious now. The Lady has ſent you back all your Papers there – I was ſo juſt as not to look upon 'em.

Wild. I'm glad on't, Sir; for there were ſome things that I would not have you ſee.

Stand. All this ſhe has done for my ſake, and I deſire you would decline any farther Pretenſions for your own ſake. So honeſt, good natur'd Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, poor Colonel! O the Delight of an ingenious Miſtreſs! what a Life and Briskneſs it adds

adds to an Amour, like the Loves of mighty *Jove*, ſtill ſuing in different Shapes. A *Legerdemain Miſtreſs*, who, *Preſto! Paſs!* and ſhe's vaniſh'd, then *Hey!* in an Inſtant in your Arms again. [*Going.*

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Well met, Sir *Harry*; what News from the Iſland of Love?

Wild. Faith, I made but a Broken Voyage by your Chart; but now I am bound for another Port; I told you the Colonel was my Rival.

Viz. The Colonel! curs'd Misfortune! another! [*Aſide.*

Wild. But the civileſt in the World; he brought me Word where my Miſtreſs lodges: The Story's too long to tell you now, for I muſt fly.

Viz. What! have you given over all Thoughts of *Angelica?*

Wild. No, no, I'll think of her ſome other Time. But now for the Lady *Lurewell*; Wit and Beauty calls.

That Miſtreſs ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whoſe Wit can whet, whene'r her Beauty cloys;
Her little amorous Frauds all Truths excel,
And make us happy, being deceiv'd ſo well. [Exit.

Viz. ſolus ——The Colonel my Rival too! how ſhall I manage? There is but one Way ——him and the Knight will I ſet a tilting, where one cuts t'other's Throat, and the Survivor's hang'd: So there will be two Rivals pretty decently diſpos'd of. Since Honour may oblige them to play the Fool, why ſhould not Neceſſity engage me to play the Knave. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Lurewell's *Lodgings.*

Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Has my Servant brought me the Money from my Merchant?

Par.

Par. No, Madam, he met Alderman *Smuggler* at *Charing-Croſs*, who has promis'd to wait on you himſelf immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd, that this old Rogue ſhou'd pretend to love me, and at the ſame Time cheat me of my Money.

Par. 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of your Eſtate; for you ſay, the Writings are in his Hands.

Lure. But what Satisfaction can I get of him? Oh! here he comes.

Enter Smuggler.

Mr. Alderman, your Servant; have you brought me any Money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, Madam, Trading is very dead; what with paying the Taxes, raiſing the Cuſtoms, Loſſes at Sea abroad, and maintaining our Wives at home, the Bank is reduc'd very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, theſe Evaſions won't ſerve your Turn; I muſt have Money, Sir ——— I hope you don't deſign to cheat me.

Smug. Cheat you, Madam! have a care what you ſay: I'm an Alderman, Madam! Cheat you, Madam! I have been an honeſt Citizen theſe five and thirty Years.

Lure. An honeſt Citizen! bear witneſs, *Parly!* I ſhall trap him in more Lies preſently. ——— Come, Sir, tho' I am Woman, I can take a courſe.

Smug. What courſe, Madam? You'll go to Law, will ye? I can maintain a Suit of Law, be it right or wrong theſe forty Years, I'm ſure of that, thanks to the honeſt Practice of the Courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll blaſt your Reputation, and ſo ruin your Credit.

Smug. Blaſt my Reputation! he, he, he: Why, I'm a religious Man, Madam! I have been very inſtrumental in the Reformation of Manners: Ruin my Credit! ah, poor Woman. There is but one Way, Madam, —— you have a ſweet leering Eye.

Lure. You inſtrumental in the Reformation! How?

Smug. *I whipt all the Whores, Cut and Long-Tail, out of the Pariſh* ——Ah! that leering Eye! *Then I voted for pulling down the Playhouſe:* ——— Ah! that Ogle, that Ogle—*Then my own pious Example:* ——Ah! that Lip, that Lip!

Lure. Here's a religious Rogue for you now! ——As I hope to be ſav'd, I have a good mind to beat the Old Monſter.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty Guineas, (a great deal of Money as Times go) and ———

Lure. Come, give 'em me.

Smug. Ah! that Hand, that Hand, that pretty ſoft, white ——I have brought it, you ſee; but the Condition of the Obligation is ſuch, that whereas that leering Eye, that pouting Lip, that pretty ſoft Hand, that —— you underſtand me; you underſtand, I'm ſure you do, you little Rogue ——

Lure. Here's a Villain now, ſo covetous, that he won't Wench upon his own Coſt, but would bribe me with my own Money. I'll be reveng'd —— Upon my Word, Mr. Alderman, you make me bluſh; what d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, Madam.

[*Puts a Piece of Money in his Hand.*]

Buſs and Guinea, Buſs and Guinea, Buſs and Guinea.

Lure. Well, Mr. Alderman, you have ſuch pretty winning Ways, that I will, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Smug. Will you indeed, he, he, he, my little Cocket; and when? and where? and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult point, Sir, to ſecure both our Honours; you muſt therefore be diſguis'd Mr. Alderman.

Smug. 'Pſhaw! no matter, I am an old Fornicator, I'm not half ſo religious as I ſeem to be. You little Rogue; why, I'm diſguis'd as I am; our Sanctity is all outſide, all Hypocriſy.

Lure.

Lure. No Man is ſeen to come into this Houſe after Night-fall; you muſt therefore ſneak in, when 'tis dark, in Woman's Cloaths.

Smug. With all my Heart!—— I have a Suit a purpoſe, my little Cocket: I love to be diſguis'd, I cod. I make a very handſom Woman, I cod I do.

Enter Servant, whiſpers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh! Mr. Alderman, ſhall I beg you to walk into next Room? here are ſome Strangers coming up.

Smug. Buſs and Guinea firſt; ah, my little Cocket. [*Exit.*

Enter Wildair.

Wild *My Life, my Soul, my all that Heaven can give.*

Lure. *Death's Life with thee, without thee Death to live.*

Welcome my dear Sir *Harry*, I ſee you got my Directions.

Wild. Directions! in the moſt charming manner, thou dear *Machiavel* of Intrigue.

Lure. Still brisk and airy, I find, Sir *Harry*!

Wild. The ſight of you, Madam, exalts my Air, and makes Joy lighten in my Face.

Lure. I have a thouſand Queſtions to ask you, Sir *Harry*; How d'ye like *France?*

Wild. Ah! eſt le plus beau Pais du monde.

Lure. Then what made you leave it ſo ſoon?

Wild. Madam, vous voyez que je vous ſuy partout.

Lure. O Monſieur, je vous ſuis fort obligee—— But; where's the Court now?

Wild. At *Marli*, Madam.

Lure. And where my Count *La Valier?*

Wild. His Body's in the Church of *Noſtre Dame* I don't know were his Soul is.

Lure. What Diſeaſe did he die of?

Wild. A *Duel*, Madam; I was his *Doctor.*

Lure How d'ye mean?

Wild. As moſt Doctors do, I kill'd him.

Lure.

Lure. En Cavallier, my dear Knight-Errant, well, and how, and how; what Intrigues, what Gallantries are carrying on in the *Beau Monde!*

Wild. I ſhou'd ask you that Queſtion, Madam, ſince your Ladyſhip makes the *Beau Monde* wherever you come.

Lure. Ah! Sir *Harry*, I've been almoſt ruin'd, peſter'd to death here, by the inceſſant Attacks of a mighty Colonel; he has beſieg'd me as cloſe as our Army did *Namur*.

Wild. I hope your Ladyſhip did not Surrender tho'.

Lure. No, no, but was forc'd to Capitulate; but ſince you are come to raiſe the Siege, we'll Dance, and Sing, and Laugh.

Wild. And love and kiſs——*Montrez moy votre Chambre.*

Lure. Attande, attande, un peu——I remember, Sir *Harry*, you promis'd me in *Paris*, never to ask that impertinent Queſtion agen.

Wild. 'Pſhaw, Madam, that was above two Months ago; beſides, Madam, Treaties made in *France* are never kept.

Lure. Wou'd you marry me, Sir *Harry?*

Wild. Oh! *Le marriage eſt une grand male*——but I will marry you.

Lure. Your Word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on; if a Gentleman will forfeit his Honour in Dealings of Buſineſs, we may reaſonably ſuſpect his Fidelity in an Amour.

Wild. My Honour in Dealings of Buſineſs! why, Madam, I never had any Buſineſs all my Life.

Lure. Yes, Sir *Harry*, I have heard a very odd Story, and am ſorry that a Gentleman of your Figure ſhou'd undergo the Scandal.

Wild. Out with it, Madam.

Lure. Why, the Merchant, Sir, that tranſmitted your Bills of Exchange to you in *France*, complains of ſome indirect and diſhonourable Dealings.

Wild. Who, old *Smuggler*!

Lure. Ay, ay, you know him I find.

Wild. I have some Reason, I think; why the Rogue has cheated me of above five hundred Pound within these three Years.

Lure. 'Tis your Business then to acquit your self publickly; for he spreads the Scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit my self publickly!——Here, Sirrah, my Coach; I'll drive instantly into the City, and cane the old Villain round the *Royal Exchange*; he shall run the Gauntlet through a thousand brusht Beavers and formal Cravats.

Lure. Why, he is in the House now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this House?

Lure. Ay, in the next Room.

Wild. Then, Sirrah, lend me your Cudgel.

Lure. Sir *Harry*, you won't raise a Disturbance in my House?

Wild. Disturbance, Madam, no, no; I'll beat him with the Temper of a Philosopher; Here, Mrs. *Parly*, shew me the Gentleman. [Exit *with* Parly.

Lure. Now shall I get the old Monster well beaten, and Sir *Harry* pester'd next Term with Bloodsheds, Batteries, Costs and Damages, Solicitors and Attorneys; and if they don't teize him out of his good Humour, I'll never plot agen. (*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to another Room in the same House.*

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. O, this damn'd Tide-waiter! A Ship and Cargo worth five thousand Pound! why, 'tis richly worth five hundred Perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble Servant.

Smug. My best Friend, Sir *Harry*, you're welcome to *England*.

Wild. I'll assure you, Sir, there's not a Man in the King's Dominions I am gladder to meet, Dear, dear Mr. Alderman. [*Bowing very low.*

Smug.

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you Travellers have the moſt obliging ways with you.

Wild. There is a Buſineſs, Mr. Alderman, fall'n out, which you may oblige me infinitely by ——— I am very ſorry that I am forc'd to be troubleſome; but Neceſſity, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you ſay, Neceſſity—But upon my Word, Sir, I am very ſhort of Money at preſent, but ———

Wild. That's not the matter, Sir, I'm above an Obligation that way; but the Buſineſs is, I'm reduc'd to an indiſpenſible Neceſſity of being oblig'd to you for a Beating. ——— Here take this Cudgel.

Smug. A Beating, Sir *Harry*! ha, ha, ha; I beat a Knight Baronet! an Alderman turn Cudgel-Player! ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Upon my Word, Sir, you muſt beat me, or I cudgel you; take your choice.

Smug. 'Pſhaw, 'pſhaw, you jeſt.

Wild. Nay, 'tis ſure as Fate: ſo, Alderman, I hope you'll pardon my Curioſity. [*Strikes him.*

Smug. Curioſity! Duce take your Curioſity, Sir; what d'ye mean?

Wild. Nothing at all; I'm but in jeſt, Sir.

Smug. O, I can take any thing in jeſt; but a Man might imagine by the Smartneſs of the Stroak, that you were in downright earneſt.

Wild. Not in the leaſt, Sir; [*Strikes him.*] not in the leaſt indeed, Sir.

Smug. Pray, good Sir, no more of your Jeſts; for they are the bluntſt Jeſts that ever I knew.

Wild. [*Strikes.*] I heartily beg your pardon, with all my Heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon, Sir! well, Sir, that is Satisfaction enough from a Gentleman: But ſeriouſly now, if you paſs any more of your Jeſts upon me, I ſhall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your Permiſſion to break one or two more. [*Strikes him.*

Smug. O Lord Sir, you'll break my Bones: Are you mad, Sir? Murder, Felony, Manſlaughter.

[Wild. *knocks him down.*

Wild. Sir, I beg you ten thouſand Pardons; but I am abſolutely compell'd to't, upon my Honour: Sir, nothing can be more averſe to my Inclinations, than to jeſt with my honeſt, dear, loving, obliged Friend, the Alderman.

(*Striking him all this while,* Smuggler *tumbles over and over, and ſhakes out his Pocket-Book on the Floor*; Lurewell *enters, takes it up.*)

Lure. The old Rogue's Pocket-Book; this may be of uſe. (*Aſide.*) O Lord, Sir *Harry*'s murdering the poor old Man.

Smug. O dear, Madam, I was beaten in jeſt, 'till I am murder'd in good earneſt.

Lure. Well, well, I'll bring you off, *Senior—Frapez, Frapez.*

Smug. O! for Charity's ſake, Madam, reſcue a poor Citizen.

Lure. O you barbarous Man! Hold! hold! *Frapez, plus rudement,*

Frapez. I wonder you are not aſham'd, (*Holding* Wild. *your reverend honeſt Elder*— (*Helps* Smug *up.* It makes me weep to ſee him in this Condition, poor Man!

Now the Devil take you, Sir *Harry*—For not beating him harder: Well, my Dear, you ſhall come at Night, and I'll make you amends.

(*Here Sir* Harry *takes Snuff.*

Smug. Madam, I will have amends before I leave the Place.

Sir, how durſt you uſe me thus?

Wild. Sir?

Smug. Sir, I ſay that I will have Satisfaction.

Wild. With all my Heart.

(*Throws Snuff into his Eyes.*

Smug. O! Murder, Blindneſs, Fire; O Madam, Madam, get me ſome Water, Water, Fire, Fire, Water. (*Exit with* Lurewell.

Wild.

Wild. How pleaſant is reſenting an Injury without Paſſion! 'Tis the Beauty of Revenge.

Let Stateſmen plot, and under Buſineſs groan,
And ſettling publick Quiet loſe their own;
Let Soldiers drudge and fight for Pay, or Fame,
For when they're ſhot, I think 'tis much the ſame.
Let Scholars vex their Brains with Mood and Tenſe,
And mad with Strength of Reaſon, Fools commence,
Loſing their Wits in ſearching after Senſe;
Their Summum Bonum *they muſt toil to gain,*
And ſeeking Pleaſure, ſpend their Life in Pain:
I make the moſt of Life, no Hour miſpend,
Pleaſure's the Mean, and Pleaſure is my End.
No Spleen, no Trouble ſhall my Time deſtroy,
Life's but a Span, I'll every Inch enjoy. [Exit.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Standard *and* Vizard.

Stand. I Bring him Word where ſhe lodg'd! I the civileſt Rival in the World! 'Tis impoſſible.

Viz. I ſhall urge it no farther, Sir.
I only thought, Sir, that my Character in the World might add Authority to my Words without ſo many Repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, dear *Vizard.*
Our Belief ſtruggles hard before it can be brought to yield to the Diſadvantage of what we love;
'Tis ſo great an Abuſe to our Judgment, that it makes

the Faults of our Choice our own Failing.
But what ſaid Sir *Harry?*

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous Colonel, laugh'd heartily,
Flew away with all the Raptures of a Bridegroom, repeating theſe Lines.

A Miſtreſs ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whoſe Wit can whet whene'er her Beauty cloys.

Stand. A Miſtreſs ne'er can pall! By all my Wrongs he whores her! And I'm made their Property. Vengeance! *Vizard,* you muſt carry a Note for me to Sir *Harry.*

Viz. What! a Challenge! I hope you don't deſign to fight?

Stand. What! Wear the Livery of my King, and pocket an Affront! 'Twere an Abuſe to his Sacred Majeſty; a Soldier's Sword, *Vizard,* ſhould ſtart of it ſelf for edreſs it's Maſter's Wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any ſuch Meſſage between Friends.

Stand. I have ne'er a Servant here, what ſhall I do?

Viz. There's *Tom Errand,* the Porter, that plies at the *Blue-Poſts,* one who knows Sir *Harry,* and his Haunts very well; you may ſend a Note by him.

Stand. Here you, Friend.

Viz. I have now ſome Buſineſs, and muſt take my Leave, I wou'd adviſe you nevertheleſs againſt this Affair.

Stand. No whiſpering now, nor telling of Friends to prevent us. He that diſappoints a Man of an honourable Revenge, may love him fooliſhly like a Wife, but never value him as a Friend.

Viz. Nay the Devil take him that parts you! ſay I.

Enter Porter running.

Err. Did your Honour call a Porter?

Stand.

Stand. Is your Name *Tom Errand?*

Err. People call me ſo, an't like your Worſhip ——

Stand. D'ye know Sir *Harry Wildair?*

Err. Ay, very well Sir, he's one of my beſt Maſters; many a pound half Crown have I had of his Worſhip, he's newly come home from *France*, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next Coffee-houſe, and wait for me. O Woman, Woman, how bleſt is Man, when favour'd by your Smiles, and how accurs'd when all thoſe Smiles are found but wanton Baits to ſooth us to Deſtruction.

Thus our chief Joys with baſe Allays are curſt,
And our beſt Things, when once corrupted, worſt. [Exit.

Enter Wildair *and* Clincher *ſenior following.*

Clinch. ſen. Sir, Sir, Sir, having ſome Buſineſs of Importance to communicate to you, I wou'd beg your Attention to a trifling Affair that I wou'd impart to your Underſtanding.

Wild. What is your trifling Buſineſs of Importance, pray ſweet Sir?

Clinch. ſen. Pray, Sir, are the Roads deep between this and *Paris*.

Wild. Why that Queſtion, Sir?

Clinch. ſen. Becauſe I deſign to go to the *Jubilee*, Sir; I underſtand that you are a Traveller, Sir; there is an Air of Travel in the Tie of your Cravat, Sir; there is indeed, Sir ——— I ſuppoſe, Sir, you bought this Lace in *Flanders*.

Wild. No, Sir, this Lace was made in *Norway*.

Clinch. ſen. Norway, Sir!

Wild. Yes, Sir, of the Shavings of Deal-boards.

Clinch. ſen. That's very ſtrange now, faith ——— Lace made of the Shavings of Deal-boards! I Gad, Sir, you Travellers ſee very ſtrange Things abroad, very incredible Things abroad indeed. Well, I'll have a Cravat of the very ſame Lace before I come home.

Wild. But, Sir, what Preparations have you made for your Journey?

Clinch. ſen. A Caſe of Pocket-piſtols for the Bravo's ——and a ſwimming Girdle.

Wild. Why theſe, Sir?

Clinch. ſen. O Lord! Sir, I'll tell you ——ſuppoſe us in *Rome* now; away goes me I to ſome Ball —— for I'll be a mighty Beau. Then, as I ſaid, I go to ſome Ball, or ſome Bear-baiting, 'tis all one you know —— then comes a fine *Italian Bona Roba*, and plucks me by the Sleeve, *Seigniour Angle*, *Seigniour Angle*——ſhe's a very fine Lady, obſerve that—— *Seigniour Angle*, ſays ſhe,—— *Seigniora*, ſays I, and trips after her to the Corner of a Street, ſuppoſe it *Ruſſel-ſtreet* here, or any other Street; then you know, I muſt invite her to the Tavern, I can do no leſs.—— There up comes her Bravo; the *Italian* grows ſaucy, and I give him an *Engliſh* Douſe of the Face. I can box, Sir, box tightly; I was a 'Prentice, Sir,——but then, Sir, he whips out his *Stilletto*, and I whips out my *Bull Dog*— ſlaps him through, trips down Stairs, turns the Corner of *Ruſſel-ſtreet* again, and whips me into the Ambaſſador's Train, and there I'm ſafe as a Beau behind the Scenes.

Wild. Is your Piſtol charg'd, Sir?

Clinch. ſen. Only a Brace of Bullet's, that's all, Sir.

Wild. 'Tis a very Piſtol, truly: pray let me ſee it.

Clin. ſen. With all my Heart, Sir.

Wild. Harky'e, Mr. *Jubilee*, can you digeſt a Brace of Bullets?

Clinch. ſen. O by no Means in the World, Sir!

Wild. I'll try the Strength of your Stomach, however. Sir, you're a dead Man.

(Preſenting the Piſtol to his Breaſt.

Clinch. ſen. Conſider dear Sir! I am going to the *Jubilee*, when I come home again, I am a dead Man at your Service.

Wild. O very well Sir! but take Heed you are not ſo cholerick for the future.

Clinch. Cholerick, Sir! Oons! I deſign to ſhoot ſeven *Italians* a Week, Sir?

Wild.

Wild. Sir, you won't have Provocation.

Clin. ſen. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any Man for treading upon my Corns, and there will be a deviliſh Throng of People there; they ſay that all the Princes in *Italy* will be there.

Wild. And all the Fops and Fidlers in *Europe* —— but the Uſe of your ſwimming Girdle, pray Sir?

Clin. ſen. O Lord, Sir! That's eaſy. Suppoſe the Ship caſt away now, whilſt other fooliſh People are buſy at their Prayers, I whip on my ſwimming Girdle, clap a Month's Proviſion into my Pocket, and ſails me away like an Egg in a Duck's Belly. —— And hear'e Sir, I have a new Project in my Head. Where d'ye think my ſwimming Girdle ſhall carry me upon this Occaſion? 'Tis a new Project.

Wild. Where, Sir?

Clin. ſen. To *Civita Vechia*, Faith and Troth, and ſo ſave the Charges of my Paſſage. Well, Sir, you muſt pardon me now, I'm going to ſee my Miſtreſs. [*Exit.*

Wild. This Fellow's an accompliſh'd Aſs before he goes abroad. Well! This *Angelica* has got into my Heart, and I can't get her out of my Head. I muſt pay her t'other Viſit. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

Angelica *ſola.*

Angel. Unhappy State of Woman! whoſe chief Virtue is but Ceremony, and our much boaſted Modeſty but a ſlaviſh Reſtraint. The ſtrict Confinement on our Words, makes our Thoughts ramble more; and what preſerves our outward Fame, deſtroys our inward Quiet. —— 'Tis hard that Love ſhou'd be deny'd the Privilege of Hatred; that Scandal and Detraction ſhould be ſo much indulg'd, yet ſacred Love and Truth debar'd our Converſation.

Enter Darling, Clincher *jun. and* Dicky.

Darl. This is my Daughter, Couſin.

Dick. Now, Sir, remember your three Scrapes.

Clin. ſaluting Angelica.] One, two, three, Your humble Servant, Was not that right, *Dicky?*

Dick. Ay, faith Sir, but why don't you ſpeak to her?

Clin. jun. I beg your Pardon, *Dicky*, I know my Diſtance. Wou'd you have me ſpeak to a Lady at the firſt Sight?

Dick. Ay, Sir, by all Means, the firſt Aim is the ſureſt.

Clin. jun. Now for a good Jeſt, to make her laugh heartily. —— By *Jupiter Ammon* I'll go give her a Kiſs. [*Goes towards her.*

Enter Wildair, *interpoſing.*

Wild. 'Tis all to no Purpoſe, I told you ſo before; your pitiful five Guineas will never do —— you may go, I'll out-bid you.

Clin. jun. What the Devil! The Mad-man's here again.

Darl. Bleſs me, Couſin! What d'ye mean? Affront a Gentleman of his Quality in my Houſe!

Clin. jun. Quality —— Why, Madam, I don't know what you mean by your Madmen, and your Beaux, and your Quality. —— They're all alike I believe.

Darl. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next Room. [*Exit* Darl. *leading* Clin. Dicky *follows.*

Angel. Sir, if your Converſation be no more agreeable than 'twas the laſt Time, I wou'd adviſe you to make your Viſit as ſhort as you can.

Wild. The Offences of my laſt Viſit, Madam, bore their Puniſhment in the Commiſſion; and have made me as uneaſy till I receive Pardon, as your Ladyſhip can be till I ſue for it.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, I did not well underſtand the Offence, and muſt therefore proportion it to the Greatneſs of your Apology! if you wou'd therefore have me think it light, take no great Pains in an Excuſe.

Wild. How ſweet muſt the Lips be that guard that Tongue! Then, Madam, no more of paſt Offences, let us prepare for Joys to come; let this ſeal my Pardon. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*] And this [*Again.*] initiate me to farther Happineſs.

Angel.

Angel. Hold, Sir, ——one Queſtion, Sir *Harry*, and pray anſwer plainly, D'ye love me?

Wild. Love you! Does Fire aſcend? Do Hypocrits diſſemble? Uſurers love Gold, or great Men Flattery? Doubt theſe, then queſtion that I love.

Angel. This ſhews your Gallantry, Sir, but not your Love.

Wild. View your own Charms, Madam, then judge my Paſſion; your Beauty raviſhes my Eye, your Voice my Ear, and your Touch has thrill'd my melting Soul.

Angel. If your Words be real, 'tis in your Pow'r to raiſe an equal Flame in me. ——

Wild. Nay, then ——I ſeize ——

Angel. Hold, Sir, 'tis alſo poſſible to make me deteſt and ſcorn you worſe than the moſt profligate of your deceiving Sex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd Turn this. I hope, Madam, you only affect Anger, becauſe you know your Frowns are becoming.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, you being the beſt Judge of your own Deſigns, can beſt underſtand whether my Anger ſhou'd be real or diſſembled; think what ſtrict Modeſty ſhou'd bear, then judge of my Reſentments.

Wild. Strict Modeſty ſhou'd bear! Why faith, Madam, I believe the ſtricteſt Modeſty may bear fifty Guineas, and I don't believe 'twill bear one Farthing more.

Angel. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, what do you mean! if you go to that. I think now fifty Guineas is a very fine Offer for your ſtrict Modeſty, as you call it.

Angel. 'Tis more charitable, Sir *Harry*, to charge the Impertinence of a Man of your Figure on his Defect in Underſtanding, than on his Want of Manners. ——I'm afraid you're mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, Madam, you're enough to make any Man mad. 'Sdeath, are you not a ——

Angel. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a Lady of ——ſtrict Modeſty, if you will have it ſo.

Angel.

Angel. I ſhall never hereafter truſt common Report, which repreſented you, Sir, a Man of Honour, Wit, and Breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all three. [*Exit.*

Wild. ſolus. Now I find that the ſtrict Pretences which the Ladies of Pleaſure make to ſtrict Modeſty, is the Reaſon why thoſe of Quality are aſham'd to wear it.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Ah! Sir *Harry*, have I caught you? Well, and what Succeſs?

Wild. Succeſs! 'Tis a Shame for you young Fellows in Town here, to let the Wenches grow ſo ſaucy: I offer'd her fifty Guineas, and ſhe was in her Airs preſently, and flew away in a Huff. I cou'd have had a Brace of Counteſſes in *Paris* for half the Money, and *Je vous remercie* into the Bargain.

Viz. Gone in her Airs, ſay you? And did not you follow her?

Wild. Whither ſhould I follow her?

Viz. Into her Bed-chamber, Man; ſhe went on Purpoſe. You a Man of Gallantry, and not underſtand that a Lady's beſt pleas'd when ſhe puts on her Airs, as you call it!

Wild. She talk'd to me of ſtrict Modeſty, and Stuff.

Viz. Certainly. Moſt Women magnify their Modeſty, for the ſame Reaſon that Cowards boaſt their Courage, becauſe they have leaſt on't. Come, come, Sir *Harry*, when you make your next Aſſault, incourage your Spirits with brisk *Burgundy*; if you ſucceed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair Excuſe for your Rudeneſs. I'll go in, and make your Peace for what's paſt. Oh! I had almoſt forgot —— Col. *Standard* wants to ſpeak with you about ſome Buſineſs.

Wild. I'll wait upon him preſently; d'ye know where he may be found?

Viz. In the Piazza of *Covent-Garden*, about an Hour hence, I promis'd to ſee him; and there you may meet him, to have your Throat cut. (*Aſide.*
I'll go in and intercede for you.

Wild. But no foul Play with the Lady, *Vizard*. [*Exit.*
Viz.

Viz. No fair Play, I can aſſure you. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Street before* Lurewell's *Lodgings*; Clincher *ſen. and* Lurewell *coqueting in the Balcony.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. How weak is Reaſon in Diſputes of Love? That daring Reaſon which ſo oft pretends to queſtion Works of higher Omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakeſt Paſſions, and yields implicite Faith to fooliſh Love, paying blind Zeal to faithleſs Womens Eyes. I've heard her Falſhood with ſuch preſſing Proofs, that I no longer ſhou'd diſtruſt it. Yet ſtill my Love wou'd baffle Demonſtration, and make Impoſſibilities ſeem probable. [*Looks up.*] Ha! That Fool too! What, ſtoop ſo low as that Animal! —— 'Tis true, Women once fall'n, like Cowards in Deſpair, will ſtick at nothing; there's no Medium in their Actions. They muſt be bright as Angels, or black as Fiends. But now for my Revenge, I'll kick her Cully before her Face, call her Whore, curſe the whole Sex, and ſo leave her. [*Goes in.*

Lurewell *comes down with* Clincher. *The Scene changes to a Dining-Room.*

Lure. O Lord, Sir, 'tis my Husband! What will become of you?

Clin. Ah! Your Husband! Oh, I ſhall be murder'd: What ſhall I do! Where ſhall I run! I'll creep into an Oven; I'll climb up the Chimney; I'll fly; I'll ſwim; —— I wiſh to the Lord I were at the *Jubilee* now. ——

Lure. Can't you think of any thing, Sir?

Clinch. Think! no I, I never cou'd think to any Purpoſe in my Life.

Enter Tom Errand.

Lure. What do you want, Sir?

Err. Madam, I am looking for Sir *Harry Wildair*; I ſaw him come in here this Morning; and did imagine he might be here ſtill if he is not gone.

Lure.

Lure. A Lucky Hit! Here, Friend, change Cloaths with this Gentleman, quickly, ſtrip.

Clin. Ay, ay, quickly, ſtrip: I'll give you half a Crown to boot. Come, here: So. [*They change Cloaths.*

Lure. Now ſlip you [*To* Clinch.] down-ſtairs, and wait at the Door till my Husband be gone; and get you in there [*To the Porter.*] till I call you.

[*Puts* Errand *into the next Room.*

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder, Sir, how you have the Confidence to approach me after ſo baſe a Trick?

Stand. O Madam, all your Artifices won't avail.

Lure. Nay, Sir, your Artifices won't avail. I thought, Sir, that I gave you Caution enough againſt troubling me with Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Company when I ſent his Letters back by you; yet you forſooth, muſt tell him where I lodg'd, and expoſe me again to his impertinent Courtſhip!

Stand. I expoſe you to his Courtſhip!

Lure. I'll lay my Life you'll deny it now: Come, come, Sir; a pitiful Lie is as ſcandalous to a Red Coat as an Oath to a Black. Did not Sir *Harry* himſelf tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd?

Stand. You're all Lies: Firſt, your Heart is falſe, your Eyes are double; One Look belies another: And then your Tongue does contradict them all.—— Madam, I ſee a little Devil juſt now hammering out a Lie in your *Pericranium.*

Lure. As I hope for Mercy, he's in the right on't. [*Aſide.*] Hold, Sir, you have got the Play-houſe Cant upon your Tongue; and think, that Wit may privilege your Railing: But I muſt tell you, Sir, that what is Satyr upon the Stage, is ill Manners here.

Stand. What is feign'd upon the Stage, is here in Reality real Falſhood. Yes, yes, Madam,—I expos'd you to the Courtſhip of your Fool *Clincher*, too; I hope

hope your Female Wiles will impoſe that upon me ——alſo ——

Lure. Clincher! Nay, now you're ſtark mad. I know no ſuch Perſon.

Stand. O Woman in Perfection! not know him! 'Slife, Madam, can my Eyes, my piercing jealous Eyes, be ſo deluded? Nay, Madam, my Noſe could not miſtake him; for I ſmelt the Pop by his *Pulvilio* from the Balcony down to the Street.

Lure. The Balcony! Ha, ha, ha, the Balcony; I'll be hang'd but he has miſtaken Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Footman with a new *French* Livery, for a Beau.

Stand. 'Sdeath, Madam, what is there in me that looks like a Cully! Did not I ſee him?

Lure. No, no, you cou'd not ſee him; you're dreaming, Colonel. Will you believe your Eyes, now that I have rub'd them open? ——Here, you Friend.

Enter Errand *in* Clincher's *Cloaths.*

Stand. This is Illuſion all; my Eyes conſpire againſt themſelves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

Lure. Legerdemain! Is that all your Acknowledgment for your rude Behaviour? — Oh, what a Curſe is it to love as I do! — But don't preſume too far, Sir, on my Affection: For ſuch ungenerous Uſage will ſoon return my tir'd Heart. —— Be gone, Sir, [*To the Porter.*] to your impertinent Maſter, and tell him I ſhall never be at Leiſure to receive any of his troubleſome Viſits; —— Send to me to know when I ſhould be at home! —— Be gone, Sir: — I am ſure he has made me an unfortunate Woman. [*Weeps.*

Stand. Nay, then there is no Certainty in Nature; and Truth is only Falſhood well diſguis'd.

Lure. Sir, had not I own'd my fond fooliſh Paſſion, I ſhou'd not have been ſubject to ſuch unjuſt Suſpicions: But 'tis an ungrateful Return. [*Weeping.*

Stand. Now, where are all my firm Reſolves? I will believe her juſt. My Paſſion rais'd my Jealouſy; then why mayn't Love be as blind in finding Faults, as in excu-

excuſing them? —— I hope, Madam, you'll pardon me, ſince Jealouſy that magnify'd my Suſpicion, is as much the Effect of Love, as my Eaſineſs in being ſatisfy'd.

Lure. Eaſineſs in being ſatisfy'd! You Men have got an inſolent Way of extorting Pardon, by perſiſting in your Faults. No, no, Sir, cherish your Suſpicions, and feed upon your Jealouſy: 'Tis fit Meat for your ſqueamiſh Stomach.

With me all Women ſhou'd this Rule purſue;
Who think us falſe, ſhou'd never find us true.

[*Exit* in a Rage.

Enter Clincher *in the Porter's Cloaths.*

Clin. Well, Intriguing is the prettieſt, pleaſanteſt Thing, for a Man of my Parts:—How ſhall we laugh at the Husband, when he is gone? —— How ſillily he looks! He's in labour of Horns already. —— To make a Colonel a Cuckold! 'Twill be rare News for the Alderman.

Stand. All this Sir *Harry* has occaſion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me a juſt Revenge: —O! this is the Porter I ſent the Challenge by: —— Well, Sir, have you found him?

Clin. What the Devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir *Harry* the Note, Fellow?

Clin. The Note! What Note?

Stand. The Letter, Blockhead, which I ſent by you to Sir *Harry Wildair*; have you ſeen him?

Clin. O Lord, what ſhall I ſay now? Seen him? Yes, Sir —— No, Sir. —— I have, Sir —— I have not, Sir.

Stand. The Fellow's mad. Anſwer me directly, Sirrah, or I'll break your Head.

Clin. I know Sir *Harry* very well, Sir; but as to the Note, Sir, I can't remember a Word on't: Truth is, I have a very bad Memory.

Stand.

Stand. O Sir, I'll quicken your Memory.
[*Strikes him.*

Clinch. Zauns, Sir, hold!——I did give him the Note.

Stand. And what Anſwer?

Clinch. I mean I did not give him the Note.

Stand. What d'ye banter, Raſcal?
[*Strikes him again.*

Clin. Hold, Sir, hold! He did ſend an Anſwer.

Stand. What was't, Villain?

Clin. Why, truly Sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous Memory.

Stand. I'll engage you ſhall remember me this Month, Raſcal. [*Beats him off, and* Exit.

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Fortboon, fortboon, fortboon: This is better than I expected; but Fortune ſtill helps the Induſtrious.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. Ah! The Devil take all Intriguing, ſay I and him who firſt invented Canes.——That curs'd Colonel has got ſuch a Knack of beating his Men, that he has left the Mark of a Collar of Bandileers about my Shoulders.

Lure. O my poor Gentleman! And was it beaten?

Clin. Yes, I have been beaten; But where's my Cloaths? my Cloaths?

Lure. What, you won't leave me ſo ſoon, my Dear, will ye?

Clin. Will ye! If ever I peep into a Colonel's Tent agen, may I be forc'd to run the Gauntlet.——But my Cloaths, Madam.

Lure. I ſent the Porter down Stairs with them: Did not you meet him.

Clin. Meet him! No, not I.

Par. No! He went out of the Back-door, and is run clear away, I'm afraid.

Clin.

Clin. Gone, ſay you! and with my Cloaths! my fine *Jubilee* Cloaths! —— O, the Rogue, the Thief! ——I'll have him hang'd for Murder. —— But how ſhall I get home in this Pickle?

Par. I'm afraid, Sir, the Colonel will be back preſently, for he dines at home.

Clin. O, then I muſt ſneak off!
Was ever ſuch an Unfortunate Beau?
To have his Coat well thraſh'd, and loſe his Coat alſo.

Lure. Thus the Noble Poet ſpoke Truth:

Nothing ſuits worſe with Vice than want of Senſe:
Fools are ſtill wicked at their own Expence.

Par. Methinks, Madam, the Injuries you have ſuffer'd by Men, muſt be very great, to raiſe ſuch heavy Reſentments againſt the whole Sex.

Lure. The greateſt Injury that Woman cou'd ſuſtain; they robb'd me of that Jewel, which preſerv'd, exalts our Sex almoſt to Angels; but deſtroy'd, debaſes us below the worſt of Brutes, Mankind.

Par. But I think, Madam, your Anger ſhou'd be only confin'd to the Author of your Wrongs.

Lure. The Author! Alas, I know him not, which makes my Wrongs the greater.

Par. Not know him! 'Tis odd, Madam, that a Man ſhould rob you of that ſame Jewel you mentioned, and you not know him.

Lure. Leave trifling; ——'tis a Subject that always ſours my Temper: But ſince, by thy faithful Service, I have ſome reaſon to confide in your Secrecy, hear the ſtrange Relation. —— Some twelve Years ago, I liv'd at my Father's Houſe in *Oxfordſhire*, bleſt with Innocence, the ornamental, but weak Guard of blooming Beauty: I was then juſt Fifteen, an Age fatal to the Female Sex: Our Youth is tempting, our Innocence credulous, Romances moving, Love powerful, and Men are—Villains. Then it happened, that three young Gentlemen from the Univerſity coming

into

into the Country, and being benighted, and Strangers, call'd at my Father's: He was very glad of their Company, and offer'd them the Entertainment of his Houſe.

Par. Which they accepted, no doubt: Oh! theſe ſtrouling Collegians are never abroad, but upon ſome Miſchief.

Lure. They had ſome private Frolick or Deſign in their Heads, as appear'd by their not naming one another, which my Father perceiving, out of Civility, made no Enquiry into their Affairs; two of them had a heavy, pedantick, Univerſity Air, a ſort of a diſagreeable Scholaſtick Booriſhneſs in their Behaviour; but the third!

Par. Ah! the third, Madam;——the third of all things, they ſay, is very Critical.

Lure. He was——but in ſhort, Nature cut him out for my undoing; he ſeem'd to be about Eighteen.

Par. A fit Match for your Fifteen as cou'd be.

Lure. He had a genteel Sweetneſs in his Face, a graceful Comelineſs in his Perſon, and his Tongue was fit to ſooth ſoft Innocence to ruin. His very Looks were witty, and his expreſſive Eyes ſpoke ſofter, prettier things, than Words cou'd frame.

Par. There will be Miſchief by and by; I never heard a Woman talk ſo much of Eyes, but there were Tears preſently after.

Lure. His Diſcourſe was directed to my Father, but his Looks to me. After Supper I went to my Chamber, and read *Caſſandra*, then went to Bed, and dream't of him all Night, roſe in the Morning, and made Verſes, ſo fell deſperately in Love.—— My Father was ſo well pleas'd with his Converſation, that he begg'd their Company next Day; they conſented, and next Night, *Parly*——

Par. Ah, next Night, Madam,——next Night (I'm afraid) was a Night indeed.

Lure. He brib'd my Maid, with his Gold, out of her Honeſty; and me, with his Rhetorick, out of my Honour.

Honour.——She admitted him to my Chamber, and there he vow'd, and ſwore, and wept, and ſigh'd—— and conquer'd. [*Weeps.*

Par. Alack-a-day, poor Fifteen! [*Weeps.*

Lure. He ſwore that he wou'd come down from *Oxford* in a Fortnight, and marry me.

Par. The old Bait! the old Bait!——I was cheated juſt ſo my ſelf. [*Aſide.*] But had not you the Wit to know his Name all this while?

Lure. Alas! what Wit had Innocence like mine? He told me, that he was under an Obligation to his Companions of concealing himſelf then, but that he wou'd write to me in two Days, and let me know his Name, and Quality. After all the binding Oaths of Conſtancy, joining Hands, exchanging Hearts, I gave him a Ring with this Motto, *Love and Honour*, then we parted, but I never ſaw the dear Deceiver more.

Par. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my Griefs, which my Father's Death made a fair Pretence for; he left me ſole Heireſs and Executrix to three thouſand Pounds a Year: At laſt, my Love for this ſingle Diſſembler turn'd to a Hatred of the whole Sex; and reſolving to divert my Melancholy, and make my large Fortune ſubſervient to my Pleaſure and Revenge, I went to travel, where, in moſt Courts of *Europe*, I have done ſome Execution. Here I will play my laſt Scene; then retire to my Country-houſe, live ſolitary, and die a Penitent.

Par. But don't you ſtill love this dear Diſſembler?

Lure. Moſt certainly: 'Tis Love of him that keeps my Anger warm, repreſenting the Baſeneſs of Mankind full in view; and makes my Reſentments work—We ſhall have that old impotent Lecher, *Smuggler* here to Night; I have a Plot to ſwinge him, and his preciſe Nephew, *Vizard*.

Par. I think, Madam, you manage every body that comes in your way.

Lure.

Lure. No, *Parly*, thoſe Men, whoſe Pretenſions I found juſt and honourable, I fairly diſmiſs'd, by letting them know my firm Reſolutions never to marry. But thoſe Villains that wou'd attempt my Honour, I've ſeldom fail'd to manage.

Par. What d'ye think of the Colonel, Madam? I ſuppoſe his Deſigns are honourable.

Love. That Man's a *Riddle*; there's ſomething of Honour in his Temper that pleaſes; I'm ſure he loves me too, becauſe he's ſoon jealous, and ſoon ſatisfy'd. But he's a Man ſtill. ——— When I once tried his Pulſe about Marriage, his Blood ran as low as a Coward's. He ſwore indeed, that he lov'd me, but cou'd not marry me, forſooth, becauſe he was engag'd elſewhere. So poor a Pretence made me diſdain his Paſſion, which otherwiſe might have been uneaſy to me. ——But hang him, I have teiz'd him enough—Beſides, *Parly*, I begin to be tir'd of my Revenge;—But this Buſs and Guinea I muſt maul once more. I'll hanſel his Woman's Cloaths for him. Go, get me Pen and Ink; I muſt write to *Vizard* too.

Fortune, this once aſſiſt me as before;
Two ſuch Machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious Wheel, and my projecting Brain.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Wildair *and* Standard *meeting.*

Stand. I Thought, Sir *Harry*, to have met you e'er this in a more convenient Place; but ſince my Wrongs were without Ceremony, my Revenge ſhall be ſo too. Draw, Sir.

Wild. Draw, Sir, What ſhall I draw?

Stand.

Stand. Come, come, Sir, I like your facetious Humour well enough; it ſhews Courage and Unconcern. I know you brave; and therefore uſe you thus. Draw your Sword.

Wild. Nay, to oblige you, I will draw; but the Devil take me if I fight. —— Perhaps, Colonel, this is the prettieſt Blade you have ſeen.

Stand. I doubt not but the Arm is good; and therefore think both worth my Reſentment. Come, Sir.

Wild. But, prithee Colonel, doſt think that I am ſuch a Madman, as to ſend my Soul to the Devil, and my Body to the Worms *upon every Fool's Errand?* [*Aſide.*

Stand. I hope you're no Coward, Sir.

Wild. Coward, Sir! I have eight thouſand Pounds a Year, Sir.

Stand. You fought in *Flanders*, to my Knowledge.

Wild. Ay, for the ſame Reaſon that I wore a red Coat; becauſe 'twas faſhionable.

Stand. Sir, you fought a *French* Count in *Paris*.

Wild. True, Sir; but there was no Danger of Lands, nor Tenements: beſides, he was a Beau, like my ſelf. Now you're a Soldier, Colonel, and Fighting's your Trade, and I think it downright Madneſs to contend with any Man in his Profeſſion.

Stand. Come, Sir, no more dallying: I ſhall take very unſoldierly Methods, if you don't ſhew yourſelf a Gentleman.

Wild. A Gentleman! Why, how agen now? A Gentleman; I tell you once more, Colonel, that I am a Baronet, and have eight thouſand Pounds a Year. I can dance, ſing, ride, fence, underſtand the Languages. Now, I can't conceive how running you through the Body ſhou'd contribute one Jot more to my Gentility. But pray, Colonel, I had forgot to ask you: What's the Quarrel?

Stand. A Woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my Sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, My Honour's concerned.

Wild. Nay, if your Honour be concern'd with a Woman, get it out of her Hands as ſoon as you can.

An

An honourable Lover is the greateſt Slave in Nature; ſome will ſay, the greateſt Fool. Come, come, Colonel, this is ſomething about the Lady *Lurewell*, I warrant; I can give you Satisfaction in that Affair.

Stand. Do ſo then immediately!

Wild. Put up your Sword firſt; you know I dare fight: But I had much rather make you a Friend than an Enemy. I can aſſure you, this Lady will prove too hard for one of your Temper. You have too much Honour, too much in Conſcience, to be a Favourite with the Ladies.

Stand. I'm aſſur'd, Sir, ſhe never gave you any Encouragement. ———

Wild. A Man can never hear Reaſon with a Sword in his Hand. Sheath your Weapon; and then if I don't ſatisfie you, ſheath it in my Body.

Stand. Give me but Demonſtration of her granting you any Favour, and 'tis enough.

Wild. Will you take my Word?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own Eyes?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I ſhall or no, they have deceiv'd me already.

Wild. That's hard ——— But ſome means I ſhall deviſe for your Satisfaction —— We muſt fly this Place, elſe that cluſter of Mob will overwhelm us. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Mob, Tom [illegible]rand's *Wife hurrying in* Clincher ſen[illegible] *in* [illegible]rand's *Cloaths.*

Wife. O, the Villain, the Rogue, he has murder'd my Husband: Ah! my poor *Timothy*! [*Crying.*

Clin. Dem your *Timothy*! —— your Husband has murder'd me, Woman; for he has carry'd away my fine *Jubilee* Cloaths.

Wife. Ay, you Cut-Throat, have you not got his Cloaths upon your Back there? — Neighbours don't you know poor *Timothy*'s Coat and Apron?

Mob. Ay, ay, 'tis the ſame.

Firſt Mob. What ſhall we do with him, Neighbours?

Second Mob. We'll pull him in pieces.

Firſt

Firſt Mob. No, no; then we may be hang'd for Murder: but we'll drown him.

Clin. Ah, good People, pray don't drown me; for I never learnt to ſwim in all my Life. Ah, this plaguy intriguing!

Mob. Away with him, away with him to the *Thames*.

Clin. Oh, if I had but my *Swimming Girdle*, now.

Enter Conſtable.

Conſt. Hold, Neighbours, I command the Peace.

Wife. O, Mr. Conſtable, here's a Rogue that has murder'd my Husband, and robb'd him of his Cloaths.

Conſt. Murder and Robbery! then he muſt be a Gentleman. Hands off there; he muſt not be abus'd.—Give an Account of your ſelf. Are you a Gentleman?

Clin. No, Sir, I am a Beau.

Conſt. A Beau! Then you have killed no body, I'm perſwaded. How came you by theſe Cloaths, Sir?

Clin. You muſt know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir; I can't tell where, Sir; and—ſo the Porter and I chang'd Cloaths, Sir.

Conſt. Very well! the Man ſpeaks Reaſon, and like a Gentleman.

Wife. But pray, Mr. Conſtable, ask him how he chang'd Cloaths with him.

Conſt. Silence, Woman! and don't diſturb the Court.——Well, Sir how did you change Cloaths?

Clin. Why, Sir, he pull'd off his Coat, and I drew off his: So I put on his Coat, and he put on mine.

Conſt. Why Neighbour, I don't ſee that he's guilty: Search him! and if he carries no Arms about him, we'll let him go.

[*They ſearch his Pockets, and pull out his Piſtols:*

Clin. O *Gemini*! My *Jubilee* Piſtols!

Conſt. What, a Caſe of Piſtols! Then the Caſe is plain. Speak, what are you, Sir? Whence came you, and whether go you?

Clin. Sir, I came from *Ruſſel-Street*, and am going to the *Jubilee*.

Wife. You ſhall go to the Gallows, you Rogue.

Conſt.

Conſt. Away with him, away with him to *Newgate*, ſtraight.

Clin. I ſhall go to the *Jubilee* now, indeed. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Wildair *and* Standard.

Wild. In ſhort, Colonel, 'tis all Nonſenſe: Fight for a Woman! Hard by is the Lady's Houſe, if you pleaſe we'll wait on her together: You ſhall draw your Sword, I'll draw my Snuff-Box: You ſhall produce your Wounds receiv'd in War: I'll relate mine by *Cupid's* Dart: You ſhall look big; I'll ogle; ——You ſhall ſwear; I'll ſigh,——You ſhall *ſa, ſa*, and I'll *Coupee*; and if ſhe flies not to my Arms like a Hawk to its Perch, my Dancing-Maſter deſerves to be damn'd.

Stand. With the generality of Women, I grant you theſe Arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of Women! Why there agen, you're out. They're all alike Sir; I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was ſhe, pray?

Wild. Penelope, I think ſhe's call'd, and that's a Poetical Story too. When will you find a Poet in our Age make a Woman ſo chaſte?

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, your facetious Humour can diſguiſe Falſhood, and make Calumny paſs for Satyr; but you have promis'd me ocular Demonſtration that ſhe favours you. Make that good, and I ſhall then maintain Faith and Female to be as inconſiſtent as Truth and Falſhood.

Wild. Nay, by what you told me, I am ſatisfied that ſhe impoſes on us all: and *Vizard* too ſeems what I ſtill ſuſpected him: But his honeſty once miſtruſted, ſpoils his Knavery:——But will you be convinc'd, if our Plot ſucceeds?

Stand. I rely on your Word and Honour, Sir *Harry*; which if I doubted, my Diſtruſt wou'd cancel the Obligation of their Security.

Wild. Then meet me half an Hour hence at the *Rummer*: You muſt oblige me by taking a hearty

Glaſs with me toward the Setting me out for a certain Project, which this Night I undertake.

Stand. I gueſs by the Preparation, that Woman's the Deſign.

Wild. Yes, faith.——— I am taken dangerouſly with two fooliſh Maladies, Modeſty and Love; the firſt I'll cure with *Burgundy*, and my Love by a Night's Lodging with the Damſel. A ſure Remedy. *Probatum eſt.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Clincher junior *and* Dicky.

Clin. Ah! *Dicky*, this *London* is a ſad Place, a ſad vicious Place: I wiſh that I were in the Country agen: And this Brother of mine! I'm ſorry he's ſo great a Rake: I had rather ſee him dead than ſee him thus.

Dick. Ay, Sir, He'll ſpend his whole Eſtate at this ſame Jubilee. Who, d'ye think, lives at this ſame Jubilee?

Clin. Who, pray?

Dick. The Pope.

Clin. The Devil he does! My Brother go to the Place were the Pope dwells! He's bewitch'd ſure!

Enter Tom Errand *in* Clincher ſenior's *Cloaths.*

Dick. Indeed, I believe he is, for he's ſtrangely alter'd.

Clin. Alter'd! Why he looks like a Jeſuit already.

Err. This Lace will ſell. My Blockhead was the Fellow to truſt me with his Cloaths. If I can get croſs the Garden, down to the Water-ſide, I am pretty ſecure. [*Aſide.*

Clin. Brother!——Alaw! O *Gemini!* Are you my Brother?

Dick. I ſeiſe you in the King's Name, Sir.

Err. O Lord! Shou'd this prove ſome Parliament Man now!

Clin. Speak, you Rogue, what are you?

Err. A poor Porter, Sir, and going of an Errand.

Dick. What Errand? Speak, you Rogue.

Err.

Err. A Fool's Errand, I'm afraid.

Clin. Who ſent you.

Err. A Beau, Sir.

Dick. No, no, the Rogue has murder'd your Bro-, and ſtript him of his Cloaths.

Clin. Murder'd my Brother! O *Crimini!* O my poor Jubilee Brother!—Stay, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm Heir tho': Speak, Sarrah have you kill'd him? ſeſs that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you lf a Crown.

Err. Who? I, Sir? Alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any Man, but a Carrier's Horſe once.

Clin. Then you ſhall certainly be hang'd; but confeſs that you kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

Err. Telling the Truth hangs a Man, but confeſſing a Lye can do no harm; beſides, if the worſt come to the worſt, I can but deny it agen —— Well, Sir, ſince I muſt tell you, I did kill him.

Clin. Here's your Money, Sir,—But are you ſure you kill'd him dead?

Err. Sir, I'll ſwear it before any Judge in *England.*

Dick. But are you ſure that he's *Dead in Law?*

Err. Dead in Law? I can't tell whether he be *Dead in Law.*

But he's as dead as a Door-Nail; for I gave him ſeven knocks on the Head with a Hammer.

Dick. Then you have the Eſtate by Statute.

Any Man that's k[illed] th' Head is *Dead in Law.*

Clin. But are you ſure he was *Compos Mentis* when he was kill'd?

Err. I ſuppoſe he was, Sir; for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey! Then I go to the *Jubilee* —— Strip, Sir, ſtrip.

By, *Jupiter Ammon*, ſtrip.

Dick. Ah! don't ſwear, Sir.

[*Puts on his Brother's Cloaths.*

Clin. Swear, Sir, Zoons, han't I got the Eſtate, Sir? Come, Sir, now I am in Mourning for my Brother.

Err. I hope you'll let me go now, Sir.

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir; but you muſt do me the Favour to ſwear poſitively before a Magiſtrate, that you kill'd him dead, that I may enter upon the Eſtate without any Trouble. By *Jupiter Ammon* [illegible] Religion's gone, ſince I put on theſe fine Cloaths — Hey, call me a Coach ſome body.

Err. Ay, Maſter, let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no; *Dicky*, carry this Spark before Juſtice, and when he has made Oath, you may diſcharge him. And I'll go ſee *Angelica*.

[*Exeunt* Dick *and* Errand.

Now that I'm an elder Brother, I'll court, and ſwear, and rant, and rake, and go to the *Jubilee* with the beſt of them. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Lurewell's *Houſe.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Are you ſure that *Vizard* had my Letter?

Par. Yes, yes, Madam; one of your Ladyſhip's Footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the Bearer, with all Tranſports of Joy, that he wou'd be punctual to a Minute.

Lure. Thus moſt Villains ſome time or other, are punctual to their Ruin, and Hypocriſie, by impoſing on the World, at laſt deceives it ſelf. Are all things prepar'd for his Reception?

Par. Exactly to your Ladyſhip's Order; the Alderman too is juſt come, dreſs'd and cook'd up for Iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got Woman's Cloaths on.

Par. Yes, Madam, and has paſs'd upon the Family for your Nurſe.

Lure. Convey him into that Cloſet, and put out the Candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him preſently.

As Parly *goes to put out the Candles, ſome body knocks.*

Lure.

Lure. This muſt be ſome Clown without Manners, or a Gentleman above Ceremony. Who's there?

Wild. ſings.

Thus Damon *knock'd at* Celia's *Door,*
He ſigh'd, and begg'd, and wept, and ſwore,
The Sign was ſo,
[Knocks.]
She anſwer'd, No.
[Knocks thrice.]
No, no, no,
Again he ſigh'd, again he pray'd,
No, Damon, *no, I am afraid:*
Conſider, Damon, *I'm a Maid.*
Conſider,
No,
I'm a Maid.
No, &c.
At laſt his Sighs and Tears made Way,
She roſe, and ſoftly turn'd the Key:
Come in, ſaid ſhe, but do not ſtay.
I may conclude
You will be rude,
But if you are, you may.
Enters. [*Exit* Parly.

Lure. 'Tis too early for Serenading, Sir *Harry.*

Wild. Whereſoever Love is, there Muſick is proper, there's an harmonious Conſent in their Natures, and when rightly join'd, they make up the Chorus of Earthly Happineſs.

Lure. But, Sir *Harry*, what Tempeſt drives you here at this Hour?

Wild. No Tempeſt, Madam, but as fair Weather as ever entic'd a Citizen's Wife to cuckold her Husband in freſh Air. Love, Madam.

[Wild. *taking her by the Hand.*

Lure. *As pure and white as Angels ſoft Deſires.*

Wild. *Fierce, as when ripe conſenting Beauty fires.*

Lure. O Villain! What Privilege has Men to our Deſtruction, that thus they hunt our Ruin? [*Aſide.*] If this be a Love Token, [Wild. *drops a Ring, ſhe takes it up.*] your Miſtreſſes Favours hang very looſe about you, Sir.

Wild. I can't juſtly, Madam, pay your Trouble of taking it up by any Thing but deſiring you to wear it.

Lure. You Gentlemen have the cunningeſt Ways of playing the Fool, and are ſo induſtrious in your Pa- ſulleneſs. Speak ſeriouſly; am I beholding to Chance or Deſign for this Ring?

Wild. To Deſign, upon my Honour. And I hope my Deſign will ſucceed. [*Aſide.*

Lure. *And what ſhall I give you for ſuch a fine Thing?*
Wild. *You'll give me another, you'll give me another fine Thing.* [*Both ſing.*

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir *Harry*?

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam, ſo I may be free with you.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I ſhall beg the Favour to ſee you ſome other Time; for at this very Minute I have two Lovers in the Houſe.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I muſt be gone this Minute, for I muſt ſee another Miſtreſs within theſe two Hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

Wild. As you with me——Madam, your moſt humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Lure. Nothing can diſturb his Humour. Now for my Merchant and *Vizard*.

[*Exit and takes the Candles with her.*

Enter Parly, *leading in* Smuggler, *dreſs'd in Woman's Cloaths.*

Par. This Way, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Well, Mrs. *Parly*, I'm oblig'd to you for this Trouble, here are a Couple of Shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard, indeed, but next Time I'll

I'll ſteal a Pair of Silk Stockings from my Wife, and bring them to you ——— What are you fumbling about my Pockets for ———

Par. Only ſetting the Pleats of your Gown; here, Sir, go into this Cloſet, and my Lady will wait on you preſently.

[*Puts him into the Cloſet, runs out, and returns with* Vizard.

Viz. Where would'ſt thou lead me, my dear auſpicious little Pilot.

Par. You're almoſt in Port, Sir, my Lady's in the Cloſet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. [*Kiſſes her.*

Par. 'Pſhaw, who has hir'd me beſt? A Couple of Shillings or a Couple of Kiſſes.

Viz. Propitious Darkneſs guides the Lovers Steps, and Night that ſhadows outward Senſe, lights up our inward Joy. Night! The great awful Ruler of Mankind, which, like the *Perſian* Monarch hides its Royalty to raiſe the Veneration of the World. Under thy eaſy Reign Diſſemblers may ſpeak Truth; all ſlaviſh Forms and Ceremonies laid aſide, and generous Villany may act without Conſtraint.

Smug. [*Peeping out of the Cloſet.*] Bleſs me! What Voice is this?

Viz. Our hungry Appetites, like the wild Beaſts of Prey, now ſcour about, to gorge their craving Maws; the Pleaſure of Hypocriſy like a chain'd Lyon, once broke looſe, wildly indulges its new Freedom, ranging through all unbounded Joys.

Smug. My Nephew's Voice, and certainly poſſeſs'd with an Evil Spirit; he talks as prophanely, as an Actor poſſeſs'd with a Poet.

Viz. Ha! I hear a Voice, Madam, ——— my Life, my Happineſs, where are you, Madam?

Smug. Madam! He takes me for a Woman too, I'll try him. Where have you left your Sanctity, Mr. *Vizard.*

Viz.

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful Subject —— I left it where it has only Buſineſs, with Day-light; 'tis needleſs to wear a Mask in the dark.

Smug. O the Rogue, the Rogue; —— The World takes you for a very ſober, virtuous Gentleman.

Viz. Ay, Madam, that adds Security to all my Pleaſure —— with we a Cully-Squire may ſquander his Eſtate, and ne'er be thought a Spend-thrift —— With me a holy Elder may zealouſly be drunk, and toaſt his tuneful Noiſe in Sack, to make it hold for clearer —— But what is moſt my Praiſe, the formal Rigid ſhe, that rails at Vice and Men, with me ſecures her looſeſt Pleaſures, and her ſtricteſt Honour —— ſhe who with ſcornful Mien, and virtuous Pride, diſdains the Name of Whore, with me can wanton, and laugh at the deluded World.

Smug. How have I been deceiv'd! Then you are very great among the Ladies.

Viz. Yes, Madam, they know that like a Mole in the Earth, I dig deep, but inviſible; not like thoſe fluttering noiſy Sinners, whoſe Pleaſure is the Proclamation of their Faults; thoſe empty Flaſhes, who no ſooner kindle, but they muſt blaze to alarm the World. But come, Madam, you delay our Pleaſures.

Smug. He ſurely takes me for the Lady *Lurewell* — ſhe has made him an Appointment too — but I'll be reveng'd of both —— Well, Sir, what are thoſe you are ſo intimate with?

Viz. Come, come, Madam, you know very well — thoſe who ſtand ſo high, that the Vulgar envy even their Crimes, whoſe Figure adds Privilege to their Sin, and makes it paſs unqueſtion'd: fair, high, pamper'd Females, whoſe ſpeaking Eyes, and piercing Voice, would arm the Statue of a *Stoick*, and animate his cold Marble with the Soul of an *Epicure*, all raviſhing, lovely, and ſoft, and kind, like you ——

Smug. I'm very lovely and ſoft indeed! you ſhall find me much harder than you imagine, Friend ——

Well

Well, Sir, but I ſuppoſe your Diſſimulation has ſome other Motive beſides Pleaſure.

Viz. Yes, Madam, the honeſteſt Motive in the World, Intereſt ——you muſt know, Madam, that I have an old Uncle, Alderman *Smuggler*, you have ſeen him, I ſuppoſe.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have ſome ſmall Acquaintance with him.

Viz. 'Tis the moſt knaviſh, preciſe, covetous old Rogue, that ever died of the Gout.

Smug. Ah! The young Son of a Whore! Well, Sir, and what of him?

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched Souls, than he for ill got Pelf ——and yet (what's wonderful) he that would ſtick at no profitable Villany himſelf, loves Holineſs in another ——he prays all *Sunday* for the Sins of the Week paſt ——he ſpends all Dinner-time in two tedious Graces; and what he deſigns a Bleſſing to the Meat, proves a Curſe to his Family ——he's the moſt ——

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, Madam, he has a ſwinging Eſtate, which I deſign to purchaſe as a Saint, and ſpend like a Gentleman. He got it by Cheating, and ſhould loſe it by Deceit. By the Pretence of my Zeal and Sobriety, I'll cozen the old Miſer one of theſe Days, out of a Settlement and Deed of Conveyance ——

Smug. It ſhall be a Deed to convey you to the Gallows, then, ye young Dog. [*Aſide.*

Viz. And no ſooner he's dead, but I'll rattle over his Grave with a Coach and Six, to inform his covetous Ghoſt how genteely I ſpend his Money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, Boy, for I'll have my Money bury'd with me. [*Aſide.*

Viz. Bleſs me, Madam! Here's a Light coming this Way. I muſt fly immediately, when ſhall I ſee you, Madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my Dear.

Viz. Pardon me, dear Madam, I would not be ſeen for the World. I wou'd ſooner forfeit my Life, nay my Pleaſure, than my Reputation. [*Exit.*

Smug. Reputation! Reputation! That poor Word ſuffers a great deal —— Well! thou art the moſt arch compliſh'd Hypocrite that ever made a grave Nodding Face over a Diſh of Coffee and a Pipe of Tobacco; he owes me for ſeven Years Maintenance, and ſhall pay me by ſeven Years Impriſonment; and when I die, I'll leave him to the Fee-ſimple of a Rope and a Shilling. Who are theſe? I begin to be afraid of ſome Miſchief —— I wiſh that I were ſafe within the City Liberties —— I'll hide my ſelf.

[*Stands cloſe.*

Enter Butler, *with other Servants and Lights.*

But. I ſay there are two Spoons wanting, and I'll ſearch the whole Houſe —— Two Spoons will be no ſmall Gap in my Quarter's Wages. ——

Serv. When did you miſs 'em, *James?*

But. Miſs them! Why I miſs them now! in ſhort they muſt be among you, and if you don't return them I'll go to the Cunning-man To-morrow Morning; my Spoons I want, and my Spoons I will have.

Serv. Come, come, ſearch about.

[*Search and diſcover* Smuggler.

But. Hark'e, good Woman, what makes you hide your ſelf? What are you aſham'd of?

Smug. Aſham'd of! O Lord, Sir, I'm an honeſt old Woman that never was aſham'd of any Thing.

But. What are you, a Midwife then? Speak, did not you ſee a Couple of ſtray Spoons in your Travels?

Smug. Stray Spoons?

But. Ay, ay, ſtray Spoons; in ſhort you ſtole them, and I'll ſhake your old Limbs to Pieces, if you don't deliver them preſently.

Smug. Bleſs me; a reverend Elder of ſeventy Years old accus'd for *Petty Larceny!* —— Why ſearch me, good People, ſearch me; and if you find any Spoons about me, you ſhall burn me for a Witch.

But.

But. Ay, we will ſearch you, Miſtreſs.

[*They ſearch and pull the Spoons out of his Pocket.*

Smug. Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

But. Where, where is he? Lord bleſs us! ſhe is a Witch in good Earneſt, may be.

Smug. O, it was ſome Devil, ſome *Covent-Garden*, or St. *James's* Devil, that put them in my Pocket.

But. Ay, ay, you ſhall be hang'd for a Thief, burnt for a Witch, and then carted for a Bawd. Speak, what are you?

Enter Lurewell.

Smug. I'm the Lady *Lurewell's* Nurſe.

Lure. What Noiſe is this?

But. Here is an old *Succubus*, Madam, that has ſtole two Silver Spoons, and ſays ſhe's your Nurſe.

Lure. My Nurſe! O the impudent old Jade, I never ſaw the wither'd Creature before.

Smug. Then I am finely caught. O Madam! Madam, don't you know me? don't you remember Buſs and Guinea?

Lure. Was ever ſuch Impudence? I know thee! why thou'rt as brazen as a Bawd in the Side-Box.—— Take her before a Juſtice, and then to *Newgate*, away.

Smug. O! conſider, Madam, that I'm an Alderman.

Lure. Conſider, Sir, that you're a Compound of Covetouſneſs, Hypocriſy and Knavery, and muſt be puniſh'd accordingly.——You muſt be in Petticoats, gouty Monſter, muſt ye! You muſt Buſs and Guinea too; you muſt tempt a Lady's Honour, old Satyr, away with him. [*Hurry him off.*

Still may our Sex thus Frauds of Men oppoſe,
Still may our Arts delude theſe tempting Foes.
May Honour rule, and never fall betray'd,
But Vice be caught in Nets for Virtue laid.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

Darling *and* Angeſica.

Darl. DAughter, ſince you have to deal with a Man of ſo peculiar a Temper, you muſt not think the general Arts of Love can ſecure him; you may therefore allow ſuch a Courtier ſome Encouragement extraordinary, without Reproach to your Modeſty.

Angel. I am ſenſible, Madam, that a formal Nicety makes our Modeſty ſit aukward, and appears rather a Chain to enſlave, than Bracelet to adorn us; ——— it ſhou'd ſhew, when unmoleſted, eaſy and innocent as a Dove, but ſtrong and vigorous as a Faulcon, when aſſaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, Daughter, you miſtake Sir *Harry*'s Gaiety for Diſhonour.

Ang. Tho' Modeſty, Madam, may wink, it muſt not ſleep, when powerful Enemies are abroad ——— I muſt confeſs, that of all Men's, I wou'd not ſee Sir *Harry Wildair's* Faults; nay, I cou'd wreſt his moſt ſuſpicious Words a thouſand Ways, to make them look like Honour ——— But, Madam, in Spight of Love, I muſt hate him, and curſe thoſe Practices which taint our Nobility, and rob all virtuous Women of the braveſt Men. ———

Darl. You muſt certainly be miſtaken, *Angelica*, for I'm ſatisfy'd Sir *Harry*'s Deſigns are only to court, and marry you.

Ang. His Pretence, perhaps, was ſuch; but Women now, like Enemies, are attack'd; whether by Treachery, or fairly conquer'd, the Glory of the Triumph is the ſame —— Pray, Madam, by what Means were you made acquainted with his Deſigns?

Darl.

Darl. Means, Child! why, my Couſin *Vizard*, who, I'm ſure, is your ſincere Friend, ſent him. He brought me this Letter from my Couſin. ——

[*Gives her the Letter, which ſhe opens.*

Ang. Ha! *Vizard!* then I'm abus'd in Earneſt.—— Wou'd Sir *Harry*, by his Inſtigation, fix a baſe Affront upon me? No, I can't ſuſpect him of ſo ungenteel a Crime —— This Letter ſhall trace the Truth —— [*Aſide*] My Suſpicions, Madam, are much clear'd; and I hope to ſatisfy your Ladyſhip in my Management, when next I ſee Sir *Harry*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's a Gentleman below calls himſelf *Wildair*.

Darl. Conduct him up. Daughter, I won't doubt your Diſcretion. [*Exit* Darling.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. O, the Delights of Love and *Burgundy!*—— Madam, I have toaſted your Ladyſhip fifteen Bumpers ſucceſſively, and ſwallow'd *Cupids* like *Loches* to every Glaſs.

Ang. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, the Wine has got into my Head, and the *Cupids* into my Heart; and unleſs by quenching quick my Flame, you kindly eaſe the Smart, I'm a loſt Man, Madam.

Ang. Drunkenneſs, Sir *Harry*, is the worſt Pretence a Gentleman can make for Rudeneſs; for the Excuſe is as ſcandalous as the Fault. —— Therefore, pray conſider who you are ſo free with, Sir: a Woman of Condition, that can call half a Dozen Footmen upon Occaſion.

Wild. Nay, Madam, if you have a Mind to toſs me in a Blanket, half a Dozen Chamber-maids would do better Service. —— Come, come, Madam, tho' the Wine makes me liſp, yet it has taught me to ſpeak plainer.

plainer. By all the Duſt of my ancient Progenitors, I muſt this Night reſt in your Arms.

Ang. Nay then, who waits there? [*Enter Footmen.*] Take Hold of that Mad-man, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then *Burgundy*'s the Word, Slaughter will enſue. Hold, ——do you know, Scoundrels, that I have been drinking victorious *Burgundy?* [*Draws.*

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then, how have you the Impudence, Raſcals, to aſſault a Gentleman with a Couple of Flasks of Courage in his Head?

Servants. We muſt do as our young Miſtreſs commands us.

Wild. Nay, then have among ye, Dogs.

[*Throws Money among them: They ſcramble and take it up. He pelting them out, ſhuts the Door, and returns.*

Raſcals, Poultrons,———I have charm'd the Dragon, and now the Fruit's my own.

Ang. O, the mercenary Wretches! This was a Plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole Army to Flight: And now I'll take the General Priſoner. [*Laying hold on her.*

Ang. I conjure you, Sir, by the ſacred Name of Honour, by your dead Father's Name, and the fair Reputation of your Mother's Chaſtity, that you offer not the leaſt Offence——Already you have wrong'd me paſt Redreſs.

Wild. Thou art the moſt unaccountable Creature.

Ang. What Madneſs, Sir. *Harry!* what wild Dream of looſe Deſire cou'd prompt you to attempt this Baſeneſs? View me well.———The Brightneſs of my Mind, methinks, ſhould lighten outwards, and let you ſee your Miſtake in my Behaviour. I think it ſhines with ſo much Innocence in my Face, that it ſhould dazzle all your vicious Thoughts: Think not I am defenceleſs 'cauſe alone. Your very ſelf is Guard againſt your ſelf: I'm ſure, there's ſomething generous

in

in your Soul; my Words ſhall ſnatch it out, and Eyes ſhall fire it for my own Defence.

Wild. [*Mimicking.*] Tal tidum, ti dum, tal ti didi, didum. A Million to one now, but this Girl is juſt come flush from reading the *Rival Queens*——'I gad, I'll at her in her own Cant.

O *my* Statyra, *O my angry Dear, turn thy Eyes on me,* behold thy Beau in Buskins.

Ang. Behold me, Sir; view me with a ſober thought, free from thoſe Fumes of Wine that throw a Miſt before your Sight, and you ſhall find that every Glance from my reproaching Eyes, is arm'd with ſharp Reſentment, and with a virtuous Pride that looks Diſhonour dead.

Wild. This is the firſt Whore in *Heroicks* that I have met with; [*Aſide.*] Look ye, Madam, as to that ſlender Particular of your Virtue, we ſhan't quarrel about it; you may be as virtuous as any Woman in *England*, if you pleaſe; you may ſay your Pray'rs all the Time:—But, pray, Madam, be pleas'd to conſider what is this fame Virtue that you make ſuch a mighty Noiſe about: Can your Virtue beſpeak you a Front Row in the Boxes? No, for the Players can't live upon Virtue. Can your Virtue keep you a Coach and Six? No, no; your Virtuous Women walk a Foot——Can your Virtue hire you a Pew in the Church? Why, the very Sexton will tell you, No. Can your Virtue ſtake for you at Picquet? No. Then, what Buſineſs has a Woman with Virtue?——Come, come, Madam, I offer'd you fifty Guineas,——there's a Hundred——The Devil! Virtuous ſtill! Why, 'tis a Hundred, five Score, a Hundred Guineas.

Ang. O Indignation! Were I a Man, you durſt not uſe me thus; but the mean, poor Abuſe you throw on me, reflects upon your ſelf; our Sex ſtill ſtrikes an Awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman.

Wild. Affront! S'death, Madam, a hundred Guineas will ſet you up a Bank at Baſſet, a hundred Guineas

neas will furniſh out your Lodgings with China; a Hundred Guineas will give you an Air of Quality; a Hundred Guineas will buy you a rich Eſcritore for your *Billet-deux*, or a fine *Common-Prayer Book* for your Virtue. A Hundred Guineas will buy a Hundred fine Things, and fine Things are for fine Ladies, and fine Ladies are for fine Gentlemen; and fine Gentlemen are — - I gad, this *Burgundy* makes a Man ſpeak like an Angel — Come, come, Madam, take it, and put it to what Uſe you pleaſe.

Ang. I'll uſe it as I would the baſe unworthy Giver! thus!

[Throws down the Purſe and ſtamps upon it.

Wild. I have no Mind to meddle in State Affairs; but theſe Women will make me a Parliament-Man 'ſpight of my Teeth, on Purpoſe to bring in a Bill againſt their Extortion. She tramples under foot that Deity which all the World adores. — O the blooming Pride of beautiful Eighteen! 'Pſhaw, I'll talk to her no longer; I'll make my Markets with the old Gentlewoman, ſhe knows Buſineſs better. — [*Goes to the Door.*] Here, you, Friend, pray deſire the old Lady to walk in. — Hearkee, e'gad, Madam, I'll tell your Mother.

Enter Lady Darling.

Darl. Well, Sir *Harry*, and how d'ye like my Daughter, pray?

Wild. Like her, Madam! — Hearkee, will you take it? Why, faith, Madam! — take the Money, I ſay, or e'gad, all's out.

Ang. All ſhall out; Sir, you're a Scandal to the Name of Gentleman.

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam: — In ſhort, Madam, your Daughter has us'd me ſomewhat too familiarly, tho' I have treated her like a Woman of Quality.

Darl. How, Sir?

Wild. Why, Madam, I have offer'd her a Hundred Guineas.

Darl. A Hundred Guineas! upon what Score?

Wild.

Wild. Upon what Score! Lord, Lord, how theſe old Women love to hear Bawdy. Why, faith, Madam, I have ne'er a double *Entendre* ready at preſent, but I'll ſing you a Song.

Behold the Goldfinches, tall al de rall.
And a Man of my Inches, tall al de rall,
You ſhall take um, believe me, tall al de rall,
If you will give me your—tall al de rall.

A modiſh Minuet, Madam, that's all.

Darl. Sir, I don't underſtand you.

Wild. Ay, ſhe will have it in plain terms; then, Madam, in downright *Engliſh*, I offer'd your Daughter a hundred Guineas, to ———

Ang. Hold, Sir, ſtop your abuſive Tongue, too looſe for modeſt Ears to hear. —— Madam, I did before ſuſpect that his Deſigns were baſe, now they're too plain; this Knight, this mighty Man of Wit and Humour, is made a Tool to a Knave: *Vizard* has ſent him of a Bully's Errand to affront a Woman; but I ſcorn the Abuſe, and him that offer'd it.

Darl. How, Sir, come to affront us! D'ye know who we are, Sir?

Wild. Know who you are! Why, your Daughter there, is Mr. *Vizard*'s—Couſin, I ſuppoſe:—And for you, Madam, —— now to call her Procureſs Alamode de *France*. [*Aſide*] *J'eſtime votre Occupation.* ———

Darl. Pray, Sir, ſpeak *Engliſh*.

Wild. Then to define her Office, Alamode de *Londres*! [*Aſide.*] I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip to be one of thoſe civil, obliging, diſcreet, old Gentlewomen, who keep their viſiting Days for the Entertainment of their preſenting Friends, whom they treat with Imperial Tea, a private Room, and a Pack of Cards. Now I ſuppoſe you do underſtand me.

Darl. This is beyond ſufferance! but ſay, thou abuſive Man, what Injury have you ever receiv'd from me, or mine, thus to engage you in this ſcandalous Aſperſion?

Ang.

Ang. Yes, Sir, what Cauſe, what Motives, could induce you thus to debaſe your ſelf below your Rank?

Wild. Hey day, Now dear *Roxana*, and you my fair *Statyra*, be not ſo very Heroick in your Styles; *Vizard*'s Letter may reſolve you, and anſwer all the impertinent Queſtions you have made me.

Both Women. We appeal to that.

Wild. And I'll ſtand to't; he read it to me, and the Contents were pretty plain, I thought.

Ang. Here, Sir, peruſe it, and ſee how much we are injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

Wild. [*Opening the Letter.*] But hold, Madam, [*To Darling.*] before I read I'll make ſome Condition:——Mr. *Vizard* ſays here, that I won't ſcruple 30 or 40 Pieces. Now, Madam, if you have clapt in another Cypher to the Account, and made it 3 or 4 hundred, 'e Gad I will not ſtand to't,

Ang. Now I can't tell whether Diſdain or Anger be the moſt juſt Reſentment for this Injury,

Darl. The Letter, Sir, ſhall anſwer you.

Wild. Well then (*Reads.*)

Out of my earneſt Inclination to ſerve your Ladyſhip, and my Couſin Angelica, Ay, ay, the very Words, I can ſay it by Heart——*I have ſent Sir* Harry Wildair——*to*——What the Devil's this? *Sent Sir* Harry Wildair *to court my Couſin!*——He read to me quite a different thing.——*He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune.*——He's a Son of a Whore, and a Raſcal.——*And cou'd make your Daughter very happy* (*Whiſtles.*) *in a Husband.* (*Looks Fooliſh, and hums a Song.*) Oh, poor Sir *Harry*, what have the angry Stars deſign'd?

Angl. Now, Sir, I hope you need no Inſtigation to redreſs our Wrongs, ſince even the Injury points the way.

Darl. Think, Sir, that our Blood for many Generations, has run in the purſt Channel of unſully'd Honour.

Wild.

Wild. Ay, Madam. [*Bows to her.*

Ang. Conſider what a tender Flower is Woman's Reputation, which the leaſt Air of foul Detraction blaſts.

Wild. Yes, Madam. (*Bows to t'other.*

Darl. Call then to mind your rude and ſcandalous Behaviour.

Wild. Right, Madam. (*Bows again.*

Ang. Remember the baſe Price you offer'd me.

(*Exit.*

Wild. Very true, Madam; was ever Man ſo catechiz'd?

Darl. Then think that *Vizard*, Villain *Vizard*, caus'd all this, yet lives: That's all; farewel.

Wild. Stay, Madam, (*To* Darling) one Word; is there no other way to redreſs your Wrongs, but by fighting?

Darl. Only one, Sir, which if you can think of, you may do; you know the Buſineſs I entertain'd you for.

Wild. I underſtand, you, Madam: (*Exit* Darling.) Here am I brought to a very pretty Dilemma, I muſt commit Murder, or commit Matrimony; which is beſt now? A Licenſe from *Doctors Commons*, or a Sentence from the *Old Baily?* If I kill my Man, the Law hangs me: If I marry my Woman, I ſhall hang my ſelf.—But, Dam it,——Cowards dare fight; I'll marry, that's the moſt daring Action of the two: So my dear Couſin *Angelica*, have at you.

SCENE *Newgate.* Clincher ſenior *ſolus.*

Clin. How ſevere and melancholy are *Newgate* Reflections? Laſt Week my Father died; yeſterdy I turn'd Beau; to Day I am laid by the Heels, and to morrow ſhall be hung by the Neck——I was treating with a Bookſeller about printing an Account of my Journey through *France* and *Italy*; but now the Hiſtory of my Travels muſt be thro' *Holburn to Tyburn*,—*The laſt and dying Speech of* Beau Clincher, *that* was

was going to the Jubilee. —*Come a Half-penny a-piece.* A ſad ſound, a ſad ſound, faith. 'Tis one way to have a Man's Death make a great noiſe in the World.

Enter Smuggler *and* Gaoler.

Smug. Well, Friend, I have told you who I am: So ſend theſe Letters into *Thames-Street*, as directed; they are to Gentlemen that will bail me. (Exit *Gaoler.*) Eh! this *Newgate* is a very populous Place: Here's Robbery and Repentance in every Corner.——— Well, Friend, what are you? a Cut-throat, or a Bum-Bailiff?

Clin. What are you, Miſtreſs? a Bawd or a Witch? Hearkee, if you are a Witch, d'ye ſee, I'll give you a hundred Pounds to mount me on a Broom-ſtaff, and whip me away to the *Jubilee.*

Smug. The *Jubilee!* O, you young Rake-hell, what brought you here?

Clin. Ah, you old Rogue, what brought you here, if you go to that?

Smug. I knew, Sir, what your powdering, your prinking, your dancing, and your friſking, would come to.

Clin. And I knew what your Cozening, your Extortion, and your Smugling wou'd come to.

Smug. Ay, Sir, you muſt break your Indentures, and run to the Devil in a full Bottom Wig, muſt you?

Clin. Ay, Sir, and you muſt put off your Gravity, and run to the Devil in Peticoats.——— You deſign to ſwing in Maſquerade, Maſter, d'ye?

Smug. Ay, you muſt go to the Plays too, Sirrah: Lord, Lord! What Buſineſs has a Prentice at a Play-houſe, unleſs it be to hear his Maſter made a Cuckold, and his Miſtreſs a Whore? 'tis ten to one now, but ſome malicious Poet has my Character upon the Stage within this Month: 'Tis a hard matter now, that an honeſt ſober Man can't ſin in private for this plaguy Stage. I gave an honeſt Gentleman five Gui-

neas

neas my ſelf toward writing a Book againſt it: And it has done no good, we ſee.

Clin. Well, well, Maſter, take Courage! our Comfort is, we have liv'd together, and ſhall die together, only with this difference, that I have liv'd like a Fool, and ſhall die like a Knave; and you have liv'd like a Knave, and ſhall die like a Fool.

Smug. No, Sirrah! I have ſent a Meſſenger for my Cloaths, and ſhall get out immediately, and ſhall be upon your Jury by and by.——Go to Prayers you Rogue, to Prayers. [*Exit.* Smug.

Clin. Prayers! 'tis a Hard taking, when a Man muſt ſay Grace to the Gallows.——Ah, this curſed Intriguing! Had I ſwung handſomely in a ſilken Garter now, I had died in my Duty; but to hang in Hemp, like the Vulgar, 'tis very ungenteel.

Enter Tom Errand.

A Reprieve! a Reprieve! thou dear, dear,——damn'd Rogue. Where have you been? Thou art the moſt welcome——Son of a Whore; where's my Cloaths?

Err. Sir, I ſee where mine are: Come, Sir, ſtrip, Sir, ſtrip.

Clin. What, Sir, will you abuſe a Gentleman?

Err. A Gentleman! Ha, ha, ha, d'ye know were you are, Sir? We're all Gentleman here;——I ſtand up for Liberty and Property,——*Newgate's* a Common wealth. No Courtier has Buſineſs among us; come, Sir.

Clin. Well, but ſtay, ſtay till I ſend for my own Cloaths; I ſhall get out preſently.

Err. No, no, Sir! I'll ha' you into the Dungeon, and uncaſe you.

Clin. Sir, you can't maſter me; for I'm twenty thouſand ſtrong. [Exeunt *ſtruggling.*

SCENE

SCENE, *Changes to Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

Enter Wildair *with Letters, Servants following.*

Wild. Here, fly all around, and bear theſe as directed; you to *Weſtminſter*, —— you to St. *James's*, and you into the City. —— Tell all my Friends, a Bridegroom's Joy invites their Preſence. Look all of ye like Bridegrooms alſo: All appear with hoſpitable Looks, and bear a Welcome in your Faces. —— Tell 'em I'm marry'd. If any ask to whom, make no Reply; but tell 'em that I'm marry'd, that Joy ſhall crown the Day, and Love the Night. Be gone, fly.

Enter Standard.

A thouſand Welcomes, Friend; my Pleaſure's now complete, ſince I can ſhare it with my Friend: Brisk Joy ſhall bound from me to you. Then back agen: and, like the Sun, grow warmer by Reflection.

Stand. You're always pleaſant, Sir *Harry*; but this tranſcends your ſelf: Whence proceeds it?

Wild. Canſt thou not gueſs, my Friend? Whence flows all Earthly Joy? What is the Life of Man, and Soul of Pleaſure? — *Woman.* —— What fires the Heart with Tranſport, and the Soul with Raptures? *Lovely Woman* — What is the Maſter-ſtroke and Smile of the Creation, but *charming, virtuous Woman?* —— When Nature in the general Compoſition, firſt brought Woman forth, like a fluſh'd Poet, raviſh'd with his Fancy, with Eſtaſie! it bleſt the fair Production. — Methinks, my Friend, you reliſh not my Joy. What is the Cauſe?

Stand. Canſt thou not gueſs? — What is the Bane of Man, and Scourge of Life, but *Woman?* —— What is the Heatheniſh Idol Man ſets up, and is damn'd for worſhipping, *Treacherous Woman?* —— What are thoſe, whoſe Eyes, like Baſiliſks, [illegible] beautiful for ſure Deſtruction, whoſe Smiles are dangerous as the Grin of Fiends, but *falſe deluding Woman?* — Woman! whoſe Compoſition inverts Hu-

man[illegible]

manity ; their Bodies heavenly ; but their Souls are Clay.

Wild. Come, come, Colonel, this is too much : I know your Wrongs receiv'd from *Lurewell* may excuſe your Reſentments againſt her. But 'tis unpardonable to charge the Failings of a ſingle Woman upon the whole Sex, —— I have found one, whoſe Virtues ——

Stand. So have I, Sir *Harry* ; I have found one whoſe Pride's above yielding to a Prince. And if Lying, Diſſembling, Perjury and Falſhood, be no Breaches in a Woman's Honour, ſhe's as innocent as Infancy.

Wild. Well, Colonel, I find your Opinion grows ſtronger by Oppoſition ; I ſhall now therefore wave the Argument, and only beg you for this Day to make a Shew of Complaiſance at leaſt. —— Here comes my charming Bride.

Enter Darling *and* Angelica.

Stand. [Saluting *Angelica.*] I wiſh you, Madam, all the Joys of Love and Fortune.

Enter Clincher *junior.*

Clin. Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm juſt upon the Spur, and have only a Minute to take my Leave.

Wild. Whither are you bound, Sir ?

Clin. Bound, Sir ! I'm going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Darl. Bleſs me, Couſin ! how came you by theſe Cloaths ?

Clin. Cloaths ! ha, ha, ha ! the rareſt Jeſt ! Ha, ha, ha, I ſhall burſt, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I ſhall burſt.

Darl. What's the matter, Couſin ?

Clin. The matter ! Ha, ha, ha : Why, an honeſt Porter, ha, ha, ha, has knock'd out my Brother's Brains, ha, ha, ha.

Wild. A very good Jeſt, i'faith, ha, ha, ha.

Clin. Ay, Sir, but the Jeſt of all is, he knock'd out his Brains with a Hammer, and ſo he is as dead as a Door-nail, ha, ha, ha.

Darl.

Darl. And do you laugh, Wretch?

Clin. Laugh! ha, ha, ha, let me ſee e'er a younger Brother in *England* that won't laugh at ſuch a Jeſt.

Ang. You appear'd a very ſober pious Gentleman ſome Hours ago.

Clin. 'Pſhaw, I was a Fool then: But now, Madam, I'm a Wit; I can take now.——As for your Part, Madam, you might have had me once!—— But now, Madam, if you ſhould chance fall to eating Chalk, or gnawing the Sheets, 'tis none of my Fault. ——Now, Madam——I have got an Eſtate, and I muſt go to the *Jubilee*.

Enter Clincher ſenior *in a Blanket.*

Clin. ſen. Muſt you ſo, Rogue, muſt you? You will go to the *Jubilee*, will you?

Clin. jun. A Ghoſt, a Ghoſt!——Send for the Dean and Chapter preſently.

Clin. ſen. A Ghoſt! No, no, Sirrah, I'm an elder Brother, Rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a Farthing for that; I'm ſure you're dead in Law.

Clin. ſen. Why ſo, Sirrah, why ſo?

Clin. jun. Becauſe, Sir, I can get a Fellow to ſwear he knock'd out your Brains.

Wild. An odd Way of ſwearing a Man out of his Life!

Clin. jun. Smell him, Gentlemen, he has a deadly Scent about him.——

Clin. ſen. Truly the Apprehenſions of Death may have made me ſavour a little——My Lord,——the Colonel! The Apprehenſion of him may make the Savour worſe, I'm afraid.

Clin. jun. In ſhort, Sir, were you a Ghoſt, or Brother, or Devil, I will go to the *Jubilee*, by *Jupiter Ammon*.

Stand. Go to the *Jubilee*, go to the *Bear-Garden*,——the Travel of ſuch Fools as you, doubly injures our Country; you expoſe our Native Follies, which ridicule us among Strangers, and return fraught only with

with their Vices, which you vend here for faſhionable Gallantry; a travelling Fool is as dangerous as a home bred Villain—Get you to your native Plough and Cart, converſe with Animals like your ſelves, Sheep and Oxen; Men are Creatures you don't understand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, Colonel, their Folly will be now diverting. Come, Gentlemen, we'll diſpute this Point ſome other time; I hear ſome Fiddles tuning, let's hear how they can entertain us.

A Servant enters and whiſpers Wildair.

Wild. Madam, ſhall I beg you to entertain the Company in the next Room for a Moment:

[*To* Darling.

Darl. With all my Heart—Come, Gentleman.

[*Exeunt omnes but* Wildair.

Wild. A Lady to enquire for me! Who can this be?

Enter Lurewell

O! Madam, this Favour is beyond my Expectation, to come uninvited to dance at my Wedding—What d'ye gaze at, Madam?

Lure. A monſter — if thou'rt marry'd, thou'rt the moſt perjur'd Wretch that e'er avouch'd Deceit.

Wild. Hey day! Why, Madam, I'm ſure I never ſwore to marry you: I made indeed a ſlight Promiſe, upon Condition of your granting me a ſmall Favour, but would you not conſent you know.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my Shame.——Can you deny your binding Vows when this appears a Witneſs 'gainſt your Falſhood. [*Shews a Ring.* Methinks the Motto of this ſacred Pledge ſhou'd ſtain Confuſion in your guilty Face —— read, read here the binding Words of Love and Honour, Words not known to your perfidious Tongue, —— tho' uttered to your treacherous Heart

The Woman's ſtark ſtaring mad, that cer-

Lure. Was it malicioufly deſigned to let me find my Miſery when paſt Redreſs; to let me know you, only to know you falſe?——Had not curſed Chance ſhew'd me the ſurpriſing Motto, I had been happy——The firſt Knowledge I had of you was fatal——and this ſecond worſe.

Wild. What the Devil is all this!——Madam, I'm not at leiſure for Railery at preſent, I have weighty Affairs upon my Hands; the Buſineſs of Pleaſure, Madam, any other time——— [*Going.*

Lure. Stay, I conjure you ſtay.

Wild. Faith I can't, my Bride expects me; but hark'e, when the Honey-Moon is over, about a Month or two hence, I may do you a ſmall Favour. [*Exit.*

Lure. Grant me ſome wild Expreſſions, Heaven——or I ſhall burſt——Woman's Weakneſs, Man's Falſhood, my own Shame, and Love's Diſdain, at once ſwell up my Breaſt——Words, Words, or I ſhall burſt. [*Going.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. Stay, Madam, you need not ſhun my Sight; for if you are perfect Woman, you have Confidence to out-face a Crime, and bear the Charge of Guilt without a Bluſh.

Lure. The Charge of Guilt! What? Making a Fool of you? I've don't, and Glory in the Act; the height of Female Juſtice were to make you all hang or drown; diſſembling to the Prejudice of Men is Virtue; and every Look, or Sign, or Smile, or Tear that can deceive is meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty Principles truly——if there be Truth in Woman, 'tis now in thee——Come, Madam, you know that you're diſcovered, and being ſenſible you can't eſcape, you wou'd now turn

[illegible] proclaims you guilty
[illegible], perfidious Villain
[illegible] you, and loudly too.

Lure. O name it not——yet, speak it out, 'tis so just a Punishment for putting Faith in Man, that I will bear it all; and let credulous Maids, that trust their Honour to the Tongues of Men, thus hear their [illegible] proclaim'd – Speak now, what his busy Scan[illegible] and your improving Malice both dare utter.

Stand. Your Falshood can't be reach'd by Malice nor by Satyr; your Actions are the justest Libel on your Fame——your Words, your Looks, your Tears, I did believe in spight of common Fame. Nay, 'gainst mine own Eyes, I still maintain'd your Truth. I imagin'd *Wildair's* boasting of your Favours to be [illegible] Result of his own Vanity: At last he urg'd [illegible] taking Presents of him, as a convincing Proof [illegible] which you yesterday from him reciev'd that Ring, which Ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent it him for that Purpose.

Lure. Ha! You lent it him for that Purpose!

Stand. Yes yes, Madam, I lent him for that Purpose——no denying it——I know it well, for I have worn it long, and desire you now, Madam, to restore it to the just Owner.

Lure. The just Owner? Think, Sir, think but of what Importance 'tis to own it; if you have Love and Honour in your Soul, 'tis then most justly yours, if not, you are a Robber, and have stol'n it basely.

Stand. Ha——your Words, like meeting Flints, have struck a Light to shew me something strange——but tell me instantly, is not your real Name *Manly?*

Lure. Answer me first, did not you receive this Ring about twelve Years ago?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that time entertain'd two Nights at the House of Sir *Oliver Manly* in *Oxfordshire?*

Stand. I was, I was, [*Runs to her and embraces her.*] [illegible] blest Remembrance fires my Soul with Tr[illegible] [illegible]——I know thee [illegible] u are the charm[illegible] zing [illegible] and I the happy Man.

Lure. How has blind Fortune stumbled on the right! But where have you wander'd since?—'twas cruel to forsake me.

Stand. The Particulars of my Fortune are [illegible] tedious now: But to discharge my self from th[illegible] of Dishonour, I must tell you, that immedi[illegible] upon my Return to the University, my elder Brother and I quarrell'd: My Father, to prevent farther Mischief, posts me away to Travel: I writ to you from *London*, but fear the Letter came not to your Hands.

Lure. I never had the least Account of you by Le[illegible] or otherwise.

Stand. Three Years I liv'd abroad, and [illegible] turn, found you were gone out of the Kingdom; none could tell me whither: Missing you thus, I went to *Flanders*, serv'd my King till the Peace commenc'd; then fortunately going on Board at *Amsterdam*, one Ship transported us both to *England*. At the first sight I lov'd, tho' ignorant of the hidden Cause ——— You may remember, Madam, that talking once of Marriage, I told you I was engag'd; to your dear self I meant.

Lure. Then Men are still most generous and brave ———and to reward your Truth, an Estate of Three Thousand Pounds a Year waits your Acceptance; and if I can satisfie you in my past Conduct, and the Reasons that engag'd me to deceive all Men, I shall expect the honourable Performance of your Promise, and that you would stay with me in *England*.

Stand. Stay! nor Fame, nor Glory, e'er shall part us more. My Honour can be no where more concern'd than here.

Enter Wildair, Angelica, [illegible]

Oh! Sir *Harry*, Fortune has acted Miracle[illegible] th[illegible] strange and tedious, but all amounts [illegible] Woman's Mind is charming as her [illegible] [illegible] made a Convert too to Beauty.

I wanted only this to make my Pleaſure per-
nd, now Madam, we may dance and ſing, and
d kiſs in good Earneſt. ———

Dance here. After the Dance, enter Smuggler.

Smug. Sir, Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm glad to find you ſo merry, is my gracious Nephew among ye?

Wild. Sir, he dares not ſhew his Face among ſuch honourable Company, for your gracious Nephew is ———

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you ſay.

Wild. A Villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my Heart —— I'll pardon you the for that very Word. And pray, Sir *Harry*, hen you ſee him next, tell him this News from me, that I have diſinherited him, that I will leave him as poor as a diſbanded Quarter-maſter. And this is the poſitive and ſtiff Reſolution of Threeſcore and Ten; an Age that ſticks as obſtinately to its Purpoſe, as to the old Faſhion of its Cloak.

Wild. You ſee, Madam, [*To* Angel.] how induſtriouſly Fortune has puniſh'd his Offence to you.

Angel. I can ſcarcely, Sir, reckon it an Offence, conſidering the happy Conſequence of ——

Smug. O! Sir *Harry*, he is as hypocritical ——

Lure. As your ſelf, Mr. Alderman; How fares my good old Nurſe, pray, Sir?

Smug: O Madam, I ſhall be even with you before I part with your Writings and Money, that I have in my Hands.

Stand. A Word with you, Mr. Alderman; do you know this Pocket Book.

Smug. O Lord, it contains an Account of all my ſecret Practice in Trading [*Aſide.*] How came you by it, Sir?

Stand. Sir *Harry* here daſted it out of your Pocket, his Lady's Houſe Yeſterday: It contains an Account of ſome ſecret Practices in your Merchandi- among the reſt the Counterpart of an Agree-

ment with a Correſpondent at *Bourdeaux*, ab[illegible] porting *French* Wine in *Spaniſh* Casks — Fi[illegible] this Lady all her Writings, then I ſhall conſide[illegible] ther I ſhall lay your Proceedings before the Par[illegible] or not, whoſe Juſtice will never ſuffer your Sm[illegible] to go unpuniſh'd.

Smug. O my poor Ship and Cargo!

Clin. ſen. Hark'e, Maſter, you had[illegible]s good come along with me to the *Jubilee* now.

Angel. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a Woman adviſe: Wou'd you be thought an honeſt Man, baniſh Covetouſneſs, that worſt Gout of Age; Avarice is a poor pilfering Quality of the Soul, and will as[illegible] tainly cheat, as a Thief wou'd ſteal —— W[illegible] be thought a Reformer of the Times, be [illegible] your Cenſures, leſs rigid in your Precepts, and mo[illegible] ſtrict in your Example.

Wild. Right, Madam, Virtue flows freer from Imitation, than Compulſion; of which, Colonel, your Converſion and mine are juſt Examples.

In vain are muſty Morals taught in Schools,
By rigid Teachers, and as rigid Rules,
Where Virtue with a frowning Aſpect ſtands,
And frights the Pupil from its rough Commands.
But Woman ——
Charming Woman can true Converts make,
We love the Precepts for the Teacher's Sake.
Virtue in them appears ſo bright, ſo gay,
We hear with Tranſport, and with Pride obey.

The End of the Fifth A[illegible]T.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

NOW all depart each his respective Way,
Spend an Evening's Chat upon the Play;
Some to Hippolito's; *one homeward goes,*
And one with loving she retires to th' Rose.
The am'rous Pair in all Things frank and free,
Perhaps may save the Play, in number Three.
The tearing Spark, if Phyllis *ought gainsays,*
Breaks th' Drawer's Head, kicks her, and murders Bays.
To Coffee *some retreat to save their Pockets,*
Others, more generous, damn the Play at Lockets;
But there, I hope, the Author's Fears are vain,
Malice ne'er spoke in generous Champaign.
That Poet merits an ignoble Death,
Who fears to fall over a brave Monteth.
The Privilege of Wine we only ask,
You'll taste again, before you damn the Flask.
Our Author fears not you; but those he may,
Who in cold Blood murder a Man in Tea.
Those Men of Spleen who fond the World should know it,
Sit down, and for their Twopence *damn a Poet.*
Their Criticism's good, that we can say for't,
They understand a Play — too well to pay for't,
From Box to Stage, from Stage to Box they run,
First steal the Play, then damn it when they've done.
But now, to know what Fate may us betide,
Among our Friends in Cornhill *and* Cheapside.
But [illegible], I think, have but one Rule for Plays;
They say they're good, if so the World but says.

N

EPILOGUE.

If it ſhould pleaſe them and their Spouſes know it,
They ſtrait enquire what Kind of Man's the Poet.
But from Side-box we dread a fearful Doom,
All the good-natur'd Beaux are gone to Rome.
The Ladies Cenſure I'd almoſt forgot,
Then for a Line or two t'engage their Vote;
But that Way's old, below our Author's Aim;
No leſs than his whole Play is Compliment to them.
For their Sakes then the Play can't miſ[illegible]ceeding,
Tho' Criticks may want Wit, they have good Breeding.
They won't, I'm ſure, forfeit the Ladies Graces,
By ſhewing their Ill-nature to their Faces:
Our Buſineſs with good Manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.

Sir HARRY WILDAIR.

Being the SEQUEL of the

Trip to the Jubilee.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN and PAUL KNAPTON. 1743.

To the Right Honourable the

Earl of *Albemarle*, &c.

Knight of the moſt-Noble Order of the Garter.

LORD,

MY Pen is both a Novice in Poetry, and a Stranger at Court, and can no more raiſe it ſelf to the Style of *Panegyrick*, than it can ſtoop to the *Art of Flattery*; but if in the plain and ſimple Habit of Truth, it may preſume to mix with that Crowd of Followers that daily attend upon your Lordſhip's Favour, pleaſe to behold a Stranger, with this Difference, that he pays more Homage to your Worth, than Adoration to your Greatneſs.

This Diſtinction [illegible] my Lord [illegible] appear too nice and [illegible] World, who know your Lordſhip's [illegible] inſeparable, [illegible] they can only [illegible] from the Effect; and this, my Lord, [illegible] Diſpute, as that your Royal Maſter, [illegible] noble Choice, is the moſt wiſe, and [illegible] the Univerſe.

[illegible] ch a lively Draught of your [illegible] ſhould enumerate the Judg- [illegible] d Courage of our great and [illegible] ſully place his Favours on [illegible] for which he [illegible] gerly to ſo [illegible] If, but this, my Lord, [illegible] a voluminous *Hiſtory*, and [illegible] muſt attend the Time of [illegible] the Womb of Futurity, as your [illegible] faith-

faithful Service has hitherto accompanied the noble Actions of his Life.

The greatest Princes in all Ages, have had their Friends and Favourites, with them to communicat and debate their Thoughts, so to exercise and rip their Judgments; or sometimes to ease their [illegible] by imparting them. The great *Augustus*, we [illegible] in his Project of settling the unwieldy *Roman* Conquests on a fixt Basis of Government, had the [illegible] laid, not in his Counsel, but his Closet; there we find [illegible] with his two Friends *Mecænas* and *Agrippa*, his Favourite Friends, Persons of sound Judgment, and unquestionable Fidelity; there the great Question is freely [illegible] reasonably debated, without the Noise of Fac[illegible] Constraint of Formality; and there was laid [illegible] digious Scheme of Government, that soon recove[illegible] their bleeding Country, heal'd the Wounds of the Civil War, blest the Empire with a lasting Peace, and stil'd its Monarch *Pater Patriæ*.

The Parallel, my Lord, is easily made; we have our *Cæsar* too, no less renown'd than the forementioned *Augustus*; he first asserted our Liberties at home against Popery and Thraldom, headed our Armies abroad with Bravery and Success, gave Peace to *Europe*, and Security to our Religion. — And you, my Lord, are his *Mecænas*, the private Counsellor to those great Transactions which have made *England* so form[illegible] to its Enemies, that (which I blush to [illegible] jealous of its Friends.

But here, my Lord, appears the [illegible] and Circumspection of your Lordship's [illegible] you so firmly retain the Favour of yo[illegible] the Envy of the Subject; your M[illegible] Deportment [illegible] both h[illegible] ship the Ear of the [illegible] and [illegible] the Nation has voted you their *Cord*[illegible] and Petitions to their Prince, and their Su[illegible] three Kingdoms with daily Praises of [illegible] Goodness, and his Majesty's Grace and [illegible]

And now, my Lord, give me Leave humbly to beg, that among all the good Actions of your Lordſhip's high and happy Station, the Encouragement of Arts and Literature may not be ſolely excluded from the Influence of your Favour. The polite *Mecænas*, whom I preſum'd to make a Parallel to your Lordſhip in the Favour of his Prince, had his *Virgil*, and his *Horace*; and his Time was moſtly divided between the Emperor and the Poet; he ſo manag'd his Stake of Royal Favour, that as *Auguſtus* made him great, ſo the Muſes fix'd him immortal; and *Maro*'s Excellency, my Lord, will appear the leſs Wonder, when we conſider that his Pen was ſo cheriſh'd with Bounty, and inſpir'd by Gratitude.

I can lay no Claim to the Merits of ſo great a Perſon for my Acceſs to your Lordſhip; I have only this to recommend me without Art void of Rhetorick, that I am a true Lover of my King, and pay an unfeigned Veneration to all thoſe who are his truſty Servants, and faithful Miniſters; which infers that I am, my Lord, with all Submiſſion,

Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted, and

moſt obedient humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

OUR Authors have, in moſt their late Eſſays,
Prologu'd their own, by damning other Plays;
Made great Harangues to teach you what was fit
To paſs for Humour and go down for Wit.
Athenian *Rules muſt form an* Engliſh *Piece,*
And Drury-lane *comply with ancient* Greece.
Exactneſs *only, ſuch as* Terence *writ,*
Muſt pleaſe our maſqu'd Lucretias *in the Pit.*
Our youthful Author ſwears he cares not a Pin
For Voſſius, Scaliger, Hedelin, *or* Rapin:
He leaves to learned Pens ſuch labour'd Lays,
You are the Rules by which he writes his Plays.
From muſty Books let others take their View,
He hates dull Reading, but he ſtudies You.
Firſt, from you Beaux, he learns Leſſon is Formality;
And in your Footmen there — moſt nice Morality;
To pleaſure them — Pegaſus muſt fly
Becauſe they judge, and lodge, three Stories high.
From the Front-Boxes he has pick'd his Style,
And learns, without a Bluſh, to make 'em Smile;
A Leſſon only taught us by the Fair;
A waggiſh Action — but a modeſt Air.
Among his Friends here in the Pit, he reads
Some Rules that every modiſh Writer needs.
He learns from ev'ry Covent-Garden Critick *here,*
The modern Forms of Action, Time, *and* Place,
The Action he's aſham'd to name, — d'ye ſee,
The Time *is* Seven, *the* Place *is* Number Three.

PROLOGUE.

The Maſques *he only reads by paſſant Looks,*
He dares not venture far into their Books.
Thus then the Pit *and* Boxes *are his* Schools.
Your Air, your Humour, his Dramatick Rules.
Let Criticks cenſure then, and hiſs like Snakes,
He gains his Ends if his light Fancy takes
St. James's *Beaux, and* Covent-Garden *rakes.*

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir *Harry Wildair*,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Col. *Standard*,	Mr. *Mills.*
Fireball, a Sea Captain,	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Monſ. *Marquis*, a ſharping Refugee,	Mr. [illegible]
Beau Banter.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Clincher, the Jubilee-Beau turn'd Politician.	Mr. *Pin[illegible]*
Dicky, Servant to *Wildair*,	Mr. *Norris.*
Shark, Servant to *Fireball*,	Mr. *Fairbank.*
Ghoſt,	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Lord *Bellamy*,	Mr. *Sympſon.*

WOMEN.

Lady *Lurewell*,	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Angelica,	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Parly,	Mrs. *Lucas.*

Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, St. *JAMES'S.*

THE

THE SECOND PART OF THE CONSTANT COUPLE: OR, A *Trip to the Jubilee.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball *meeting.*

HAH! Brother *Fireball!* Welcome aſhore, What! Heart whole? Limbs firm, and Frigate ſafe?

Fire. All, all, as my Fortune and Friends cou'd wiſh.

Stand. And what News from the *Baltick?*

Fire. Why, yonder are three or four young Boys in North that have got Globes and Sceptres to play with;

with: They fell to Loggerheads about their Play-things; the *Engliſh* came in like *Robin Good-Fellow*, cry'd *Boh*, and made 'em quiet.

Stand. In the next Place then, you're to congratulate my Succeſs: You have heard, I ſuppoſe, that I've marry'd a fine Lady with a great Fortune.

Fire. Ay, ay, 'twas my firſt News upon my Landing, that Colonel *Standard* had marry'd the fine Lady *Lurewell*——— A fine Lady indeed! A very fine Lady! ——— But Faith, Brother, I had rather turn Skipper to an *Indian Canoo*, than manage the Veſſel you're Maſter of.

Stand. Why ſo, Sir?

Fire. Becauſe ſhe'll run adrift with every Wind that blows: She's all Sail and no Ballaſt——— Shall I tell you the Character I have heard of a fine Lady? A fine Lady can laugh at the Death of her Husband, and cry for the Loſs of her Lap-Dog. A fine Lady is angry without a Cauſe, and pleas'd without a Reaſon. A fine Lady has the Vapours all the Morning, and the Cholick all the Afternoon. The Pride of a fine Lady is above the Merit of an underſtanding Head; yet her Vanity will ſtoop to the Adoration of a Peruke. And in fine, a fine Lady goes to Church for Faſhion's Sake, and to the Baſſet-Table with Devotion; and her Paſſion for Gaming exceeds her Vanity of being thought virtuous, or the Deſire of acting the contrary.——— We Seamen ſpeak plain, Brother.

Stand. You Seamen are like your Element, always tempeſtuous, too ruffling to handle a fine Lady.

Fire. Say you ſo? Why then give me thy Hand, honeſt *Frank*, and let the World talk on and be damn'd.

Stand. The World talk, ſay you? What does the World talk?

Fire. Nothing, nothing at all ——— They only ſay what's uſual upon ſuch Occaſions: That your Wife's the greateſt Coquet about the Court, and your Worſhip the greateſt Cuckold about the City: That's all.

Stand.

Stand. How, how, Sir?

Fire. That ſhe's a Coquet, and you a Cuckold.

Stand. She's an Angel in her ſelf, and a Paradiſe to me.

Fire. She's an *Eve* in her ſelf, and a Devil to you.

Stand. She's all Truth, and the World a Liar.

Fire. Why then, I gad, Brother, it ſhall be ſo: I'll back again to *White's*, and whoever dares mutter Scandal of my Brother and Siſter, I'll daſh his Ratifia in's Face, and call him a Liar. [*Going.*

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir. The World is too ſtrong for us. Were Scandal and Detraction to be throughly reveng'd, we muſt murder all the Beaux, and poiſon half the Ladies: Thoſe that have nothing elſe to ſay, muſt tell Stories; Fools over *Burgundy*, and Ladies over *Tea*, muſt have ſomething that's ſharp to reliſh their Liquor; Malice is the piquant Sauce of ſuch Converſation; and without it, their Entertainment wou'd prove mighty inſipid——Now, Brother, why ſhould we pretend to quarrel with all Mankind?

Fire. Becauſe all Mankind quarrel with us.

Stand. The worſt Reaſon in the World.——Wou'd you pretend to devour a Lion, becauſe a Lion wou'd devour you?

Fire. Yes, if I cou'd?

Stand. Ay, that's right; if you cou'd! But ſince you have neither Teeth nor Paws for ſuch an Encounter, lie quietly down, and perhaps the furious Beaſt may run over you.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir! But I ſay, that whoever abuſes my Brother's Wife, tho' at the Back of the King's Chair, he's a Villain.

Stand. No, no, Brother, that's a Contradiction; there's no ſuch Thing as Villainy at Court. Indeed, if the Practice of Courts were found in a ſingle Perſon, he might be ſtil'd Villain with a Vengeance; but Number and Power authorizes every Thing, and turns the Villain upon their Accuſers. In ſhort, Sir, every Man's Morals, like his Religion now-a-days,

pleads

pleads Liberty of Conſcience; every Man's Conſcience is his Convenience, and we know no Convenience but Preferment. —— As for Inſtance, who would be ſo complaiſant as to thank an Officer for his Courage, when that's the Condition of his Pay? And who can be ſo ill-natur'd, as to blame a Courtier for couſining that which is the very Tenure of his Livelihood?

Fire. A very good Argument in a very damnable Cauſe; —— But, Sir, my Buſineſs is not with the Court, but with you: I deſire you, Sir, to open your Eyes; at leaſt, be pleas'd to lend an Ear to what I heard juſt now at the *Chocolate-Houſe*.

Stand. Brother. ——

Fire. Well, Sir.

Stand. Did the Scandal pleaſe you when you heard it?

Fire. No.

Stand. Then why ſhou'd you think it ſhou'd pleaſe me? Be not more uncharitable to your Friends than to your ſelf, ſweet Sir: If it made you uneaſy, there's no queſtion but it will torment me, who am ſo much nearer concern'd.

Fire. But wou'd you not be glad to know your Enemies?

Stand. 'Pſhaw! —If they abus'd me they are my Friends, my intimate Friends, my Table-Company, and Bottle-Companions.

Fire. Why then, Brother, the Devil take all your Acquaintance. You were ſo rally'd, ſo torn! there was a hundred Ranks of ſneering white Teeth drawn upon your Misfortunes at once, which ſo mangled your Wife's Reputation, that ſhe can never patch up her Honour while ſhe lives.

Stand. And their Teeth were very white, you ſay.

Fire. Very white; Blood, Sir, I ſay they mangled your Wife's Reputation.

Stand. And I ſay, that if they touch my Wife's Reputation with nothing but their Teeth, her Honour will be ſafe enough.

Fire. Then you won't hear it.

Stand.

Stand. Not a Syllable. Liſt'ning after Slander is laying Nets for Serpents, which, when you have caught, will ſting you to Death: Let 'em ſpit their Venom among themſelves, and it hurts no Body.

Fire. Lord! Lord! How Cuckoldom and Contentment go together! Fye, fye, Sir! conſider you have been a Soldier, dignify'd by a noble Poſt; diſtinguiſh'd by brave Actions, and Honour to your Nation, and a Terror to your Enemies. —— Hell! that a Man who has ſtorm'd *Namur* ſhou'd become the Jeſt of a Coffee-Table. —— The whole Houſe was clearly taken up with the two important Queſtions, whether the Colonel was a Cuckold? or *Kid* a Pyrate?

Stand. This I can't bear. [*Aſide.*

Fire. Ay, (ſays a ſneering Coxcomb) the Colonel has made his Fortune with a Witneſs; he has ſecur'd himſelf a good Eſtate in this Life, and a Reverſion in the World to come. Then (replies another) I preſume he's oblig'd to your Lordſhip's Bounty for the latter Part of the Settlement. There are others (ſays a Third) that have play'd with my Lady *Lurewell* at Piquet, beſides my Lord; I have capotted her my ſelf two or three Times in an Evening.

Stand. O Matrimonial Patience, aſſiſt me.

Fire. Matrimonial Patience! Matrimonial Peſtilence! —— Shake off theſe drowzy Chains that fetter your Reſentments. If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off, and let her Perſon be as publick as her Character: If ſhe be honeſt, revenge her Quarrel. —— I can ſtay no longer: This is my Hour of Attendance at the *Navy-Office*; I'll come and dine with you; in the mean Time, Revenge! think on't.

[*Exit* Fireball.

Stand. [*Solus.*] How eaſy is it to give Advice, and how difficult to obſerve it! *If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off.* Ay, but how? The Goſpel drives the Matrimonial Nail, and the Law clinches it ſo very hard, that to draw it again wou'd tear the Work

to

to Pieces.——That her Inventions have wrong'd me, here's a young Bawd can witneſs.

Enter Parley, *running croſs the Stage.*

Here, here, Mrs. *Parley*, Whither ſo faſt?

Par. Oh Lord! my Maſter!——Sir, I was running to Madamoiſelle *Furbello*, the *French* Milliner, for a new *Burgundy* for my Lady's Head.

Stand. No, Child, you're employ'd about an old faſhion'd Garniture for your Maſter's Head, if I miſtake not your Errand.

Par. Oh, Sir! there's the prettieſt Faſhion lately come over! ſo airy, ſo *French*, and all that!——The Pinners are double ruffled with twelve Plaits of a Side, and open all from the Face; the Hair is frizled all up round the Head, and ſtands as ſtiff as a Bodkin. Then the Favourites hang looſe upon the Temples with a languiſhing Lock in the Middle. Then the Caule is extremely wide, and over all is a Cornet rais'd very high, and all the Lappets behind——I muſt fetch it preſently.

Stand. Hold a little, Child, I muſt talk with you.

Par. Another Time, Sir, my Lady ſtays for it.

Stand. One Queſtion firſt: What Wages does my Wife give you?

Par. Ten Pound a Year, Sir, which God knows is little enough, conſidering how I ſlave from Place to Place upon her Occaſions. But then, Sir, my Perquiſites are conſiderable; I make above two Hundred Pounds a Year by her old Cloaths.

Stand. Two Hundred Pounds a Year of her old Cloaths! What then muſt her new ones coſt?——But what do you get by viſiting Gallants, and Picquet?

Par. About a Hundred Pound more.

Stand. A Hundred Pound more! Now who can expect to find a Lady's Woman honeſt, when ſhe gets ſo much by being a Jade?——What Religion are you of, Mrs. *Parley!*

Par. Religion, Sir! I can't tell.

Stand. What was your Father?

Par.

Par. A Mountebank.

Stand. Where was you born?

Par. In *Holland.*

Stand. Were you ever Chriſten'd?

Par. No.

Stand. How came that?

Par. My Parents were *Anabaptiſts*; they dy'd before I was dipt; I then forſook their Religion, and ha' got ne'er a new once ſince.

Stand. I'm very ſorry, Madam, that I had not the Honour to know the Worth of your Extraction ſooner, that I might have paid you the Reſpect due to your Quality.

Par. Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Have you any Principles?

Par. Five Hundred.

Stand. Have you loſt your Maidenhead? ——— [*She puts on her Maſque, and nods.*] Do you love Money?

Par. Yaw. Mijn Heer.

Stand. Well, Mrs. *Parley*, now you have been ſo free with me, I tell you what you muſt truſt to in Return: Never to come near my Houſe again. Be gone, Monſter, fly, ——— Hell and Furies! never Chriſten'd! Her Father a Mountebank!

Par. Lord, Sir, you need not be ſo furious. Never Chriſten'd! What then? I may be a very good Chriſtian for all that, I ſuppoſe. Turn me off! Sir, you ſhan't. Meddle with your Fellows; 'tis my Lady's Buſineſs to order her Women.

Stand. Here's a young Whore for you now! A ſweet Companion for my Wife! Where there's ſuch a helliſh Confident, there muſt be damnable Secrets. ——— Be gone, I ſay, ——— My Wife ſhall turn you away.

Par. Sir, we won't turn me away, ſhe ſha'n't turn me away, nor ſhe can't turn me away. Sir, I ſay, ſhe dare not turn me away.

Stand. Why, you Jade? Why?

Par. Becauſe I'm the Miſtreſs, not ſhe.

Stand.

Stand. You the Miſtreſs!

Par. Yes, I know all her Secrets; and let her offer to turn me off if ſhe dares.

Stand. What Secrets do you know?

Par. Humph!——Tell a Wife's Secrets to her Husband!——Very pretty, Faith! Sure, Sir, you don't think me ſuch a *Jew*: Tho' I was not a Chriſten'd, I have more Religion than that comes to.

Stand. Are you faithful to your Lady for Affection, or Intereſt?

Par. Shall I tell you a Chriſtian Lie, or a Pagan Truth?

Stand. Come, Truth for once.

Par. Why then, Intereſt, Intereſt! I have a great Soul, which nothing can gain but a great Bribe.

Stand. Well, tho' thou art a Devil, thou art a very honeſt one —— Give me thy Hand, Wench. Should not Intereſt make you faithful to me, as much as to others?

Par. Honeſt to you! Marry for what? you gave me indeed two pitiful Pieces the Day you were marry'd, but not a Sliver ſince. One Gallant gives me ten Guineas, another a Watch, another a Pair of Pendants, a fourth a Diamond Ring; and my noble Maſter gives me——his Linen to mend.——Faugh!——I'll tell you a Secret, Sir: Stingineſs to Servants makes more Cuckolds, than Ill-nature to Wives.

Stand. And am I a Cuckold, *Parley!*

Par. No, faith not yet: tho' in a very fair Way of having the Dignity conferr'd upon you very ſuddenly.

Stand. Come, Girl, you ſhall be my Penſioner; you ſhall have a glorious Revenue; for every Guinea that you get for keeping a Secret, I'll give you two for revealing it: You ſhall find a Husband once in your Life out-do all your Gallants in Generoſity. Take their Money, Child, take all their Bribes: give 'em Hopes, make 'em Aſſignations; ſerve your Lady faithfully, but tell all to me. By which means, ſhe will be kept chaſte, you will grow rich, and I ſhall preſerve my Honour.

Par.

Par. But what Security ſhall I have for Performance of Articles?

Stand. Ready Payment, Child.

Par. Then give me Earneſt.

Stand. Five Guineas. [*Giving her Money.*

Par. Are they right? No *Gray's Inn* Pieces amongſt 'em. — All right a my Leg — Now, Sir, I'll give you an Earneſt of my Service. Who d'ye think is come to Town?

Stand. Who?

Par. Your old Friend, Sir *Harry Wildair.*

Stand. Impoſſible?

Par. Yes, faith, and as gay as ever.

Stand. And has he forgot his Wife ſo ſoon?

Par. Why, ſhe has been dead now above a Year. — He appear'd in the Ring laſt Night with ſuch Splendor and Equipage, that he eclips'd the Beaux, dazzl'd the Ladies, and made your Wife dream all Night of ſix *Flanders* Mares, ſeven *French* Liveries, a Wig like a Cloak, and a Hat like a Shittlecock.

Stand. What are a Woman's Promiſes and Oaths?

Par. Wind, Wind, Sir.

Stand. When I marry'd her, how heartily did ſhe condemn her light preceding Conduct, and for the future vow'd her ſelf a perfect Pattern of Conjugal Fidelity!

Par. She might as ſafely ſwear, Sir, That this Day ſe'night, at Four a Clock, the Wind will blow fair for *Flanders.* 'Tis Preſuming for any of us all to promiſe for our Inclinations a whole Week. Beſides, Sir, my Lady has got the Knack of coquetting it; and when once a Woman has got that in her Head, ſhe will have a Touch on't every where elſe.

Stand. An Oracle, Child. But now I muſt make the beſt of a bad Bargain; and ſince I have got you on my Side, I have ſome Hopes, that by conſtant Diſappointment and Croſſes in her Deſigns, I may at laſt tire her into good Behaviour.

Par. Well, Sir, the Condition of the Articles being duly perform'd, I ſtand to the Obligation; and will

46644

will tell you farther, That by and by Sir *Harry Wildair* is to come to our Houſe to Cards, and that there is a Deſign laid to cheat him of his Money.

Stand. What Company will there be beſides?

Par. Why, the old Set at the Baſſet Table; my Lady *Lovecards*, and the uſual Company: They have made up a Bank of fifteen Hundred *Louis d'Ors* among 'em; the whole Deſign lies upon Sir *Harry*'s Purſe, and the *French* Marquis, you know, conſtantly *Taillés*.

Stand. Ay, the *French* Marquis; that's one of your Benefactors, *Parley*;——the Perſecution of *Baſſet* in *Paris* furniſh'd us with that *Refugee*, but the Character of ſuch a Fellow ought not to reflect on thoſe who have been real Sufferers for their Religion.——But take no Notice. Be ſure only to inform me of all that paſſes.——There's more Earneſt for you; Be rich and faithful. [*Exit* Standard.

Par. [*Solus.*] I am now not only *Woman* to the Lady *Lurewell*, but *Steward* to her Husband, in my double Capacity of knowing *her* Secrets, and commanding his *Purſe*. A very pretty Office in a Family: *For every Guinea that I get for keeping a Secret, he'll give me two for revealing it.*——My comings in, at this Rate, will be worth a Maſter in *Chancery*'s Place, and many a poor *Templer* will be glad to marry me with half my Fortune.

Enter Dicky, *meeting her.*

Dick. Here's a Man much fitter for your Purpoſes.

Par. Bleſs me! Mr. *Dicky!*

Dick. The very ſame in Longitude and Latitude! not a Bit diminiſh'd, not a Hair's Breadth increas'd.——Dear Mrs. *Parley*, give me a Buſs, for I'm almoſt ſtarv'd.

Par. Why ſo hungry, Mr. *Dicky?*

Dick. Why, I ha'n't taſted a Bit this Year and half, Woman. I have been wandring about all over the World, following my Maſter, and come home to dear *London* but two Days ago. Now the Devil take me,

me, if I had not rather kiſs an *Engliſh* Pair of Pattins, than the fineſt Lady in *France*.

Par. Then you're over-joy'd to ſee *London* again?

Dick. Oh! I was juſt dead of a Conſumption, till the ſweet Smoke of *Cheapſide*, and the dear Perfume of *Fleet-ditch*, made me a Man again.

Par. But how came you to live with Sir *Harry Wildair*?

Dick. Why, ſeeing me a handſome perſonable Fellow, and well qualify'd for a Livery, he took a Fancy to my Figure, that was all.

Par. And what's become of your old Maſter?

Dick. O! hang him, he was a Blockhead, and I turn'd him off, I turn'd him away.

Par. And were not you very ſorry for the Loſs of your Miſtreſs, Sir *Harry*'s Lady? They ſay, ſhe was a very good Woman.

Dick. Oh! the ſweeteſt Woman that ever the Sun ſhin'd upon. I cou'd almoſt weep when I think of her. [*Wiping his Eyes.*

Par. How did ſhe die, pray? I cou'd never hear how 'twas.

Dick. Give me a Buſs then, and I'll tell ye.

Par. You ſhall have your Wages when your Work's done.

Dick. Well then——Courage!—Now for a doleful Tale——You know that my Maſter took a Freak to go ſee that fooliſh *Jubilee* that made ſuch a Noiſe among us here; and no ſooner ſaid than done; away he went; he took his fine *French* Servants to wait on him, and left me, the poor *Engliſh* Puppy, to wait upon his Lady at home here.——Well, ſo far ſo good——But ſcarce was my Maſter's Back turn'd, when my Lady fell to ſighing, and pouting, and whining, and crying; and in ſhort fell ſick upon't.

Par. Well, well, I know all this already; and that ſhe pluck'd up her Spirits at laſt, and went to follow him.

Dick. Very well, Follow him we did, far and far, and farther than I can tell; till we came to a Place call'd

Montpellier in *France*; a goodly Place truly.—But Sir *Harry* was gone to *Rome*; there was our Labour loſt. —— But, to be ſhort, my poor Lady, with the Tireſomneſs of Travelling, fell ſick——and dy'd.

Par. Poor Woman!

Dick. Ay, but that was not all. Here comes the worſt of the Story. —— Thoſe curſed barbarous Devils, the *French*, wou'd not let us bury her.

Par. Not bury her!

Dick. No, ſhe was a Heretick Woman, and they wou'd not let her Corps be put in their Holy Ground —— Oh! damn their holy Ground for me.

Par. Now had not I better be an honeſt Pagan, as I am, than ſuch a Chriſtian as one of theſe? ——— But how did you diſpoſe the Body?

Dick. Why, there was one Charitable Gentlewoman that us'd to viſit my Lady in her Sickneſs: She contriv'd the Matter ſo, that ſhe had her bury'd in her own private Chapel. This Lady and my ſelf carried her out upon our own Shoulders, through a Back-door at the Hour of Midnight, and laid her in a Grave that I dug for her with my own Hands; and if we had been catch'd by the Prieſts, we had gone to the Gallows without the Benefit of Clergy.

Par. Oh! the Devil take 'em. But what did they mean by a Heretick Woman?

Dick. I don't know; ſome Sort of a *Canibal*, I believe. I know there are ſome *Canibal* Women here in *England*, that come to the Play-houſes in Maſques; but let them have a care how they go to *France*. (For they are all Hereticks, I believe.) But I'm ſure my good Lady was none of theſe.

Par. But how did Sir *Harry* bear the News?

Dick. Why, you muſt know, that my Lady, after ſhe was bury'd ſent me ——

Par. How! after ſhe was bury'd!

Dick. 'Pſhaw! Why, Lord, Miſtreſs, you know what I mean; I went to Sir *Harry* all the Way to *Rome* and where d'ye think I found him?

Par. Where?

Dick.

Dick. Why, in the Middle of a Monaſtery among a hundred and fifty Nuns, playing at Hot-cockles. He was ſurpriz'd to ſee honeſt *Dicky*, you may be ſure. But when I told him the ſad Story, he roar'd out a whole Volley of *Engliſh* Oaths upon the Spot, and ſwore that he would ſet Fire on the Pope's Palace for the Injury done to his Wife. He then flew away to his Chamber, lock'd himſelf up for three Days; we thought to have found him dead; but inſtead of that, he call'd for his beſt Linen, fine Wig, gilt Coach; and laughing very heartily, ſwore again he wou'd be revenge'd, and bid them drive to the Nunnery; and he was reveng'd to ſome Purpoſe.

Par. How, how, dear Mr. *Dicky?*

Dick. Why, in a Matter of five Days he got ſix Nuns with Child, and left 'em to provide for their Heretick Baſtards ——— Ah Plague on 'em, they hate a dead Heretick, but they love a piping-hot warm Heretick with all their Hearts. ——— So away we came; and thus did he jog on, revenging himſelf at this Rate through all the Catholick Countries that we paſs'd, till we came home; and now, Mrs. *Parley*, I fancy he has ſome Deſigns of Revenge too upon your Lady.

Par. Who cou'd have thought that a Man of his light airy Temper wou'd have been ſo revengeful?

Dick. Why, faith, I'm a little malicious too: Where's the Buſs you promis'd me, you Jade?

Par. Follow me, you Rogue. [*Runs off.*

Dick. Allons. [*Follows.*

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Lady's Apartment.*

Enter two Chamber-maids.

1 *Cham.* ARE all Things ſet in Order? The Toilet fix'd, the Bottles and Combs put in Form, and the Chocolate ready?

2 *Cham.* 'Tis no great matter whether they be right or not; for right or wrong we ſhall be ſure of our Lecture; I wiſh for my Part that my Time were out.

1 *Cham.* Nay, 'tis a Hundred to one but we may run away before our Time be half expir'd; and ſhe's worſe this Morning than ever.— Here ſhe comes.

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Ay, there's a Couple of you indeed! But how, how in the Name of Negligence cou'd you two contrive to make a Bed as mine was laſt Night; a Wrinkle on one Side, and a Rumple on t'other; the Pillows awry, and the Quilt askew.——I did nothing but tumble about, and fence with the Sheets all Night long.——Oh!——my Bones ake this Morning as if I had lain all Night on a Pair of *Dutch* Stairs——Go bring Chocolate.——And, d'ye hear? Be ſure to ſtay an Hour or two at leaſt.——Well! Theſe *Engliſh* Animals are ſo unpoliſh'd! I wiſh the Perſecution wou'd rage a little harder, that we might have more of theſe *French Refugees* among us.

Enter the Maid with Chocolate.

Theſe Wenches are gone to *Smyrna* for this Chocolate.——And what made you ſtay ſo long?

Cham. I thought we did not ſtay at all, Madam.

Lure.

Lure. Only an Hour and half by the ſloweſt Clock in *Chriſtendom* ——And ſuch Salvers and Diſhes too! The Lard be merciful to me! what have I committed, to be plagu'd with ſuch Animals? ——Where are my new Japan Salvers? ——Broke, o' my Conſcience! All to Pieces, I'll lay my Life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, Madam, but your Husband——

Lure. How? Husband, Impudence! I'll teach you Manners. [*Gives her a Box on the Ear.*] Husband! Is that your *Welſh* Breeding? Ha'n't the Col. a Name of his own?

Cham. Well then, the Col. He us'd 'em this Morning, and we ha'n't got 'em ſince.

Lure. How, the Col. uſe my Things! How dare the Col. uſe any Thing of mine? ——But his Campaign Education muſt be pardon'd ——And I warrant they were fiſted about among his dirty Levee of Diſbanded Officers? ——Faugh! The very Thoughts of them Fellows with their eager Looks, Iron Swords, ty'd-up Wigs, and tuck'd-in Cravats make me ſick as Death. ——Come, let me ſee. ——[*Goes to take the Chocolate, and ſtarts back.*] Heav'ns protect me from ſuch a Sight! Lord, Girl! When did you waſh your Hands laſt? And have you been pawing me all this Morning with them dirty Fiſts of yours? [*Runs to the Glaſs.*] ——I muſt dreſs all over again ——Go, take it away, I ſhall ſwoon elſe. ——Here, Mrs. Monſter, call up my Taylor; and d'ye hear? You, Mrs. Hobbyhorſe, ſee if my Company be come to Cards yet.

Enter the Taylor.

Oh, Mr. *Remnant!* I don't know what ails theſe Stays you have made me; but ſomething is the Matter, I don't like 'em.

Rem. I am very ſorry for that, Madam. But what Fault does your Ladyſhip find?

Lure. I don't know where the Fault lies; but in ſhort I don't like 'em; I can't tell how; the Things are well enough made, but I don't like 'em.

Rem. Are they too wide, Madam?

Lure. No.

Rem. Too ſtraight, perhaps.

Lure. Not at all! they fit me very well; but—— Lard bleſs me; Can't you tell where the Fault lies?

Rem. Why truly, Madam, I can't tell?—I think your Ladyſhip, I think, is a little too ſlender for the Faſhion.

Lure. How! too ſlender for the Faſhion, ſay you?

Rem. Yes, Madam! there's no ſuch Thing as a good Shape worn among the Quality. Your fine Waiſts are clear out, Madam.

Lure. And why did not you plump up my Stays to the faſhionable Size?

Rem. I made 'em to fit you, Madam.

Lure. Fit me! fit my Monkey—What d'ye think I wear Cloaths to pleaſe my ſelf! Fit me! fit the Faſhion, pray; no matter for me——— I thought ſomething was the Matter, I wanted Quality-Air.—— Pray, Mr. *Remnant*, let me have a Bulk of Quality, a ſpreading Counter. I do remember now, the Ladies in the Apartments, the Birth-Night, were moſt of 'em two Yards about.——Indeed, Sir, if you contrive my Things any more with your ſcanty Chamber-maid's Air, you ſhall work no more for me.

Rem. I ſhall take Care to pleaſe your Ladyſhip for the future. [*Exit.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Maſter deſires———

Lure. Hold, hold, Fellow; for Gad's Sake hold; If thou touch my Cloaths with that Tobacco Breath of thine, I ſhall poiſon the whole Drawing-Room. Stand at the Door pray, and ſpeak.

[*Ser. goes to the Door and ſpeaks.*

Ser. My Maſter, Madam, deſires———

Lure. Oh hideous! Now the Raſcal bellows ſo loud, that he tears my Head to Pieces.——Here, Awkwardneſs, go take the Booby's Meſſage, and bring it to me, [*Mrs. goes to the Door, whiſpers and returns.*

Cham.

Cham. My Maſter deſires to know how your Ladyſhip reſted laſt Night, and if you are pleas'd to admit of a Viſit this Morning?

Lure. Ay ——Why this is civil —— 'Tis an inſupportable Toil tho' for Women of Quality to model their Husbands to good Breeding.

Enter Standard.

Stand. Good-morrow, deareſt Angel. How have you reſted laſt Night?

Lure. Lard, Lard, Col.! What a Room have you made me here with your dirty Feet! Bleſs me, Sir! Will you never be reclaim'd from your ſlovenly Campaign Airs? 'Tis the moſt unmannerly Thing in Nature to make a ſliding Bow in a Lady's Chamber with dirty Shoes; it writes Rudeneſs upon the Boards.

Stand. A very odd Kind of Reception this, truly. ——I'm very ſorry, Madam, that the Offences of my Feet ſhould create an Averſion to my Company: But for the future I ſhall honour your Ladyſhip's Apartment as the Sepulchre at *Jeruſalem*, and always come in bare-foot.

Lure. Sepulchre at *Jeruſalem!* Your Complement, Sir, is very far-fetch'd: But your Feet indeed have a very travelling Air.

Stand. Come, come, my Dear, no ſerious Diſputes upon Trifles, ſince you know I never contend with you in Matters of Conſequence. You are ſtill Miſtreſs of your Fortune, and Marriage has only made you more abſolute in your Pleaſure, by adding one faithful Servant to your Deſires. ——Come, clear your Brow of that uneaſy Chagrin, and let that pleaſing Air take Place that firſt enſnar'd my Heart. I have invited ſome Gentlemen to Dinner, whoſe Friendſhips deſerve a welcome Look. Let their Entertainment ſhew how bleſs'd you have made me by a plentiful Fortune, and the Love of ſo agreeable a Creature.

Lure. Your Friends, I ſuppoſe, are all Men of Quality.

Stand. Madam, they are Officers, and Men of Honour.

Lure. Officers, and Men of Honour! That is, they will daub the Stairs with their Feet, ſtain all the Rooms with their Wine, talk Bawdy to my Woman, rail at the Parliament, then at one another, fall to cutting Throats, and break all my China.

Stand. Admitting that I keep ſuch Company; 'tis unkind in you, Madam, to talk ſo ſeverely of my Friends.—But my Brother, my Dear, is juſt come from his Voyage, and will be here to pay his Reſpects to you.

Lure. Sir, I ſhall not be at Leiſure to entertain a Perſon of his *Wapping* Education, I can aſſure you.

Enter Parly, *and whiſpers her.*

Sir, I have ſome Buſineſs with my Woman; you may entertain your Sea-monſter by your ſelf; you may command a Diſh of Pork and Peaſe, with a Bowl of Punch, I ſuppoſe; and ſo Sir, much good may do you.—Come, *Parly.* [*Exeunt* Lure. *and* Par.

Stand. Hell and Furies!

Enter Fireball.

Fire. With all my Heart—Where's your Wife, Brother?—Ho' now Man, what's the Matter?—Is Dinner ready?

Stand. No—I don't know—Hang it, I'm ſorry that I invited you:—For you muſt know that my Wife is very much out of Order; taken dangerous ill of a ſudden.—So that—

Fire. 'Pſhaw! Nothing, nothing but a Marriage Qualm; breeding Children or ſhilling Miſchief? Where is ſhe, Man? Prithee [illegible] her; I long to ſee this fine Lady you have got.

Stand. Upon my Word ſhe's very ill, and can't ſee any Body.

Fire. So ill that ſhe can't ſee any Body! What, ſhe's not in Labour, is ſhe? I tell you, I will ſee her. Where is ſhe? (*Looking about.*

Stand,

Stand. No, no, Brother; ſhe's gone abroad to take the Air.

Fire. What the Devil! dangerous ſick, and gone out! So ſick, that ſhe'll ſee no Body within, yet gone abroad to ſee all the World!——Ay, you have made Fortunes with a Vengeance!——Then, Brother, you ſhall dine with me at *Locket's*; I hate theſe Family Dinners, where a Man's oblig'd to, O Lard, Madam's no Apology, dear Sir——'Tis very good indeed, Madam.——For your ſelf, dear Madam.—— Where between the rubb'd Floor under-foot, the China in one Corner, and the Glaſſes in another, a Man can't make two Strides without Hazard of his Life. Commend me to a Boy and a Bell; Coming, coming, Sir. Much Noiſe, no Attendance, and a dirty Room, where I may eat like a Horſe, drink like a Fiſh, and ſwear like a Devil. Hang your Family Dinners; come along with me.

As they are going out, enter Banter; *who ſeeing them, ſeems to retire.*

Stand. Who's that? Come in, Sir. Your Buſineſs, pray, Sir?

Bant. Perhaps, Sir, it may not be ſo proper to inform you; for you appear to be as great a Stranger here as my ſelf.

Fire. Come, come away, Brother, he has ſome Buſineſs with your Wife.

Ban. His Wife! Gad ſo! A pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, a likely Fellow, and a handſome Fellow; I find nothing like a Monſter about him: I wou'd fain ſee his Forehead tho'——Sir, your humble Serva

Stand. Your , Sir.——But why d'ye ſtare ſo in my Face?

Ban. I was t Sir, that the Lady *Lurewell's* Husband had ſomethin ry remarkable over his Eyes, by which he might be known.

Fire. Mark that, Brothe [*In his Ear.*

Stand. Your Information, Sir, was right; I have a croſs Cut over my left Eye that's very remarkable. ——But pray, Sir, by what Marks are you to be known.

Ban. Sir, I am dignify'd and diſtinguiſh'd by the Name and Title of *Beau Banter*; I'm younger Brother to Sir *Harry Wildair*; and I hope to inherit his Eſtate with his Humour, for his Wife, I'm told is dead, and has left no Child.

Stand. Oh, Sir! I'm your very humble Servant; you're not unlike your Brother in the Face; but methinks, Sir, you don't become his Humour altogether ſo well; for what's Nature in him looks like Affectation in you.

Ban. Oh Lard, Sir! 'tis rather Nature in me, what is acquir'd by him; he's beholding to his Education for his Air: Now where d'ye think my Humour was eſtabliſh'd?

Stand. Where?

Ban. At *Oxford.*

Stand. } At *Oxford!*
Fire. }

Ban. Ay: There have I been ſucking my dear *Alma Mater* theſe ſeven Years: Yet in Defiance to Legs of Mutton, ſmall Beer, crabbed Books, and four-fac'd Doctors, I can dance a Minuet, court a Miſtreſs, play at Piquet, or make a Paroli, with any *Wildair* in *Chriſtendom.* In ſhort, Sir, in Spight of the Univerſity, I'm a pretty Gentleman. —— Colonel, where's your Wife?

Fire. [*Mimicking him.*] *In Spight of the Univerſity, I'm a pretty Gentleman* ——Then, *Colonel, where is your Wife?* ——Harkye, young *Plato*, Whether wou'd you have your Noſe ſlit, or your Ears cut?

Ban. Firſt tell me, Sir, which would you chuſe, to be run through the Body, or ſhot through the Head?

Fire. Follow me, and I'll tell ye.

Ban. Sir, my Servants ſhall attend ye, if you have no Equipage of your own.

Fire.

Fire. Blood, Sir!

Stand. Hold, Brother, hold; he's a Boy.

Ban. Look ye, Sir, I keep half a dozen Footmen that have no Buſineſs upon Earth but to anſwer impertinent Queſtions: Now, Sir, if your fighting Stomach can digeſt theſe ſix brawny Fellows for a Breakfaſt, their Maſter, perhaps, may do you the Favour to run you through the Body for a Dinner.

Fire. Sirrah, will you fight me? I receiv'd juſt now ſix Month's Pay, and by this Light, I'll give you the half on't for one fair Blow at your Skull.

Ban. Down with your Money, Sir.

Stand. No, no, Brother; if you are ſo free of your Pay, get into the next Room; there you'll find ſome Company at Cards, I ſuppoſe; you may find Opportunity for your Revenge; my Houſe protects him now.

Fire. Well, Sir, the Time will come. [*Exit.*

Ban. Well ſaid, Brazen-head.

Stand. I hope, Sir, you'll excuſe the Freedom of this Gentleman; his Education has been among the boiſterous Elements, the Winds and Waves.

Ban. Sir, I value neither him, nor his Wind and Waves neither; I'm privileg'd to be very impertinent, being an *Oxonian*, and oblig'd to fight no Man, being a *Beau*.

Stand. Sir, I admire the Freedom of your Condition. — But pray, Sir, have you ſeen your Brother ſince he came laſt over?

Ban. I ha'n't ſeen my Brother theſe ſeven Years, and ſcarcely heard from him but by Report of others. About a Month ago he was pleas'd to honour me with a Letter from *Paris*, [illegible] his Deſign of being in *Lon*[illegible] with a Deſire of meeting me here[illegible] my Cap and Gown for [illegible], and came up to *London* to at- to his Houſe; but that was all in [illegible] Death of his Wife; there I was told [illegible]n'd to change his Habitation, becauſe he [illegible]d all Remembrances that might diſturb his Quiet;

Quiet. You are the firſt Perſon that has told me of his Arrival, and I expect that you may likewiſe inform me where to wait on him.

Stand. And I ſuppoſe, Sir, this was the Buſineſs that occaſion'd me the Honour of this Viſit.

Ban. Partly this, and partly an Affair of great Conſequence. You muſt know, Sir, that tho' I have read ten thouſand Lies in the Univerſity, yet I have learn'd to ſpeak the Truth my ſelf; and to deal plainly with you, the Honour of this Viſit, as you were pleas'd to term it, was deſign'd to the Lady *Lurewell.*

Stand. My Wife, Sir!

Ban. My Lady *Lurewell,* I ſay, Sir.

Stand. But I ſay, my Wife, Sir. —— What!

Ban. Why, look ye, Sir, you may have the Honour of being call'd the Lady *Lurewell*'s Husband; but you will never find in any Author, either ancient or modern, that ſhe's call'd Mr. *Standard*'s Wife. 'Tis true, you're a handſome young Fellow; ſhe lik'd you, ſhe marry'd you; and tho' the Prieſt made you both one Fleſh, yet there's no ſmall Diſtinction in your Blood. You are ſtill a disbanded Colonel, and ſhe is ſtill a Woman of Quality, I take it.

Stand. And you are the moſt impudent young Fellow I ever met with in all my Life, I take it.

Ban. Sir, I'm a Maſter of Arts, and I plead the Privilege of my Standing.

Enter a ſervant, and whiſpers Banter.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman in the [illegible] below, ſays, he'll be gone unleſs you [illegible] preſently.

Ban. I had forgot [illegible] humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

Stand. Sir, you [illegible] on you down Stairs ——

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Lurewell, Ladies, Monſ. Marquis *and* Fireball, *as loſing Gameſters, one after another, tearing their Cards, and flinging 'em about the Room.*

Lure. Ruin'd! Undone! Deſtroy'd!

1 *La.* Oh Fortune! Fortune! Fortune!

2 *La.* What will my Husband ſay?

Monſ. Oh *Malheur! malheur! malheur!*

Fire. Blood and Fire, I have loſt ſix Months Pay.

Monſ. A hundred and ten Piſtoles, ſink me.

Fire. Sink you! ſink me, that have loſt two hundred and ten Piſtoles.——Sink you indeed!

Lure. But why wou'd you hazard the Bank upon one Card?

Monſ. Becauſe me had loſe by de Card tree Times before.——Look, dere Madam, de very next Card had been out. Oh *Morbleu! qui ſa?*

Lure. I rely'd altogether on your ſetting the Cards; you us'd to *Tailé* with Succeſs.

Monſ. Morbleu, Madam, me nevre loſe before; But dat Monſieur Sir *Arry*, dat Chevalier *Wildair* is the Devil——Vere is de Chevalier?

Lure. Counting our Money within yonder.——Go, go, be gone; and bethink yourſelf of ſome Revenge.——Here he comes.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Fifty hundred and ſeventy *Louis d'Ors!*——Tall dall de rall [*Sings.*] Joy to you, Gentlemen, any Body may dance to this Tune.——Tall dall de rall. I dance to the Tune of fifteen hundred Pound, the moſt elevated Piece of Muſick I ever heard in my Life; they are the prettieſt Caſtagnets in the World. [*Chinks the Money.*] Here, Waiters, there's Cards and Candles for you. [*Gives the Servants Money.*] Mrs. *Parley*——here's Hoods and Scarfs for you: [*Gives her Money.*] And here's fine Coaches, ſplendid Equipage, lovely Women,

Women, and victorious *Burgundy* for me. ——— Oh ye charming Angels! the Lofers Sorrow, and the Gainers Joy: Get ye into my Pocket.—Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, I am your humble Servant——— You'll excuſe me, I hope; the ſmall Devotion here that I pay to my good Fortune ——— Ho'now! ——— Why, Ladies, I know that Lofers have Leave to ſpeak; but I don't find that they're privileg'd to be dumb.——*Monſieur!* Ladies! Captain!

(*Claps the Captain on the Shoulder.*

Fire. Death and Hell! Why d'ye ſtrike me, Sir?

(*Drawing.*

Wild. To comfort you, Sir.——Your Ear, Capt.——The King of *Spain* is dead!

Fire. The King of *Spain* dead!

Wild. Dead as *Julius Cæſar*; I had a Letter on't juſt now.

Fire. Tall dall de rall (*ſings.*) Look ye, Sir, pray ſtrike me again if you pleaſe.——See here, Sir, you have left me but one ſolitary Guinea in the World.

(*Puts it in his Mouth.*

Down it goes i'faith.———Allons for the *Thatch'd Houſe* and the *Mediterranean.*——— Tall dall de rall.

(*Exit*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha.——Bravely reſolv'd, Captain.

Lure. Bleſs me! Sir *Harry*, I was afraid of a Quarrel. I'm ſo much concern'd!

Wild. At the Loſs of your Money, Madam. But why, why ſhould the Fair be afflicted? Your Eyes, your Eyes, Lady, much brighter than the Sun, have equal Power with him, and can transform to Gold whate'er they pleaſe. The Lawyer's Tongue, the Soldier's Sword, the Courtier's Flattery, and the Merchant's Trade, are but dig the Golden Mines for you. Your Eye the Miſer's knotted Purſe. (*To one Lady.*) Melt into Coin the Magiſtrate's maſſy Chain. —— Youth mints for you hereditary Lands. (*To another.*) —— And Gameſters only win when they can loſe to you. (*To Lurewell.*) ——This Luck is the moſt rhetorical thing in Nature.

Lure.

Lure. I have a great Mind to forſwear Cards as long as I live.

1 *La.* And I. (*Exit.*

2 *La.* And I. (*Crying, and Exit.*

Wild. What, forſwear Cards! Why, Madam you'll ruin our Trade —— I'll maintain, that the Money at Court circulates more by the Baſſet-Bank, than the Wealth of the Merchants by the Bank of the City. Cards! the great Miniſters of Fortune's Power, that blindly ſhuffle out her thoughtleſs Favours, and make a Knave more pow'rful than a King.——What Adoration do theſe Pow'rs receive (*Lifting up a Card.*) from the bright Hands and Fingers of the Fair, always lift up to pay Devotion here! And the pleaſing Fears, the anxious Hopes, and dubious Joy that entertain our Mind! The Capot at Piquet, the Paroli at Baſſet; —And then Ombre! who can reſiſt the Charms of Mattadors?

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*; and then the *Sept le Va, Quinze la Va, & Trante le Va!*

Wild. Right, right, Madam.

Lure. Then the Nine of Diamonds at Comet, three Fives at Cribbidge, and Pam in Lanteraloo, Sir *Harry!*

Wild. Ay, Madam, theſe are Charms indeed.—— Then the Pleaſure of picking our Husband's Pocket over-night, to play at Baſſet next Day! Then the Advantage a fine Gentleman may make of a Lady's Neceſſity, by gaining a Favour for fifty Piſtoles, which a hundred Years Courtſhip could never have produc'd.

Lure. Nay, nay, Sir *Harry*, that's foul Play.

Wild. Nay, nay, Madam, it's nothing but the Game; and I have play'd [illegible] *France* a hundred Times.

Lure. Come, come, Sir [illegible] more on't. I'll tell you in three Words, that rather than forego my Cards, I'll forſwear my Viſits, Faſhions, my Monkey, Friends and Relations.

Wild. There ſpoke the Spirit of true-born *Engliſh* Women of Quality, with a true *French* Education

Lure.

Lure. Look ye, Sir *Harry*, I am well born, and I was well bred; I brought my Husband a large Fortune: he shall mortgage, or I will elope.

Wild. No, no, Madam! there's no occasion for that; See here, Madam!

Lure. What, the singing Birds; Sir *Harry*, let me see.

Wild. Pugh, Madam, these are but a few.——But I cou'd wish, *de tout mon cœur, for quelque Commodite*, where I might be handsomely plunder'd of 'em.

Lure. *Ah! Chevalier! tous jour obligeant, engageant, & tout sa*——

Wild. *Allons, Allons, Madam, tout á votre service.* [*Pulls her.*

Lure. No, no, Sir *Harry*, not at this Time o'day; you shall hear from me in the Evening.

Wild. Then, Madam, I'll leave you something to entertain you the while. 'Tis a *French* Pocket-book, with some Remarks of my own upon the new Way of making Love. Please to peruse it, and give me your Opinion in the Evening. [*Exit.*

Lure. [*Opening the Book.*] A *French* Pocket-book, with Remarks upon the new Way of making Love! Then Sir *H*[illegible] is turning Author, I find.——What's here?——Hi, hi, hi. A Bank Bill for a hundred Pound.——The new Way of making Love!——*Pardie cét sort Gallant*——One of the prettiest Remarks that ever I saw in my Life! Well now, that *Wildair*'s a charming Fellow;——Hi, hi, hi,——He has such an Air, and such a Turn in what he does! I warrant now there's a Hundred home-bred Blockheads wou'd come,——[illegible]. I'll give you a Hundred Guineas if you'll let [illegible].——Paugh! hang their nauseous immodest Proceeding[illegible]——Here's a Hundred Pound now, and he never names the Thing; I love an impudent Action with an Air of Modesty with all my Heart. (*Exit.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *Continues.*

Lurewel *and* Monſieur Marquis.

Lure. WELL, *Monſieur*, and have you thought how to retaliate your ill Fortune?

Monſ. Madam, I have tought dat Fortune be one blind Bitch. Why ſhould Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan to de France Marquis? Ave I not de bon Grace? Ave not I de Perſonage? Ave I not de Underſtanding? Can de Anglis Chevalier dance bettre dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier fence bettre dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier play Baſſet bettre dan I? Den why ſhould Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan de France Marquis?

Lure. Why? Becauſe Fortune is blind.

Monſ. Blind! Yes begar, and dum and deaf too,—Vell den, Fortune give de Anglis Man de Riches, but Nature gave de France Man de Politique to correct de unequal Diſtribution.

Lure. But how can you correct it, Monſieur?

Monſ. Ecoute, Madam. Sir *Arry Wildair* his Vife be dead.

Lure. And what Advantage can you make of that?

Monſ. Begar, Madam.—Hi, hi, hi.——De Anglis-man's dead Vife ſall Cuckold her Usband!

Lure. How, how, Sir, a dead Woman cuckold her Husband!

Monſ. Mark! Madam; We France-men make de Diſtinction between de Deſign and de Term of the Treaty.——She canno touch de Head, but ſhe can Cuckold his Pocket of ten Thouſant Livres.

Lure. Pray explain yourſelf, Sir.

Monſ. I ave Sir *Arry Wildair* his Vife in my Pocket.

Lure. How! Sir *Harry*'s Wife in your Pocket!

Monſ. Hold, Madam, dere is an autre Diſtinction between de Deſign and de Term of de Treaty.

Lure.

Lure. Pray, Sir, no more of your Diſtinctions, but ſpeak plain.

Monſ. Wen de France-man's Politique is in his Head, dere is nothing but Diſtinction upon his Tongue. —— See here, Madam! I ave de Picture of Sir *Harry*'s Wife in my Pocket.

Lure. Is't poſſible?

Monſ. Voyez.

Lure. The very ſame, and finely drawn, pray, Monſieur, how did you purchaſe it?

Monſ. As me did purchaſe de Picture, ſo me did gain de Subſtance, de dear, dear Subſtance, by de bon mien, de France Air, chatant, charmant, de Politique á la Tate, and dançant á la Pie.

Lure. Lard bleſs me! How cunningly ſome Women can play the Rogue! Ah! have I found it out! Now, as I hope for Mercy, I am glad on't. I hate to have any Woman more virtuous than my ſelf. —— Here was ſuch a work with my Lady *Wildair*'s Piety! my Lady *Wildair*'s Conduct! and my Lady *Wildair*'s Fidelity, forſooth! Now, dear Monſieur, you have infallibly told me the beſt News that I ever heard in my Life. Well, and ſhe was but one of us! heh!

Monſ. Oh, Madam! me no tell Tale, me no ſcandalize de Dead; de Picture be dumb, de Picture be noting.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more Diſtinctions; I'm ſure it was ſo. I wou'd have given the World for ſuch a Story of her while ſhe was living. She was charitable, forſooth! and ſhe was devout, forſooth! and every Body was wicked i'th' Teeth with my Lady *Wildair*'s Reputation. And why don't you mark her Behaviour, and Converſation? She goes to Church twice a Day. —— Ah! I hate theſe Congregation-Women. There's ſuch [illegible] and ſuch a Clutter about their Devotion, that it makes more Noiſe than all the Bells in the Pariſh —— Well, but what Advantage can you make now of the Picture?

Monſ. De Advantage of ten thouſan Livres, parde. —— [illegible], Madam. Dis Lady ſhe die

die at *Montpelier* in *France*; I ave de Broder in dat City dat write me one Account dat ſhe dye in that City, and dat ſhe ſend me dis Picture as a Legacy, wid a touſan baſe mains to de dear Marquis, de charmant Marquis, mon cœur le Marquis.

Lure. Ay, here was Devotion! here was Diſcretion! here was Fidelity! Mon cœur le Marquis! Ha, ha, ha,——Well, but how will this procure the Money?

Monſ. Now, Madam, for de France Politique.

Lure. Ay, what is the *French* Politick.

Monſ. Never to tell a Secret to a Voman.—— Madam, *je ſui votre ſerviteur.* [*Runs off.*

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir, we ſha'n't part ſo; I will have it. [*Follows.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

Fire. Hah! Look! look! look you there, Brother! See how they coquet it! Oh! there's a Look! there's a Simper! there's a Squeeze for you! ay, now the Marquis is at it. *Mon cœur, may foy, pardie, allons:* Don't you ſee how the *French* Rogue has the Head, and the Feet, and the Hands, and the Tongue, all going together?

Stand. [*Walking in Diſorder.*] Where's my Reaſon? Where's my Philoſophy? Where's my Religion now?

Fire. I'll tell you where they are, in your Forehead, Sir,——Blood! I ſay, Revenge.

Stand. But how, dear Brother?

Fire. Why ſtab him, ſtab him. now.——*Italian* him, *Spaniard* him, I ſay.

Stand. Stab him! Why Cuckoldom's a Hydra that hears a thouſand Heads; and tho' I ſhou'd cut this one off, the Monſter ſtill would ſave. Muſt I murder all the Fops in the Nation, and to ſave my Head from Horns, expoſe my Neck to the Halter?

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, can't you kick and cuff? Kick one.

Stand. Cane another.

Fire.

Fire. Cut off the Ears of a third.

Stand. Slit the Noſe of a fourth.

Fire. Tear Cravats.

Stand. Burn Perukes.

Fire. Shoot their Coach-horſes.

Stand. A noble Plot.—But now it's laid, how ſhall we put it in Execution? for not one of theſe *Fellows* ſtirs about without his Guard du Corps. Then they're ſtout as Heroes; for I can aſſure you, that a Beau with ſix Footmen ſhall fight you any Gentleman in *Chriſtendom.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Mr. *Clincher* below, who begs the Honour to kiſs your Hand.

Stand. Ay, why here's another Beau.

Fire. Let him come, let him come; I'll ſhew you how to manage a Beau preſently.

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir; this is a ſimple inoffenſive Fellow, that will rather make us Diverſion.

Fire. Diverſion! Ay. Why, I'll knock him down for Diverſion.

Stand. No, no; prithee be quiet; I gave him a Surfeit of Intriguing ſome Months ago before I was marry'd—Here, bid him come up. He's worth your Acquaintance, Brother.

Fire. My Acquaintance! What is he?

Stand. A Fellow of a ſtrange Weathercock Head, very hard, but as light as the Wind; conſtantly full of the Times, and never fails to pick up ſome Humour or other out of the publick Revolutions, that proves diverting enough. Some Time ago he had got the Travelling Maggot in his Head, and was going to the *Jubilee* upon all Occaſions; but lately, ſince the new Revolution in *Europe*, another Spirit has poſſeſs'd him, and he runs ſtark mad after News and Politicks.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. News, News, Col. great——Eh! what's this Fellow? Methinks he has a Kind of ſuſpicious Air.——Your Ear, Col.——The Pope's dead.

Stand.

Stand. Where did you hear it?

Clin. I read it in the publick News. [*Whiſpering.*

Stand. Ha, ha, ha. ——— And why d'ye whiſper t for a Secret?

Clin. Odſo! Faith that's true——But that Fellow here; what is he?

Stand. My Brother *Fireball*, juſt come home from the *Baltick.*

Clin. Odſo! Noble Captain, I'm your moſt humble and obedient Servant, from the Poop to the Forecaſtle. ——Nay, a Kiſs o't'other Side, pray.——Now, dear Captain, tell us the News. ——— Odſo! I'm ſo pleas'd I have met you! Well, the News, dear Captain——You ſail'd a brave Squadron of Men of War to the *Baltick.* ——— Well, and what then? eh!

Fire. Why then——— we came back again.

Clin. Did you, faith?——Fooliſh! fooliſh! very fooliſh! a right Sea Captain——— But what did you do? How did you fight? What Storms did you meet? and what Whales did you ſee?

Fire. We had a violent Storm off the Coaſt of *Jutland.*

Clin. Jutland! Ay, that's Part of *Portugal*, —— and ſo, —— you enter'd the *Sound*; ——— and maul'd *Copenhagen*, 'faith. ——— And then that pretty, dear, ſweet, pretty King of *Sweden!* —— What Sort of Man is he, pray?

Fire. Why, tall and ſlender.

Clin. Tall and ſlender! Much about my Pitch? Heh!

Fire. Not ſo groſs, not altogether ſo low.

Clin. No! I'm ſorry for't; very ſorry, indeed.—— [*Here* Parley *enters and ſtands at the Door*; Clincher *beckons her with his Hands behind, going backwards, and ſpeaking to her and the Gentlemen by Turns.*] Well, and what more? And ſo you bombarded *Copenhagen*, —— (Mrs. *Parley.*) —— Whiz, ſlap went the Bombs. (Mrs. *Parley.*) And ſo——Well, not altogether ſo groſs, you ſay——— (Here's a Letter, you Jade.) Very tall, you ſay? Is the King very tall?——(Here's a Guinea, you Jade.)

Jade.) ——— (*She takes the Letter, and the Col. obſerves him.*) —— Hem! hem! Col. I'm mightily troubled with the Ptyſick of late. —— Hem! hem! a ſtrange Stoppage of my Breaſt here. Hem! but now it is off again. ——— Well, but Captain, you tell us no News at all.

Fire. I tell you one Piece that all the World knows, and ſtill you are a Stranger to it.

Clin. Bleſs me! What can this be?

Fire. That you are a Fool.

Clin. Eh! Witty, witty Sea Captain. Odſo! and I wonder, Captain, that your Underſtanding did not ſplit your Ship to Pieces.

Fire. Why ſo, Sir?

Clin. Becauſe, Sir, it is ſo very ſhallow, very *ſhallow.* There's Wit for you, Sir ———

Enter Parley, *who gives the Col. a Letter.*

Odſo! A Letter! Then there's News. —— What, is it the foreign Poſt? What News, dear Col. what News? Hark ye, Mrs. *Parley.*

[*He talks with* Parley *while the Col. reads the Letter.*

Stand. The Son of a Whore! Is it he?

(*Looks at* Clinch

(*Reads.*) Dear Madam,

I *Was afraid to break open the Seal of your Letter, leſt I ſhould violate the Work of your fair Hands.* —— (Oh! fulſome Fop!) *I therefore with the Warmth of my Kiſſes thaw'd it aſunder.* (Ay, here's ſuch a Turn of Style, as takes a fine Lady!) *I have no News, but that the Pope's dead, and I have ſome Packets upon that Affair to ſend my Correſpondent in* Wales; *but I ſhall waive all Buſineſs, and haſten to wait on you at the Hour appointed, with the Wings of a Flying Poſt.*

Yours,

Toby Clincher.

Very well, Mr. *Toby.* ——— Hark'e, Brother, this Fellow's a Rogue.

Fire.

Fire. A damn'd Rogue.

Stand. See here! a Letter to my Wife!

Fire. S'death! let me tear him to Pieces.

Stand. No, no, we'll manage him to more Advantage. Take him with you to *Locket*'s, and invent some Way or other to fuddle him.——Here, Mr. *Clincher*, I have prevail'd on my Brother here to give you a particular Account of the whole Voyage to the *Sound* by his own Journal, if you please to honour him with your Company at *Locket*'s.

Clin. His own Journal! Odso, let me see it.

Stand. Shew it him.

Fire. Here, Sir.

Clin. Now for News——[*Reads.*] Thursday, August *the 17th, from the 6th, at Noon to this Day Noon Winds variable, Courses* per *Traverse, true Course protracted, with all Impediments allow'd, is North* 45 *Degrees, West* 60 *Miles, Difference of Latitude* 42 *Miles, Departure West* 40 *Miles, Latitude* per *Judgment* 54 *Degrees* 13 *Minutes, Meridian distance current from the bearing of the Land, and the Latitude is* 88 *Miles.* ——Odso! Great News Faith.—Let me see. *At Noon broke our Main-top-Sail-yard, being rotten in the Slings; two Whales Southward.*——Odso! A Whale! Great News, faith, Sir, come along, Captain. But, d'ye hear? with this Proviso, Gentlemen, that I won't drink; for, hark'e, Captain, between you and I, there's a fine Lady in the Wind, and I shall have the Longitude and Latitude of a fine Lady, and the ——

Fire. A fine Lady! Ah the Rogue! [*Aside.*

Clin. Yes, a fine Lady, Colonel, a very fine Lady. ——Come, no Ceremony, good Captain.

[*Exeunt* Fireball *and* Clincher.

Stand. Well, Mrs. *Purdy*, how go the rest of our Affairs?

Par. Why, worse and worse, Sir; here's more Mischief still, more Branches a sprouting.

Stand. Of whose planting, pray?

Par. Why, that impudent young Rogue, Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Brother, has commenc'd his Suit, and feed

Counsel

Counſel already.——Look here, Sir, two Pieces, for which, by Article, I am to receive four.

Stand. 'Tis a hard Caſe now, that a Man muſt give four Guineas for the good News of his Diſhonour. Some Men throw away their Money in debauching other Men's Wives, and I lay out mine to keep my own honeſt: But this is making a Man's Fortune.——Well, Child, there's your Pay; and I expect, when I come back, a true Account how the Buſineſs goes on.

Par. But ſuppoſe the Bus'neſs be done before you come back?

Stand. No, no; ſhe ha'n't ſeen him yet; and her Pride will preſerve her againſt the firſt Aſſaults. Beſides, I ſha'n't ſtay. [*Exeunt* Col. *and* Par.

SCENE *changes to another Room in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Wildair *and* Lurewell.

Lure. Well now, Sir *Harry*, this Book you gave me? As I hope to breathe I think 'tis the beſt penn'd Piece I have ſeen a great while, I don't know any of our Authors have wrote in ſo florid and genteel a Style.

Wild. Upon the Subject, Madam, I dare affirm there is nothing extant more [illegible]——Look you, Madam, I am an Author rich in Expreſſions; the needy Poets of the Age may fill their Works with Rapſodies of Flames and Darts, and barren Sighs and Tears, their ſpeaking Looks and amorous Vows, that might in *Chaucer*'s Time, perhaps, have paſs'd for Love; but now, 'tis only ſuch as I can touch that noble Paſſion, and by the true, perſuaſive Eloquence, turn'd in the moving Stile of *Louis d'Or*, can raiſe the raviſh'd Female to a Rapture.——In ſhort, Madam, I'll match *Cowley* in Softneſs, o'ertop *Milton* in Sublime, banter *Cicero* in Eloquence, and the *Swan* Quibbling, by the Help of that moſt ingenious Society, call'd the Bank of *England*.

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*, I begin to hate that old Thing call'd Love; they ſay 'tis clear out in *France*.

Wil

Wild. Clear out, clear out, no Body wears it: And [illegible] too, Honeſty went out with the ſlaſh'd Doublets, and Love with the cloſe-body'd Gowns. Love! 'tis ſo obſolete, ſo mean, and out of Faſhion, that I can compare it to nothing but the miſerable Picture of *Patient Grizzel* at the Head of an old Ballad ——— Faugh!

Lure. Ha, ha, ha—The beſt Emblem in the World. —Come, Sir *Harry*, faith we'll run it down ——— Love! ——Ay, methinks I ſee the mournful *Melpomene* with her Handkerchief at her Eye, her Heart full of Fire, her Eyes full of Water, her Head full of Madneſs, and her Mouth full of Nonſenſe. ——Oh! hang it.

Wild. Ay, Madam. Then the doleful Ditties, piteous Plaints, the Daggers, the Poiſons!

Lure. Oh the Vapours!

Wild. Then a Man muſt kneel, and a Man muſt ſwear——There is a Repoſe, I ſee, in the next Room. [*Aſide.*

Lure. Unnatural Stuff.

Wild. Oh, Madam, the moſt unnatural Thing in the World; as fulſome as a Sack-Poſſet, (*Pulling her towards the Door.*) [illegible] cool as a Wedding-Ring, and as impudent as the [illegible] Statue was in the Park. (*Pulls her again.*

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*; I hate Love that's impudent. Theſe Poets dreſs it up ſo in their Tragedies, that no modeſt Woman can bear it. Your Way is much the more tolerable, I muſt confeſs.

Wild. Ay, ay, Madam; I hate your rude Whining and Sighing; it puts a Lady out of Countenance. (*Pulling her.*

Lure. Truly ſo it does——Hang their Impudence. But where are we going?

Wild. Only to rail at Love, Madam. (*Pulls her in.*

Enter Banter.

Ban. Hey! Who's here? (Lurewell *comes back.*

Lure.

Lure. 'Pſhaw, prevented by a Stranger too! Had it been my Husband now—— 'Pſhaw! —— Very faithful liar, Sir. (Banter *takes up* Wildair's *Hat, that was dropt in the Room.*

Ban. Madam, you have dropt your Hat?

Lure. Diſcover'd too by a Stranger! ——— What ſhall I do?

Wild. (*From within.*) —— Madam, you have got the moſt confounded Pens here! Can't you get the Colonel to write the Superſcriptions of your Letters for you?

Lure. Bleſs me, Sir *Harry!* Don't you know that the Colonel can't write *French?* Your Time is ſo precious!

Wild. Shall I direct by Way of *Roan* or *Paris?*

Lure. Which you will.

Ban. Madam, I very much applaud your Choice of a Secretary; he underſtands the Intrigues of moſt Courts in *Europe* they ſay.

Enter Wildair *with a Letter.*

Wild. Here, Madam, I preſume, 'tis right ——— This Gentleman a Relation of yours, Madam? —— Dem him. [*Aſide.*

Ban. Brother, your humble Servant.

Wild. Brother! By what Relation, Sir?

Ban. Begotten by the ſame Father, born of the ſame Mother, Brother Kindred, and Brother Beau.

Wild. Hey-day! How the Fellow ſtrings his Genealogy! ——— Look ye, Sir, you may be Brother to *Tom-Thumb* for ought I know; but if you are my Brother.—— I cou'd have wiſh'd you in your Mother's Womb for an Hour or two longer. (*Aſide.*

Ban. Sir, I receiv'd your Letter at *Oxford*, with your Commands to meet you in *London*; and if you can remember your own Hand, there 'tis.

(*Gives a Letter.*

Wild. [*Looking over the Letter.*] Oh! Pray, Sir, let me conſider you a little. —— By *Jupiter* a pretty Boy, a very pretty Boy; a handſome Face, good Shape,

[*Walks*

[*Walks about and views him.*] well dreſs'd —— The Rogue has got a Leg too. —— Come kiſs me, Child. —— Ah, he kiſſes like one of the Family, the right Velvet Lip. —— Can'ſt thou dance, Child?

Ban. Ouy, Monſieur.

Luce. Hey-day! *French* too; Why ſure, Sir, you cou'd never be bred at *Oxford!*

Ban. No, Madam, my Cloaths were made in *London* — Brother, I have ſome Affairs of Conſequence to communicate, which require a little Privacy.

Lure. Oh, Sir! I beg your Pardon, I'll leave you. Sir *Harry*, you'll ſtay Supper? [*Exit.*

Wild. Aſſurement, Madam.

Ban. Yes, Madam, we'll both ſtay.

Wild. Both! —— Sir, I'll ſend you back to your Mutton-Commons again. How now?

Ban. No, no; I ſhall find better Mutton-Commons by meſſing with you, Brother —— Come, Sir *Harry*; if you ſtay, I ſtay; if you go, allons.

Wild. Why, the Devil's in this young Fellow. —— Why, Sirrah, haſt thou any Thoughts of being my Heir? Why, you Dog, you ought to pimp for me: you ſhou'd keep a Pack of Wenches o'purpoſe to hunt down Matrimony. Don't you know, Sir, that lawful Wedlock in me is certain Poverty to you? Look ye, Sirrah, come along; and for my Diſappointment juſt now, if you don't get me a new Miſtreſs To-night, I'll marry To-morrow, and won't leave you a Groat. — Go, Pimp, like a dutiful Brother.

[*Puſhes him out, and* Exit.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Enter Fireball, *hauling in* Clincher.

Fire. COme, Sir; not drink the King's Health!

Clin. Pray now, good Captain, excu—Look here, Sir; the [*Pulling out his Watch.*] critical Minute, the critical Minute, Faith.

Fire. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Clin. The Lady's critical Minute, Sir.—Sir, your humble Servant. (*Going.*

Fire. Well! The Death of this *Spaniſh* King will—

Clin. (*Returning.*) Eh! What's that of the *Spaniſh* King? Tell me, dear Captain, tell me.

Fire. Sir, if you pleaſe to ſit down, I'll tell you that old Don *Carlos* is dead.

Clin. Dead!—Nay, then (*Sits down.*)—Here, Pen and Ink, Boy; Pen and Ink preſently; I muſt write to my Correſpondent in *Wales* ſtrait—Dead!

(*Riſes, and walks about in Diſorder.*

Fire. What's the matter, Sir?

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, ſtark mad with Politicks.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, what have ſuch Fools as you to do with Politicks?

Clin. What, Sir? The Succeſſion.——Not mind the Succeſſion!

Fire. Nay, that's minded already; 'tis ſettled upon a Prince of *France*.

Clin. What, ſettled already!——The beſt News that ever came into *England*——Come, Captain, faith and troth, Captain, here's a Health to the Succeſſion.

Fire. Burn the Succeſſion, Sir. I won't drink it.—What, drink Confuſion to our Trade, Religion and Liberties!

Clin.

Clin. Ay, by all Means. —— As for Trade, d'ye think I'm a Gentleman, and hate it mortally. Theſe Tradeſmen are the moſt impudent Fellows we have, and ſpoil all our good Manners. What have we to do with Trade?

Fire. A trim Politician, truly! —— And what do you think of our Religion, pray?

Clin. Hi, hi, hi. —— Religion! —— And what has a Gentleman to do with Religion, pray? —— And to hear a Sea Captain talk of Religion! That's pleaſant, faith.

Fire. And have you no Regard to our Liberties, Sir?

Clin. 'Pſhaw! Liberties! that's a Jeſt. We Beaux ſhall have Liberty to whore and drink in any Government, and that's all we care for. ——

Enter Standard.

Dear Colonel, the rareſt News!

Stand. Damn your News, Sir; why are you not drunk by this?

Clin. A very civil Queſtion, truly!

Stand. Here, Boy, bring in the Brandy —— Fill.

Clin. This is a Piece of Politicks that I don't ſo well comprehend.

Stand. Here, Sir; now drink it off, or [*Draws.*] expect your Throat cut.

Clin. Ay, this comes o'the Succeſſion; Fire and Sword already.

Stand. Come, Sir, off with it.

Clin. Pray, Colonel, what have I done to be burnt alive?

Stand. Drink, Sir, I ſay — Brother, manage him, I muſt be gone. (*Aſide to* Fireball, *and* Exit.

Fire. Ay, drink, Sir.

Clin. Eh! What the Devil, attack'd both by Sea and Land! —— Look ye, Gentlemen, if I muſt be poiſon'd, pray let me chuſe my own Doſe —— Were I a Lord now, I ſhou'd have the Privilege of the Block, and as I'm a Gentleman, pray ſtifle me with

Claret at leaſt! don't let me die like a Rawd, with Brandy.

Fire. Brandy! you Dog, abuſe Brandy! Flat Treaſon againſt the Navy Royal.—Sirrah, I'll teach you to abuſe the Fleet———Here, *Shark.*

Enter Shark.

Get three or four of the Ship's Crew, and preſs this Fellow aboard the *Belzebub.*

Sha. Ay, Maſter. (*Exit.*

Clin. What! aboard the *Belzebub!*——Nay, nay, dear Captain, I'll chuſe to go to the Devil this Way. Here, Sir, your good Health;——and my own Confuſion, I'm afraid. (*Drinks it off.*) Oh! Fire! Fire! Flames! Brimſtone! and Tobacco!

(*Beats his Stomach.*

Fire. Here, quench it, quench it then.——Take the Glaſs, Sir.

Clin. What, another Broadſide! nay then, I'm ſunk downright.——Dear Captain give me Quarter, conſider the preſent Juncture of Affairs; you'll ſpoil my Head, ruin my Politicks; faith you will.

Fire. Here, *Shark.*

Clin. Well, well, I will drink——The Devil take *Shark* for me. (*Drinks.*) Whiz, whiz——Don't you hear it? Put your Ear to my Breaſt, and mark how it whizzes like a hot Iron.——Eh! Bleſs me, how the Ship rouls!——I can't ſtand upon my Legs, Faith.——Dear Captain, give me a Kiſs.——Ay, burn the Succeſſion.——Look ye, Captain, I ſhall be Sea-ſick preſently. (*Falls into* Fireball's *Arms.*

Enter Shark, *and another with a Chair.*

Fire. Here, in with him.

Sha. Ay, ay, Sir——Avaſt, avaſt——Here, Boy.——No *Nants* left.—— (*Tops the Glaſs.*

Fire. Bring him along,

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, Brandy, Politicks.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Lurewell's *Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parley.

Lure. Did you ever ſee ſuch an impudent young Rogue as that *Banter?* He follow'd his Brother up and down from Place to Place ſo very cloſe, that we cou'd not ſo much as whiſper.

Par. I reckon Sir *Harry* will diſpoſe of him now, Madam, where he may be ſecur'd, —— But I wonder, Madam, why *Glincher* comes not according to his Letter! 'tis near the Hour.

Lure. I wiſh, *Parly*, that no Harm may befal me To day; for I had a moſt frightful Dream laſt Night; I dreamt of a Mouſe.

Par. 'Tis ſtrange, Madam, you ſhou'd be ſo much afraid of that little Creature that can do you no Harm!

Lure. Look ye, Girl, we Women of Quality have each of us ſome darling Fright. ——I now hate a Mouſe; my Lady *Lovecards* abhors a Cat; Mrs. *Fiddlefan* can't bear a Squirrel; the Counteſs of *Piquet* abominates a Frog, and my Lady *Swimair* hates a Man.

Enter Marquis *running.*

Mar. Ma[illegible]n! Madam! Madam! Pardie voyez.— L'Argent! L'Argent! [*Shews a Bag of Money.*

Lure. As I hope to breathe, he has got it ——— Well, but how? How, dear Monſieur?

Mar. Ah, Madam! Begar, Monſieur Sir *Arry* be one Pigeaneau —— Voyez, Madam! me did tell him dat my Broder in *Montpelier* did furniſe his Lady wid ten Touſan Livres for de Expence of her Travaille; and dat ſhe not being able to write when ſhe was dying, did give him de Picture for de Certificate and de Credential to receive de Money from her Husband. Mark ye!

Lure. The beſt Plot in the World. ——You told him, that your Brother lent her the Money in *France*,

when her Bills, I ſuppoſe, were delay'd. —— You put in that, I preſume.

Mar. Ouy, ouy, Madam.

Lure. And that upon her Death-bed ſhe gave your Brother the Picture, as a Certificate to Sir *Harry* that ſhe had receiv'd the Money, which Picture your Brother ſent over to you, with Commiſſion to receive the Debt!

Mar. Aſſurement. —— De[illegible] was de Politique, de France Politique! —— See, Madam, what he can do, de France Marquis! He did make de Engliſh Lady cuckle her Husband when ſhe was living, and cheat him when ſhe was dead, Begar: Ha, ha, ha. —— Oh! Pardie, cet bon.

Lure. Ah! But what did Sir *Harry* ſay?

Mar. Oh! begar Monſieur Chevalier he love his Viſe; he ſay, dat if ſhe takes up a Hundre Touſan Livres, he wou'd repay it; he knew de Picture, he ſay, and order me de Money from his Stewar —— Oh notre Dame! Monſieur Sir *Harry* be one Dupe.

Lure. Well but, Monſieur, I long to know one Thing. Was the Conqueſt you made of his Lady ſo eaſy? What Aſſaults did you make? And what Reſiſtance did ſhe ſhew?

Mar. Reſiſtance againſt de France Marquis! Voyez, Madam; dere was trey Beux yeux, de Serenade, an' two Capre; dat was all, begar.

Lure. Chatilliſante! There's nothing in Nature ſo ſweet to a longing Woman, as a malicious Story. —— Well, Monſieur! 'tis about a thouſand Pound; we go Snacks.

Mar. Snacke! Perdie, for what? why Snacke, Madam? Me vill give you de Preſent of Fifty *Louis d'Ors*; dat is ver' good Snacke for you.

Lure. And you'll give me no more? Very well!

Mar. Ver' well! Yes begar, 'tis ver' well. —— Conſidre, Madam, me be de poor *Refuge*, me have noting but de religious Charite, and de *France* Politique, de Fruit of my own Addreſs, dat is all.

Lure. Ay, an Object of Charity, with a thousand Pound in his Fist! Emh! Oh Monsieur; that's my Husband, I know his Knock. (*Knocking below.*) He must not see you. Get into the Closet till by and by, [*Hurries him in.*] and if I don't be reveng'd upon your *France* Politique, then have I no *English* Politique —— Hang the Money! I wou'd not for twice a thousand P[illegible] forbear ab[illegible] this virtuous Woman to her Husband.

Enter Parley.

Par. 'Tis Sir *Harry*, Madam.

Lure. As I cou'd wish. Chairs!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Here, Mrs. *Parley*, in the first Place I sacrifice a *Louis d'Or* to thee for good Luck.

Par. A Guinea, Sir, will do as well.

Wild. No, no, Child; *French* Money is always most successful in Bribes, and very much in Fashion, Child.

Enter Dicky, *and runs to Sir* Harry.

Dick. Sir, will you please to have your own Night-Caps?

Wild. Sirrah!

Dick. Sir, Sir, shall I order your Chair to the Back-door by five Clock in the Morning?

Wild. The Devil's in the Fellow. Get you gone. — [Dicky *runs out.*] Now dear Madam, I have secur'd my Brother, you have dispos'd of the Colonel, and we'll rail at Love till we han't a Word more to say.

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry* —— Please to sit a little, Sir. — You must know I'm in a strange Humour of asking you some Questions. —— How did you like your Lady, pray Sir?

Wild. Like her! Ha, ha, ha. —— So very well, faith, that for her very Sake I'm in Love with every Woman I meet.

Lure. And did Matrimony please you extremely?

Wild.

Wild. So very much, that if Polygamy were allow'd, I wou'd have a new Wife every Day.

Lure. Oh, Sir *Harry!* This is Raillery. But your ſerious Thoughts upon the Matter, pray.

Wild. Why then, Madam, to give you my true Sentiments of Wedlock: I had a Lady that I married by Chance, ſhe was virtuous by Chance, and I lov'd her by great Chance. Nature gave her Beauty, Education and Air, and Fortune threw a young Fellow five and twenty in her Lap. — I courted her all, lov'd her all Night, ſhe was my Miſtreſs one Day, and my Wife another: I found in one the Variety of a Thouſand, and the very Confinement of Marriage gave me the Pleaſure of Change.

Lure. And ſhe was very virtuous.

Wild. Look ye, Madam, you know ſhe was Beautiful. She had good Nature about her Mouth, the Smile of Beauty in her Cheeks, ſparkling Wit in her Forehead, and ſprightly Love in her Eyes.

Lure. 'Pſhaw! I knew her very well; the Woman was well enough. But you don't anſwer my Queſtion, Sir.

Wild. So, Madam, as I told you before, ſhe was young and beautiful, I was rich and vigorous; my Eſtate gave me a Luſtre to my Love, and a Swing to our Enjoyment; round, like the Ring that made us one, our golden Pleaſures circled without End.

Lure. Golden Pleaſures! Golden Fanaticks! — What d'ye tell me of your canting Stuff? Was ſhe virtuous, I ſay?

Wild. Ready to burſt with Envy; but I will torment thee a little. [*Aſide.*] So, Madam, I powder'd to pleaſe her, ſhe dreſs'd to engage me! we toy'd away the Morning in amorous Converſe, loll'd away the Evening in the Park, or the Play-houſe, and all the Night — Hem!

Lure. Look ye, Sir, anſwer my Queſtion, or I ſhall take it ill.

Wild. Then, Madam, there was never ſuch a Pattern of Unity. — Her Wants were ſtill prevented by

by my Supplies; my own Heart whiſper'd me her Deſires, 'cauſe ſhe her ſelf was there; no Contention ever roſe, but the dear Striſe of who ſhou'd moſt oblige; no Noiſe about Authority; for neither wou'd ſtoop to command, 'cauſe both thought it Glory to obey.

Lure. Stuff! Stuff! Stuff! —— I won't believe a Word on't.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Then, Madam, we never felt the Yoak of Matrimony, becauſe our Inclinations made one; a Power ſuperior to the Forms of Wedlock. The Marriage Torch had loſt its weaker Light in the bright Flame of mutual Love that join'd our Hearts before. Then ——

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir; I cannot bear it; Sir *Harry*, I'm affronted.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Affronted!

Lure. Yes, Sir; 'tis an Affront to any Woman to hear another commended; and I will reſent it. —— In ſhort, Sir *Harry*, your Wife was a ——

Wild. Buz, Madam. —— No Detraction. —— I'll tell you what ſhe was. — So much an Angel in her Conduct, that tho' I ſaw another in her Arms, I ſhou'd have thought the Devil had rais'd the Phantom, and my more conſcious Reaſon had given my Eyes the Lie.

Lure. Very well! Then I a'n't to be believ'd it ſeems. —— at d'ye hear, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, do you hear? I tell you, 'tis not in the Power of Malice to caſt a Blot upon her Fame; and tho' the Vanity of our Sex, and the Envy of yours, conſpir'd both againſt her Honour, I wou'd not hear a Syllable. [*Stopping his Ears.*

Lure. Why then, as I hope to breathe, you ſhall hear it. —— The Picture! the Picture! the Picture! [*Bawling aloud.*

Wild. Ran, tan, tan. A Piſtol-bullet from Ear to Ear,

Lure. That Picture which you had juſt now from the *French* Marquis for a thouſand Pound; that very Picture did your virtuous Wife ſend to the Marquis

quis as a Pledge of her very virtuous and dying Affection. So that you are both robb'd of your Honour, and cheated of your Money. [*Aloud.*

Wild. Louder, louder, Madam.

Lure. I tell you, Sir, your Wife was a Jilt; I know it, I'll ſwear it.—She virtuous! She was a Devil.

Wild. [*Sings.*] Tal, lal, deral.

Lure. Was ever ſhe like ſeen! He won't hear me —— I burſt with Malice, and now he won't mind me! ——Won't you hear me yet?

Wild. No, no, Madam.

Lure. Nay, then I can't bear it. [*Burſts out a crying.*] —— Sir, I muſt ſay that you're an unworthy Perſon, to uſe a Woman of Quality at this Rate, when ſhe has her Heart full of Malice; I don't know but it may make me miſcarry. Sir, I ſay again and again, that ſhe was no better than one of us, and I know it; I have ſeen it with my Eyes, ſo I have.

Wild. Good Heav'ns deliver me, I beſeech thee. How ſhall I 'ſcape?

Lure Will you hear me yet? Dear, Sir *Harry*, do but hear me; I'm longing to ſpeak.

Wild. Oh! I have it. —— Huſh, huſh, huſh.

Lure. Eh! What's the Matter?

Wild. A Mouſe! a Mouſe! a Mouſe!

Lure. Where? where? where?

Lure. Your Petticoats, your Petticoats, Madam.

[*Lure flings and runs.*

Wild. O my Head! I was never worſted by a Woman before. —— But I have heard ſo much as to know the *Marquis* to be a Villain. [*Knocking.*] Nay then, I muſt run for't. [*Runs out, and returns.*] —— The Entry is ſtopt by a Chair coming in; and ſomething there is in that Chair that I will diſcover, if I can find a Place to hide my ſelf. [*Goes to the Cloſet-door.*] Faſt! I have Keys about me for moſt Locks about St. *James's* —— Let me ſee. —— [*Tries the Key.*] —— No, no; this opens my Lady *Plumbob*'s Back door. —— [*Tries another.*] —— Nor this; this is the Key to my Lady *Stukeall*'s Garden. [*Tries a Third.*]

Third.) Ay, ay, this does it, Faith.

[*Goes into the Cloſet, and peeps out.*

Enter Shark *and another, with* Clincher *in a Chair*; Parley.

Par. Ho', hold, Friend; who gave you Orders to lug in your dirty Chair into the Houſe?

Sha. My Maſter, Sweet-heart.

Par. Who is your Maſter, Impudence?

Sha. Ev'ry Body, Sauce-box.——And for the preſent here's my Maſter! and if you have any Thing to ſay to him, there he is for ye. (*Lugs* Clincher *out of the Chair, and throws him upon the Floor.*) Steer away, *Tom.*

Wild. What the Devil, Mr. *Jubilee*, is it you!

Par. Bleſs me! the Gentleman's dead! Murder! Murder!

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Protect me! What's the matter, *Clincher?*

Par. Mr. *Clincher*, are you dead, Sir?

Clin. Yes.

Lure. Oh! then 'tis well enough.——Are you drunk, Sir?

Clin. No.

Lure. Well! certainly I'm the moſt unfortunate Woman living: All my Affairs, all my Deſigns, all my Intrigues, miſcarry.——Faugh! the Beaſt? But, Sir, what's the matter with you?

Cl. Politicks.

Par. Where have you been, Sir?

Clin. Ch'ark!

Lure. What ſhall we do with him, *Parley?* If the Colonel ſhou'd come hither now, we were ruin'd.

Enter Standard.

Oh, inevitable Deſtruction!

Wild. Ay, ay; unleſs I relieve her now, all the World can't ſave her.

Stand. Bleſs me! What's here? Who are you, Sir?

Clin.

Clin. Brandy.

Stand. See there, Madam! — Behold the Man that you prefer to me! And ſuch as He are all thoſe Fop-Gallants that daily haunt my Houſe, ruin your Honour, and diſturb my Quiet. — I urge not the ſacred Bond of Marriage; I'll wave your earneſt Vows of Truth to me, and only lay the Caſe in equal Balance; and ſee whoſe Merit bears the greater Weight, his, or mine.

Wild. Well argu'd, Colonel!

Stand. Suppoſe your ſelf freely diſingag'd, unmarry'd, and to make a Choice of him you thought moſt worthy of your Love; Wou'd you prefer a Brute? a Monkey? one deſtin'd only for the Sport of Man? ——Yes; take him to your Bed; there let the Beaſt diſgorge his fulſome Load in your fair, lovely Boſom, ſnore out his Paſſion in your ſoft Embrace; and with the Vapours of his ſick Debauch, perfume your ſweet Apartment.

Lurc. Ah nauſeous! nauſeous! Poiſon!

Stand. I ne'er was taught to ſet a Value on my ſelf: But when compar'd to him, there Modeſty muſt ſtoop, and Indignation give my Words a Looſe, to tell you, Madam, that I am a Man unblemiſh'd in my Honour, have nobly ſerv'd my King and Country; and for a Lady's Service, I think that Nature has not been defective.

Wild. Egad I ſhou'd think ſo too; the Fellow's well made.

Stand. I'm young as he, my Perſon too as fair to outward View; and for my Mind, I thought it cou'd diſtinguiſh right, and therefore made a Choice of you. —— Your Sex have bleſs'd our Ile with Beauty, by diſtant Nations prais'd; and cou'd they place their Loves aright, their Lovers might acquire the Envy of Mankind, as well as they the Wonder of the World.

Wild. Ah, now he coaxes —— He will conquer unleſs I relieve her in Time; ſhe begins to melt already.

Stand.

Stand. Add to all this, I love you next to Heav'n; and by that Heav'n I ſwear, the conſtant Study of my Days and Nights have been to pleaſe my deareſt Wife. Your Pleaſure never met Controul from me, nor your Deſires a Frown.—— I never mention'd my Diſtruſt before, nor will I now wrong your Diſcretion, ſo as e'er to think you made him an Appointment.

Lure. Generous, generous Man! [*Weeps.*

Wild. Now, then 'tis Time for me; I will relieve her.—— [*He ſteals out of the Cloſet, and coming behind* Standard, *claps him on the Shoulder.*] Colonel, your humble Servant.——

Stand. Sir *Harry*, how came you hither?

Wild. Ah, poor Fellow! Thou haſt got thy Load with a Witneſs; but the Wine was humming ſtrong; I have got a Touch on't my ſelf. [*Reels a little.*

Stand. Wine, Sir *Harry!* What Wine?

Wild. Why, 'twas new *Burgundy*, heady Stuff. But the Dog was ſoon gone, knock'd under preſently.

Stand. What, then Mr. *Clincher* was with you, it ſeems? Eh!

Wild. Yes faith, we have been together all this Afternoon: 'Tis a pleaſant fooliſh Fellow. He would needs give me a Welcome to Town, on Pretence of hearing all the News from the *Jubilee*. The Humour was new to me; ſo to't we went.—— But 'tis a weak-headed Coxcomb! two or three Bumpers did his Buſineſs.—— Ah, Madam! What do I deſerve for this? [*Aſide to* Lurewell.

Lure. Look ye there, Sir; you ſee how Sir *Harry* has clear'd my Innocence.—— I'm oblig'd t'ye, Sir; but I muſt leave you to make it out.

[*To* Wild. *and Ex.*

Stand. Yes, yes; he has clear'd you wonderfully.—But, pray, Sir.—I ſuppoſe you can inform me how Mr. *Clincher* came into my Houſe? Eh!

Wild. Ay: Why, you muſt know that the Fool got preſently as drunk as a Drum; ſo I had him tumbl'd into a Chair, and ordered the Fellows to carry

ry him home. Now you must know, he lodges but three Doors off; but the Bottles, it ſeems, miſtook the Door, and brought him in here like a Brace of Loggerheads.

Stand. O yes; ſad Loggerheads, to miſtake a Door in *James*-Street for a Houſe in *Covent-Garden*. —— Here

Enter Servants.

Take away that Brute.

(*Servants carry off* Clinche

And you ſay 'twas new *Burgundy*, Sir *Harry*, very ſtrong?

Wild. 'Egad, there is ſome Trick in this Matter, and I ſhall be diſcover'd. (*Aſide.*) Ay, Colonel; but I muſt be gone: I'm engag'd to meet ——— Colonel, I'm your humble Servant. (*Going.*

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, where's your Hat, Sir?

Wild. Oh Morbleau! Theſe Hats, Gloves, Canes, and Swords, are the Ruin of all our Deſigns. (*Aſide.*

Stand. But where's your Hat, Sir *Harry*?

Wild. I'll never intrigue again with any Thing about me but what is juſt bound to my Body. How ſhall I come off? ——Hark ye, Colonel, in your Ear; I would not have your Lady hear it. ——You muſt know, juſt as I came into the Room here, what ſhou'd I ſpy but a great Mouſe running acroſs that Cloſet-door, I took no notice, for Fear your Lady ſhould be frighted, but with all my Force (d'ye ſee) I flung my Hat at it, and ſo threw it into the Cloſet; and there it lies.

Stand. And ſo, thinking to kill the Mouſe, you flung your Hat into that Cloſet.

Wild. Ay, ay; that was all. I'll go fetch it.

Stand. No, Sir *Harry*, I'll bring it out.

(*Goes into the Cloſet.*

Wild. Now have I told a Matter of twenty Lies in a Breath.

Stand. Sir *Harry!* Is this the Mouſe that you threw your Hat at?

(Standard *comes in with the Hat in one Hand, and bawling in the* Marquis *with the other.*

Wild.

Wild. I'm amaz'd!

Mar. Pardie, I'm amaze too.

Stand. Look'e, Monſieur *Marquis*, as for your Part, I ſhall cut your Throat, Sir.

Wild. Give me Leave, I muſt cut his Throat firſt.

Mar. Vat! Bote cut my Troat! Begar, Meſſieurs, I ave but one Troat.

Enter Parley; *and runs to* Standard.

Par. Sir, the Monſieur is innocent; he came upon another Deſign. My Lady begins to be penitent, and, if you make any Noiſe, 'twill ſpoil all.

Stand. Look'e, Gentlemen, I have too great a Confidence in the Virtue of my Wife, to think it in the Power of you, or you, Sir, to wrong my Honour: But I am bound to guard her Reputation, ſo that no Attempts be made that may provoke a Scandal. Therefore, Gentlemen, let me tell you, 'tis Time to deſiſt. (*Exit.*

Wild. Ay, ay; ſo 'tis, faith. Come, Monſieur, I muſt talk with you, Sir. (*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Standard's *Houſe.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

Stand. IN ſhort, Brother, a Man may talk till Doomſday of Sin, Hell, and Damnation: But your Rhetorick will ne'er convince a Lady that there's any Thing of a Devil in a handſome Fellow with a fine Coat, You muſt ſhew the Cloven-foot, expoſe the Brute, as I have done; and tho' her Virtue ſleeps, her Pride will ſurely take th' Alarm.

Fire.

Fire. Ay, but if you had let me cut off one of the Rogue's Ears before you ſent him away.

Stand. No, no; the Fool has ſerv'd my Turn, without the Scandal of a publick Reſentment; and the Effect has ſhewn that my Deſign was right; I've touch'd her very Heart, and ſhe relents apace.

Enter Lurewell *running.*

Lure. Oh! My Dear, ſave me! I'm frighted out of my Life.

Fire. Blood and Fire! Madam, who dare touch you? (*Draws his Sword and ſtands before her.*

Lure. Oh, Sir! a Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! I have ſeen it twice.

Fire. Nay then, we Soldiers have nothing to do with Ghoſts; ſend for the Parſon. (*Sheaths his Sword.*

Stand. 'Tis Fancy, my Dear, nothing but Fancy.

Lure. Oh dear Colonel! I'll never lie alone again: I'm frighted to Death; I ſaw it twice; twice it ſtalk'd by my Chamber-door, and with a hollow Voice uttered a piteous Groan.

Stand. This is ſtrange! Ghoſts by Day light!——Come, my Dear, along with me; don't ſhrink, we'll ſee to find this Ghoſt. (*Exeunt*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Wildair, Marquis, *and* Dicky.

Wild. Dicky?

Dick. Sir.

Wild. Do you remember any Thing of a thouſand Pound to lent to my Wife in *Montpelier* by a *French* Gentleman?

Mar. Ouy, Monſieur *Dicky*, you remembre de Gentleman, he was one Marquis.

Dick. Marqui, Sir! I think, for my Part, that all the Men in *France* are Marqui's. We met above a thouſand Marqui's, but the Devil of one of 'em could lend a thouſand Pence, much leſs a thouſand Pound.

Mar. Morbleu, qui dit vous, Bougre le Chien? *Wild.*

Wild. Hold, Sir, pray anſwer me one Queſtion? What made you fly your Country?

Mar. My Religion, Monſieur.

Wild. So you fled for your Religion out of *France*; and are a downright Atheiſt in *England?* A very tender Conſcience truly!

Mar. Begar, Monſieur, my Conſcience be de ver' tendre; he no ſuffre his Maſtre to ſtarve, pardie.

Wild. Come, Sir, no Ceremony; refund.

Mar. Refunde! Vat is dat refunde? Parlez *François*, Monſieur?

Wild. No, Sir; I tell you in plain *Engliſh*, return my Money, or I'll lay you by the Heels.

Mar. Oh! Begar dere is de Anglis-man now. Dere is de Law for me. De Law! Ecoute, Monſieur Sir *Arry* —— Voyez ſa —— De *France* Marquis ſcorn de Law. My Broder lend your Vife de Money, and here is my Witneſs. (*Draws.*

Wild. Your Evidence, Sir, is very poſitive, and ſhall be examin'd; but this is no Place to try the Cauſe; we'll croſs the Park into the Fields; you ſhall throw down the Money between us, and the beſt Title, upon a fair Hearing, ſhall take it up. —— Allons!

Mar. Oh! de tout mon cœur —— Allons! Vient á la tate, begar. (*Exit.*

SCENE, Lurewell's *Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parley.

Lure. 'Pſhaw! I'm ſuch a frighted Fool! 'Twas nothing but a Fancy. —— Come, *Parley*, get me Pen and Ink, I'll divert it. Sir *Harry* ſhall know what a Wife he had, I'm reſolv'd. Tho' he wou'd not hear me ſpeak, he'll read my Letter ſure.

(*Sits down to write.*

Ghoſt. from within. —— Hold.

Lure. Protect me! —— *Parly*, don't leave me. —— I won't mind it.

Ghoſt. Hold.

Lure.

Lure. Defend me! Don't you hear a Voice?

Par. I thought ſo, Madam.

Lure. It call'd, Hold. I'll venture once more.

(*Sits down to write.*

Ghoſt. Diſturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

Lure. Now 'tis plain. I heard the Words.

Par. Deliver us, Madam, and forgive us our Sins! What is it?

Ghoſt enters, Lurewell *and* Parley *ſhriek, and run to a Corner of the Stage.*

Ghoſt. Behold the airy Form of wrong'd *Angelica*,
Forc'd from the Shades below to vindicate her Fame.
Forbear, malicious Woman, thus to load
With ſcandalous Reproach the Grave of Innocence.
Repent, vain Woman!
Thy Matrimonial Vow is regiſter'd above,
And all the Breaches of that ſolemn Faith
Are regiſter'd below. I'm ſent to warn thee to repent.
Forbear to wrong thy injur'd Husband's Bed,
Diſturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

(*Stalks off*

(Lurewell *ſwoons, and* Parley *ſupports her.*

Par. Help! help! help!

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

Stand. Bleſs us! What, fainting! What's the matter?

Fire. Breeding, breeding, Sir.

Par. Oh, Sir! We're frighted to Death; here has been the Ghoſt again.

Stand. Ghoſt? Why you're mad, ſure! What Ghoſt?

Par. The Ghoſt of *Angelica*, Sir *Harry Wildair's* Wife.

Stand. *Angelica!*

Par.

Par. Yes, Sir; and here it preach'd to us the Lord knows what, and murder'd my Miſtreſs with mere Morals....

Fire. A good Hearing, Sir; 'twill do her good.

Stand. Take her in, *Parley.*

(Parley *leads out* Lurewell.

What can this mean, Brother?

Fire. The Meaning's plain. There's a Deſign of Communication between your Wife and Sir *Harry*; ſo his Wife is come to forbid the Bans, that's all.

Stand. No, no, Brother. If I may be induc'd to believe the walking of Ghoſts, I rather fancy that the raſhe-headed Fellow her Husband has broke the poor Lady's Heart; which, together with the Indignity of her Burial, has made her uneaſy in her Grave. ——— But whatever be the Cauſe, it's fit we immediately find out Sir *Harry*, and inform him.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Park.*

Company walking; Wildair *and* Marquis *paſſing haſtily over the Stage, one calls.*

Lord. Sir *Harry.*

Wild. My Lord?—Monſieur, I'll follow you, Sir.

(*Exit* Marquis.

Lo. I muſt talk with you, Sir.

Wild. Pray, my Lord, let it be very ſhort, for I was never in more Haſte in my Life.

Lo. May I preſume, Sir, to enquire the Cauſe that detain'd you ſo late laſt Night at my Houſe?

Wild. More Miſchief again! — Perhaps, my Lord, I may not preſume to inform you.

Lo. Then perhaps, Sir, I may preſume to extort it from you.

Wild. Look ye, my Lord, do frown; it ſpoils your Face. —— But if you muſt know, your Lady owes me two hundred Guineas, and that Sum I will preſume to extort from your Lordſhip.

Lo. Two hundred Guineas! Have you any Thing to ſhew for it?

Wild.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Shew for it, my Lord, I ſhew it Quint and Quatorz for it; and to a Man of Honour, that's as firm as a Bond and Judgment.

Lo. Come, Sir, this won't paſs upon me; I'm a Man of Honour.

Wild. Honour! Ha, ha, ha!—'Tis very ſtrange! That ſome Men, tho' their Education be never ſo gallant, will ne'er learn Breeding! Look ye, my Lord, when you and I were under the Tuition of our Governors, and convers'd only with old *Cicero*, *Livy*, *Virgil*, *Plutarch*, and the like; why then ſuch a Man was a Villain, and ſuch a one was a Man of Honour: But now, that I have known the Court, a little of what they call the *Beaumonde*, and the *Belle-eſprit*, I find that Honour looks as ridiculous as *Roman* Buſkins upon your Lordſhip, or my full Peruke upon *Scipio Africanus*.

Lo. Why ſhould you think ſo, Sir?

Wild. Becauſe the World's improv'd, my Lord, and we find that this Honour is a very troubleſome and impertinent Thing——— Can't we live together like good Neighbours and Chriſtians, as they do in *France*? I lend you my Coach, I borrow yours; you dine with me, I ſup with you; I lie with your Wife, and you lie with mine.——— Honour, That's ſuch an Impertinence!———Pray, my Lord, hear me. What does your Honour think of murdering your Friend's Reputation? Making a Jeſt of his Misfortune? Cheating him at Cards, debauching his Bed, or the like.

Lo. Why rank Villainy.

Wild. Piſh! Piſh! Nothing but good Manners, Excels of good Manners. Why, you han't been at Court lately. There 'tis the only Practice to ſhew our Wit and Breeding.——As for Inſtance: Your Friend reflects upon you when abſent, becauſe 'tis good Manners; rallies you when preſent, becauſe 'tis witty; cheats you at Piquet to ſhew he has been in *France*; and lies with your Wife, to ſhew he's a Man of Quality.

Lo.

Lo. Very well, Sir.

Wild. In ſhort, my Lord, you have a wrong Notion of Things. Shou'd a Man with a handſome Wife revenge all Affronts done to his Honour, poor *White*, *Cheves*, *Morris*, *Locket*, *Pawlet* and *Pontack*, were utterly ruin'd.

Lo. How ſo, Sir?

Wild. Becauſe, my Lord, you muſt run all their Cuſtomers quite through the Body. Were it not for abuſing your Men of Honour, Taverns and Chocolate-Houſes cou'd not ſubſiſt; and were there but a round Tax laid upon Scandal and falſe Politicks, we Men of Figure wou'd find it much heavier than four Shillings in the Pound.——Come, come, my Lord, no more on't, for Shame; your Honour is ſafe enough, for I have the Key of its Back-door in my Pocket.

[*Runs off.*

Lo. Sir, I ſhall meet you another Time. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Fields.*

Enter Marquis *with a Servant carrying his fighting Equipage, Pumps, Cap, &c. He dreſſes himſelf accordingly, and flouriſhes about the Stage.*

Mar. Sa, ſa, ſa, ſient a la Tate. Sa, Embaracade; quart ſur redouble. Hey!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha; the Devil! Muſt I fight with a Tumbler? Theſe *French* are as great Fops in their Quarrels, as in their Amours.

Mar. Allons, Allons! Strip, ſtripe.

Wild. No, no, Sir, I never ſtrip to engage a Man; I fight as I dance.——Come, Sir, down with the Money.

Mar. Dere it is, pardie.

[*Lays down the Bag between 'em.*

Allons!

Enter Dicky, *and gives* Wildair *a Gun.*

Morbleu! que ſa?

Wild. Now, Monſieur, if you offer to ſtir, I'll ſhoot you through the Head.——— *Dicky*, take up the Money, and carry it home.

Dick. Here it is, Faith: And if my Maſter be kill'd the Money's my own.

Mar. Oh Morbleu! de Anglis-man be one Coward.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Where is your *French* Politique, now? Come, Monſieur, you muſt know I ſcorn to fight any Man for my own; but now we're upon the Level; and ſince you have been at the Trouble of putting on your Habiliments, I muſt requite your Pains. So come on, Sir.

[*Lays down the Gun, and uſes his Sword.*

Mar. Come on! For wat? Wen de Money is gone! De *France-man* fight were dere is no Profit! Pardonnez moy, pardie.

[*Sits down to pull off his Pumps.*

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir; you muſt fight. Tell me how you came by this Picture?

Mar. [*Starting up.*] Wy den, begar, Monſieur Chevalier, ſince de Money be gone, me vill ſpeak de veritie:———— Pardie, Monſieur, me did make de Cuckle of you, and your Vife ſend me de Picture for my Paiſ.

Wild. Look ye, Sir, if I thought you had Merit enough to gain a Lady's Heart from me, I would ſhake Hands immediately, and be Friends: But as I believe you to be a vain ſcandalous Liar, I'll cut your Throat.

[*They fight.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball, *who part 'em.*

Stand. Hold, hold, Gentlemen.——Brother, ſecure the Marquis.—— Come, Sir *Harry*, put up; I have ſomething to ſay to you very ſerious.

Wild. Say it quickly then; for I am a little out of Humour, and want ſomething to make me laugh.

[*As they talk,* Marquis *dreſſes, and* Fireball *ſecures him.*

Stand.

Stand. Will what's very ſerious make you laugh?

Wild. Moſt of all.

Stand. 'Pſhaw! Pray, Sir *Harry*, tell me what made you leave your Wife?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! I knew it.——Pray, Colonel, what makes you ſtay with your Wife?

Stand. Nay, but pray anſwer me directly; I beg it as a Favour.

Wild. Why then, Colonel, you muſt know we were a Pair of the moſt happy, toying, fooliſh People in the World, till ſhe got, I don't know how, a Crotchet of Jealouſy in her Head. This made her frumpiſh; but we had ne'er an angry Word: She only fell a crying one Night, and I went for *Italy* next Morning.——But pray no more on't.——Are you hurt, Monſieur?

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, you'll be ſerious when I tell you that her Ghoſt appears.

Wild. Her Ghoſt! Ha, ha, ha. That's pleaſant, faith.

Stand. As ſure as Fate, it walks in my Houſe.

Wild. In your Houſe! come along, Colonel. By the Lard I'll kiſs it. [*Exeunt* Wild. *and* Stand.

Mar. Monſieur le Captain, Adieu.

Fire. Adieu! No, Sir, you ſhall follow Sir *Harry*.

Mar. For wat?

Fire. For what! Why, d'ye think I'm ſuch a Rogue as to part a Couple of Gentlemen when they're fighting, and not ſee 'em make an End on't?——I think 't a leſs Sin to part Man and Wife.——Come along, Sir.

[Exit *pulling Monſieur*.

SCENE, Standard's *Houſe*.

Enter Wildair *and* Standard.

Wild. Well then, this, it ſeems, is the inchanted Chamber.——The Ghoſt has pitch'd upon a handſome Apartment however.——Well, Colonel, when do you intend to begin?

Stand. What, Sir?

Wild. To laugh at me; I know you design it.

Stand. Ha! By all that's powerful there it is.

Ghost walks [illegible] the Stage.

Wild. The Devil it is—— Emh! Blood, I'll speak to't.——— Vous, Mademoiselle Ghost, parlez-vous François?— No! Hark ye, Mrs. Ghost, will your Ladyship be pleas'd to inform us who you are, that we may pay you the Respect due to your Quality.

[*Ghost returns.*

Ghost. I am the Spirit of thy departed Wife.

Wild. Are you, faith! Why then here's the Body of thy living Husband, and stand me if you dare. [*Runs to her and embraces her.*] ——— Ha! 'tis Substance, I'm sure.——— But hold, Lady Ghost, stand off a little, and tell me in good Earnest now, whether you are alive or dead.

Ang. [*Throwing off her Shrowd.*]—— Alive! alive! [*Runs and throws her Arms about his Neck.*] and never liv'd so much as in this Moment.

Wild. What d'ye think of the Ghost now, Colonel? [*She hangs upon him.*] Is it not a very loving Ghost?

Stand. Amazement!

Wild. Ay, 'tis Amazement, truly.——— [illegible] ye, Madam, I have to converse so familiarly with [illegible] Pray [illegible] Distance.

Ang. [illegible] indeed I am.

Wild. I [illegible] ve a Word on't. [*Moving* [illegible]

Stand. [illegible] you're more afraid now th[illegible]

Wild. [illegible] most Men are more afraid of a living [illegible] than a dead [illegible]

Stand. 'Tis good Manners to leave you to [illegible] however.

Ang. 'Tis unkind, my Dear, after so long [illegible] dious an Absence, to act the Stranger so. I [illegible] die in earnest, and must for ever [illegible] from [illegible] Sight.

[*Weeping and* [illegible]

Wild. Hold, hold, Madam. Don't be angry, my Dear; you took me unprovided: Had you but sent me Word of your coming, I had got three or four Speeches out of *Oroonoko* and the *Mourning-Bride* upon this Occasion, that wou'd have charm'd your very Heart. But we'll do as well as we can; I'll have the Musick from both Houses; *Rosolet* and *Locket* shall contrive for our Taste; we'll charm our Ears with *Abel*'s Voice; feast our Eyes with one another; and thus, with all our Senses turn'd to Love, we'll hurl off our Cloaths, leap into Bed, and there, —— Look ye, Madam, if I don't welcome you home with Raptures more natural, and more moving than all the Plays in *Christendom*. —— I'll say no more.

Ang. As mad as ever.

Wild. But ease my Wonder first, and let me know the Riddle of your Death.

Ang. Your unkind Departure hence, and your avoiding me abroad, made me resolve, since I could not live with you, to die to all the World besides: I fancy'd, that tho' it exceeded the Force of Love, yet the Power of Grief perhaps might change your Humour, and therefore had it given out that I dy'd in *France*; by Sickness at *Montpelier*, which indeed was next to Death, and the Affront offer'd to the Body of our Ambassador's Chaplain at *Paris*, conduc'd to have my Burial private. This deceiv'd my Retinue; and by the Assistance of my Woman, and your Footman Servant, I got into Man's Cloaths, came home into *England*, and sent him to observe your Motions abroad, with Orders not to undeceive you till your Return. Here I met you in the Quality of Beau *Banter*, your lusty Brother, under which Disguise I have disappointed your Design upon my Lady *Lurewell*, and in the Form of a Ghost, have reveng'd the Slander that this Day threw upon me, and have frighted her sufficiently from lying alone. I did resolve to have frighted you likewise, but you were too hard for me.

Wild. How weak, how squeamish, and how fearful are Women when they want to be humbur'd! and how extravagant, how daring, and how provoking, when they get the impertinent Maggot in their Head! —— But by what Means, my Dear, could you purchase this double Disguise? How came you by my Letter to my Brother?

Ang. By intercepting all your Letters since I came home. But for my ghostly Contrivance, good Mrs. *Parley* (mov'd by the Justness of my Cause, and a Bribe) was my chief Engineer.

Enter Fireball *and* Marquis.

Fire. Sir *Harry*, if you have a Mind to fight it out, there's your Man; if not, I have discharg'd my Trust.

Wild. Oh, Monsieur! Won't you salute your Mistress, Sir?

Mar. Oh, Morbleu! Begar me must run to some [illegible] Country now for my Religion.

Ang. Oh! what the *French* Marquis! I know him.

Wild. Ay, ay, my Dear, you do know him, and I can't be angry, because 'tis the Fashion for Ladies to know every Body: But methinks, Madam, that Picture now! Hang it, considering 'twas my Gift, you might have kept it —— But no matter; my Neighbour's shall pay for't.

Ang. Picture, my Dear! Cou'd you think I ever [illegible] with that? No; of all my Jewels, this alone I kept, cause 'twas given by you.

[*Shews the Picture.*

Wild. Eh! Wonderful! —— And what's this?

[*Pulling out t'other Picture.*

Ang. Th[illegible] very much alike.

Wild. So alike, that one might fairly pass for t'other. —— Monsieur Marquis, *etoute* —— You did lie wid my Vife, and she did give you de Picture for your Pain. Eh! Come, Sir, add to your *France* Politique a little of your Native Impudence, and tell us plainly how you came by't.

Mar.

Mar. Begar, Monsieur Chevalier, wen de *Franceman* can tell no more Lie, den vill he tell Trute —— I was acquaint wid de Paintre dat draw your Lady's Picture, an I give him ten Pistole for de Copy. —— An so me ave de Picture of all de Beauty in *London*; and by dis Politique, me ave de Reputation to lie wid dem all. ——

Wild. When perhaps your Pleasure never reach'd above a Pit-Masque in your Life.

Mar. An begar, for dat Matre, de Natre of Women, a Pit Masque is as good as de best. De Pleasure is noting, de Glory is all, Alamode de France.

[*Struts out.*

Wild. Go thy ways for a true Pattern of the Vanity, Impertinence, Subtlety, and the Ostentation of thy Country —— Look ye, Captain, give me thy Hand; once I was a Friend to *France*; but henceforth I promise to sacrifice my Fashions, Coaches, Wigs, and Vanity, to Horses, Arms, and Equipage, and serve my King *in propria persona*, to promote a vigorous War, if there be Occasion.

Fire. Bravely said, Sir *Harry*: And if all the Beaux in the Side-boxes were of your Mind, we would send 'em back their *L'Abbe*, and *Balon*, and shew 'em a new Dance to the Tune of *Harry* the Fifth.

Enter Standard, Lurewell, Dicky *and* Parley.

Wild. Oh Colonel! Such Discoveries!

Stand. Sir, I have heard all from your Servant; honest *Dicky* has told me the whole Story.

Wild. Why then let *Dicky* run for the Fiddles immediately.

Dick. Oh, Sir; I knew what it would come to; they're here already, Sir.

Wild. Then, Colonel, we'll have a new Wedding, and begin it with a Dance —— Strike up.

[*A Dance here.*

Stand. Now, Sir *Harry*, we have retriev'd our Wives, yours from Death, and mine from the Devil;

vil; and they are at present very honeſt. *But how* ſhall we keep 'em ſo?

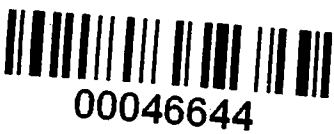
Ang. By being good Husbands, Sir; and the great Secret for keeping Matters right in Wedlock, is never to quarrel with your Wives for Trifles: For we are but Babies at beſt, and muſt have our Play-things, our Longings, our Vapours, our Frights, our Monkies, our China, our Faſhions, our Waſhes, our Patches, our Waters, our Tattle and Impertinence; therefore, I ſay, 'tis better to let a Woman play the Fool, than provoke her to play the Devil.

Lure. And another Rule, Gentlemen, let me adviſe you to obſerve, never to be jealous; or if you ſhou'd, be ſure never to let your Wife think you ſuſpect her; for we are more reſtrain'd by the Scandal of the Lewdneſs, than by the Wickedneſs of the Fact; when once a Woman has born the Shame of a Whore, ſhe'll dispatch you the Sin in a moment.

Mald. We're oblig'd to you, Ladies, for your Advice; and in Return, give me Leave to give you the Definition of a good Wife, in the Character of my own.

The Wit of her Converſation never out-trips the Conduct of her Behaviour: She's affable to all Men, free with no Man, and only kind to me: Often chearful, ſometimes gay, and always pleas'd, but when I am angry: then ſorry, not ſullen: The Park, Play-houſe, and Ball, ſhe frequents in Compliance with Cuſtom; but her Diverſions of Inclination are at home. She's more cautious of a remarkable Woman, than of a noted Wit, well knowing that the Infection of her own Sex is more catching than the Temptation of ours: To all this, ſhe is beautiful to a Wonder, ſcorns all Devices that engage a Gallant, and uſes all Arts to pleaſe her Husband.

So 'Spite of Satyr 'gainſt a marry'd Life,
A Man is truly bleſt with ſuch a Wife.



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 25 June, 2016